THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

MAY, 1915

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The Bostonians

EVERY one remembers the terrible, the nearly fatal, blunder made by Mark Twain when, in the course of an after-dinner speech, he attempted to be witty before an almost exclusively Bostonian audience at the expense of Holmes, Longfellow and Emerson. The outside world perhaps never realised the enormity of the offence, but that was no mitigation in Bostonian eyes. The spirit of the episode is recalled by one or two paragraphs in John Jay Chapman's *Memories and Milestones*. They appear in the course of the chapter dealing with Julia Ward Howe. Mr. Chapman relates that the late Clarence King told him that he happened to be in Boston in 1870, when Bret Harte first appeared upon the extreme western horizon, with his "Luck of Roaring Camp," and the rest of his wonderful earliest work in his hand. King at once became an object of interest in Boston, because he knew Bret Harte, and was taken to lunch with the famous Saturday Club at the Parker House, where Lowell, Holmes, Longfellow, Emerson and other immortals resorted for pie and for celestial converse. Mr. Longfellow, who was the most gracious gentleman that ever lived, turned to King and asked in regard to Bret Harte, "But is he a genius?" Longfellow pronounced the word "geni-us," and quietly paused for a reply. King said, "Why, as to that, Mr. Longfellow, everybody knows that the country possesses no *three-syllabled genius* outside of Massachusetts." "Did they laugh?" I asked King. "Not a smile," he said. "But afterward Dr. Holmes came round during the coffee and cigars and pressed my hand quietly and told me that that was a good thing I had said to Longfellow."

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"In this anecdote," comments Mr. Chapman, "we get very near the secret. Why didn't those gentlemen laugh? They were the wittiest set in America, fond of laughing, collected at lunch for the very purpose of joking. Yes, but not at *themselves;* and not in response to the jest of a new, raw outsider. Had Dr. Holmes himself made the quip, it would have been repeated all over Boston. But they were not prepared to laugh before knowing whether Clarence King was a wit. Where was his certificate? And who let him in, anyway? Truly, in the lines quoted in the April BOOKMAN:

> . . . good old Boston,
> The home of the bean and the cod,
> Where Cabots speak only to Lowells,
> And the Lowells walk with God.

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New Authors

In a way, it is much the same with the new authors as it is with the performers of Amateur Night. Now and then appears a countenance that seems strangely familiar and that we are inclined to regard with suspicion. There

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comes the faint memory of a book of last year or of the year before. In the case of the thirty or forty men and women whose names appear in the course of the next few pages it was inevitable that that point should have cropped up. Several times a sense of vague uncertainty has led to telephone communication with the publishing house that has stood sponsor. "About Miss So-and-So? Is she really a new author? We seem to recall, and so forth." Then the usual reply: "A new author to all practical purposes. Of course, there was that little book of hers brought out in 1913 by —— —— and Company. But it would not be fair to count that. This is her first real book. Have you read it yet?" Then much more of many astonishing qualities of Miss So-and-So and the novel in question.

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After all, why not? We could make out many ingenious cases proving that this author's or that author's first book was not the first at all, but the second, third or fourth. Not from the point of the bibliographer, of course, or the collector, but of the reading public. Would you say that Dickens's first book was *Sketches by Boz,* or *The Pickwick Papers?* In considering Thackeray, do you accept the place in *Vanity Fair* where the Waterloo chapters stirred the English reading world to the realisation of a new and splendid force in fiction as the real beginning? Or do you go back of that, beyond the days of hack work, beyond the admirable but then little read *Barry Lyndon,* beyond *The Great Hoggarty Diamond,* to the Snob effusions, done when Thackeray was an undergraduate at Cambridge? In picturing the literary career of Balzac, do you not discard entirely the mass of comparatively worthless material that he produced between his twentieth and his thirtieth year? Was his first book *Les Chouans,* with which he stepped forward as a master, or was it some perfectly preposterous tale of pirates or stranglers dashed off by the 'prentice hand and very properly consigned to oblivion? But for illustration there is no need of going back to the great dead. The men and women of to-day furnish plenty of examples. Was Kipling's first work the tales collected under the title *Abaft the Funnel,* or *Plain Tales from the Hills?* Do you count that ingenious satire *The Celebrity,* or do you regard *Richard Carvel,* as the real beginning of Mr. Winston Churchill's literary career? This kind of exemplification might be carried on indefinitely.

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Last month we were introducing, in the person of Mr. Ernest Poole, the author of *The Harbour,* a new author, who belongs to the class of 1902 of Princeton University. Another Princeton, 1902, man whose first novel we have before us is Mr. Charles Wadsworth Camp, whose *Sinister Island* is reviewed elsewhere in this issue. Mr. Camp is a Philadelphian by birth, but spent most of his early life in Crosswicks, New Jersey, and in Florida. The Florida habit seems to have clung to him; in fact, the scene of *Sinister Island* was borrowed from the Florida coast, although the author refrains from placing the story definitely. Before his Princeton years Mr. Camp had studied in several private schools and at the Model School in Trenton, New Jersey. While in college he was a member of the editorial board of the *Nassau Literary Magazine.* Indeed, there are very few Princeton men who in later years have taken up writing who did not, in their undergraduate days, have some connection with *The Lit, The Tiger* or *The Princetonian.* After his graduation Mr. Camp served three years on the reportorial staff of the *Evening Sun* of New York, dabbling in crime, politics, and finally being assigned to cover the Russian-Japanese Peace Conference at Portsmouth in 1905. From the *Evening Sun* he went to *McClure's Magazine,* and then to the *Metropolitan Magazine,* of which he was the managing editor for three years. Since then considerable of his time has been given to travelling in

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Europe and northern Africa. He went into Tripoli ahead of the Italians and into the Desert for material for two of his short stories. For the time being, at least, he is through with the work of editing other men's copy, and has settled down to producing copy of his own.

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Mr. Walter Elwood's first book is *Guimó*. Writing from his present home at New Market, New Jersey, he tells his story, which we shall give substantially in his own words: "I'm thankful to this day that I was born and reared on a splendid hilltop overlooking the Mohawk Valley and facing the distant foothills of the Adirondacks. I feel tremendously indebted to those high hills, where I spent my whole boyhood, the busy city of Amsterdam spread out at my feet and the more attractive woodlands and white farmhouses dotting the rising hills as far as eye could reach. Those were the days when I used to write *vers libre* of a most ferocious description, which was appreciated by no one save an old neighbour, who wrote obituary poetry. In my high school days I took to writing plays, about half and half as to faithful rhyme and kiddish prose. Since there were only three of us to act them out, my two cousins and myself, and since my plays never demanded less than ten or a dozen active characters, I had ever so hard a time getting my scenes arranged. At Cornell University I came so near bursting from the wonder of it all—the new life on a higher hilltop, from which we seemed to look down, not only on the wide world, but the world's ages as well—that I didn't distinguish myself in the least. I managed, however, to write the librettos for two comic operas and a play, none of which, for reasons easy to expound, ever saw the light.

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"My sheep-skin nailed, without waiting for the commencement ceremonies, I set out for the Philippines. Not pausing in Manila, I was shipped farther and farther into the bosque, until I finally set up housekeeping in the Filipino town of Pontevedra on the Island of Negros. Here I lived a queer life, supervising a string of American schools scattered in all sorts of uncomfortable places between the sea-coast and the volcano of Kanlaon. Sometimes I was the only white man in town; at other times I had one neighbour not brown in colour; and for one fantastic period I knew what it meant to have two white neighbours all at once. But I won the pleasant friendship of a good many natives. These brown-skinned folk stood by me through thick and thin. The greatest test of their faithfulness came one time when I lay at the point of death. No group of people in the world could have shown greater kindness than they did on that occasion. From their mouths I learned volumes of folk-lore. It was only because I was their friend that they bravely told me of all their strange beliefs, for the younger generation is not especially proud of the beliefs of their mothers and grandmothers. We got on splendidly. I kept the sleepy town astir by writing play after play. These were acted by brown-cheeked youths and maidens and produced on the stage in the palm-thatched cock-pit of Pontevedra. Our house was always packed, in spite of the fact that a good ninety-five per cent. of our audience could not understand a word of the English dialogue. These plays did no end of good to the cause of American education.

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"In the meantime I kept the people at home in the valley interested by telling them in the columns of our daily all my troubles from first to last. Cholera, smallpox, typhoons, earthquakes, the woes of keeping house with dolce far niente servants instead of a wife, and the slow job of elevating the populace up to the New York standard, sound as funny as can be—at a distance of twelve thousand miles. At the end of three years, during which I had done my best to keep my heart and eyes open, I turned my back on the beautiful islands, on our fascinating neighbours, Japan and China,

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and returned to the States. My dreamy days in the isles of unreality were over, and I was not glad. Back in the valley again, I determined to write in earnest. Teaching school by day and writing by night—here in this New Jersey village—has been my lot for three unromantic and disappointing years. No dream world is this. But *Guimó* at last stands between covers. That's all there is to the story."

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In a small shop at number seventy-nine Gorham Street, Lowell, Massachusetts, Robert E. Jonckheere, the author of *When I Was a Boy in Belgium,* is earning his living manufacturing and selling Belgian candies. Last July he was a prosperous manufacturing and wholesale grocer at Contich, between Antwerp and Malines. The story of what happened to him is perfectly obvious. It hardly needs the telling: it is the story of so many men. The "scrap of paper" was torn up, the green-grey hosts swarmed over the border, and the little that was left after the Krupp shells had done their work was confiscated by the Germans. With his family, consisting of his wife, seven children, ranging in age from nine months to ten years, his mother and a maid, Mr. Jonckheere fled from Antwerp to Holland. At Overschie, near Rotterdam, they found temporary refuge. But there were then one hundred and fifty thousand refugees in Rotterdam. Three hundred were sleeping in a single church. There was no business, nothing but charity to keep the refugees from starvation. So Mr. Jonckheere turned his eyes westward, and after a two weeks' wait at Ostend started, with his family, for the United States. He went first to Potsdam, New York, and thence to Woburn, Massachusetts, where a brother-in-law lived. An introduction to the manager of a Boston publishing house led to the writing of *When I Was a Boy in Belgium,* and on the advance royalties accruing from the book he established himself, in a humble way, in his present business at Lowell.

Although there was mention of Russell Thorndyke, the author of *Dr. Syn,* in THE BOOKMAN Brevities for our April issue, a recapitulation of what we printed then is not out of place here. The son of a canon, born in the cathedral city of Rochester, Kent, Mr. Thorndyke has been on the stage since he was eighteen years of age. With Ben Greet he has toured the United States and Canada, and with Matheson Lang he has visited China, India, Burma and the Philippine Islands. Although the scenes of *Dr. Syn* are laid on the English coast, the first idea of the book came to the author at Spartanburg, South Carolina, where Mr. Thorndyke was interpreting some Shakespearian part. During the evening a man had been shot beneath his bedroom window, and the affair so took hold of the imagination of the young actor that he spent the rest of the night enlarging upon the mystery and other horrors that were suggested by the crime. The story of *Dr. Syn* began to take form, and before morning it was outlined. It was written first as a play, and turned out to be so gruesome in the performance that it was rewritten as a novel. Mr. Thorndyke has written hard from boyhood. At the age of fourteen he wrote a five-act tragedy on the subject of Saul in blank verse, which he rewrote entirely nine times—finishing it finally when he was nineteen.

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Interesting, but rather vague, is the brief autobiography written by Percival L. Wilde, author of *Dawn, and Other One-Act Plays.* He tells us that he was born in 1887, but he does not say where. At the age of ten he began to write verse, and the Spanish-American war, which broke out soon afterward, supplied him with innumerable themes. Shafter, Hobson and the Seventy-first Regiment figured prominently. Mr. Wilde alludes to his school and college years, but in very indefinite terms. He succeeded, he writes, in not being elected to Phi Beta Kappa, but he figured in athletics and won one of the intercol-

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legiate championships. Then followed five years of Wall Street, during which time his spare hours were devoted to the composition of a work on metaphysics. When finished it would have filled some five hundred book pages, but upon reading it over he discovered that he no longer agreed with the first part, and upon conscientiously rewriting it, found that the second half failed to represent his beliefs. In 1911 Mr. Wilde gave up business, and since then has devoted his entire time to writing. He began with book reviews, critical essays and a few short stories. The publication of the first story brought so many requests for dramatic rights that he determined to make a dramatisation himself. The result, his first one-act play, was accepted, and, first produced in 1912, has, with occasional intermissions, been running ever since.

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Elmer Davis, the author of *The Princess Cecilia,* was born at Aurora, Indiana, January 13, 1890. After passing through the public school at Aurora he entered Franklin College at the age of sixteen, and was graduated at twenty with two degrees. He obtained a Rhodes Scholarship through, he says, "a convenient string of accidents to rival candidates," and entered Oxford University, becoming a member of Queen's College; emerged after three years with "one degree, a permanent dislike for tea, cold baths, English newspapers and English clothes, and the distinction of being the only American Rhoades scholar who has never entered Westminster Abbey." During the intervals between terms Mr. Davis travelled extensively about Europe. He returned to New York in 1913. Mr. Davis lists his personal preferences as follows: "Tolstoi, Tacitus, Shakespeare, Pierre Louys, Henry Kitchell Webster, Puccini, Irving Berlin, mince pie, Wanamaker gloves, filét mignon, B. V. D.'s, Egyptian Deities, Creme Yvette and the Allies." Mr. Davis is at present connected with the reportorial staff of the New York *Sun,* and feels sure he is the only person in the Western Hemisphere who reads all the war news every morning.

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The author of *The Final Verdict,* Sidney L. Nyburg, is a native of Baltimore. He received his education in the University of Maryland, winning the Law Scholarship prize, and has been for twelve years a practising lawyer in his native city. He has been very active in progressive movements, taking part in the education of the public and the legislature to the necessity for child labour legislation and other measures for the improvement of the condition of the working class. For six years he has been in charge of the Legal Aid Department in Baltimore. This comparatively modern innovation is now established in practically every considerable city in the United States, and has had the effect of giving the poorest members of society equal legal protection with the richest classes. As Mr. Nyburg says, the least favoured class now is that between the two, people too poor to spend large sums to retain the best legal aid, and too proud to accept or to be eligible to the benefits of legal aid societies. Convinced by his own experience that the legal profession offers greater opportunities for the study of men and women than any other profession, Mr. Nyburg found a particularly rich field for observation of human nature in his legal aid work. He disclaims, however, having drawn any actual case in either of the striking stories told in his book.

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From India comes a picturesque entrant into the literary world—Basanta Koomar Roy. Mr. Roy's book is *Rabindranath Tagore, the Man and His Poetry,* and the publishers claim it is the first biography of the Hindu poet to be written. Mr. Roy is a young man, who came to the United States from his native India seven years ago and who, during this time, has contributed a number of articles on Hindu literature to the current magazines. He was born in a high caste Hindu family and is a friend,

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by inheritance, as it were, of Tagore himself, and so has had exceptional opportunities for acquiring information for his book. Mr. Roy was graduated from Calcutta University, and then taught two years in the Anglo-Bengali High School of Allahabad, India. Feeling that his field for development in India was distinctly limited, he followed the example of a number of other educated young men of his country, and came to America to continue his studies. In order to do this he had to sacrifice both caste and social position among his own people. Here he spent two years at the University of Wisconsin, graduating with his B.A. degree; and since he has devoted himself to lecturing and to writing upon topics allied to Hindu life and literature. He is an ardent patriot and propagandist for increased opportunities for India.

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Charles Agnew McLean has appeared before, both as a novelist and as an editor, but collaborating with him on *Here's to the Day,* a story of the Great War, is Frank Blighton, who may be accepted as a legitimate newcomer. Versatility seems to be a characteristic of several of the new writers under discussion, and in variety of occupation Mr. Blighton yields to none. He began as a printer, in the old days of setting from the case. Then he became a musician, a court stenographer, a lawyer, a bacteriologist, a professional baseball player, a lecturer, a typewriter salesman and a wireless operator in the pioneer years of wireless. Meanwhile he had served on newspapers from coast to coast in every rôle from printer's devil to managing editor. Also he has built railroads, prospected, mined, kept bees, written motion picture scenarios, invented a time-lock for a coffee can and written a State constitution. His most recent hobby is aviation, and he has already begun his 1915 flying season by trial flights on Long Island. "Aside from the above," to quote from the ingenious publicity agent, "Mr. Blighton has led a quiet, studious, uneventful life of leisure."

Two books by new authors, bearing the imprint of The Page Company, of Boston, are *The Spell of Flanders,* by Edward Neville Vose, and *The Spell of the Holy Land,* by Archie Bell. Mr. Vose was born in 1870, of New England parentage, at Ashburnham, Massachusetts. At the age of sixteen the death of his father, who had been for many years principal of Cushing Academy, at Ashburnham, threw Mr. Vose on his own resources, and he went with his grandmother to Antrim, New Hampshire, where he entered the apple-parer factory of former Governor Goodel. In less than two years, aided by the economies of his grandmother, he had saved enough to enable him to return to Cushing Academy, where he was graduated in 1889. Entering Williams College, where he studied English under Bliss Perry, he decided to go to Harvard in order to study English under Professor Barrett Wendel and Professor A. S. Hill. From Harvard he was graduated with the class of 1894. After a year in Europe he became instructor in English and history in the high school at Lawrence, Massachusetts. But journalism, and not teaching, was his aim, and from 1897 to 1902 he was the editor of the *American Exporter,* leaving that publication to become an associate editor on *Dun's Review,* and later managing editor of *Dun's International Review.*

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Archie Bell has been a newspaper man for twenty years, chiefly on newspapers of Cleveland, Ohio. He began at seventeen as a "cub," and after three months was made Sunday editor of the Cleveland *World,* and in less than a year managing editor. Then he became a travelling correspondent and interviewer, visiting South America, Panama, Europe, Porto Rico, Egypt, Palestine and Arabia. In the last ten years he has interviewed for various magazines and papers most of the theatrical and musical celebrities of the world. Last summer he was a guest of the Wagner family at Bayreuth. He was with Abdul Baha (Abbas Effendi) at Tiberia, Sea of

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Galilee, for four days, and heard from the lips of the leader of five millions of people what the Bahaist Movement means. He was the guest of Jakob, High Priest of the Samaritans at the only remaining Samaritan colony in the world at Nablous, Palestine. He has interviewed the King of Denmark, and the old President of Panama, who was the Colombian Governor previous to the building of the Canal and the annexation of the Zone by the United States. He was the tenth American to visit Petra, the forgotten pink-rock city in the Arabian Desert. In gathering the material for *The Spell of the Holy Land* he crossed Palestine by four routes from the Mediterranean to the Dead Sea and the Jordan, by wagon and donkey.

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Years ago Ouida wrote a story called *A Dog of Flanders,* which, with *Two Little Wooden Shoes* and *Under Two Flags,* will probably be remembered when all the other works of that talented but eccentric writer have been forgotten. Now comes Mr. Walter A. Dyer with *Pierrot, Dog of Belgium,* in which he has chosen the plucky Belgian dogs as a means for expressing the tragedy of the little martyred nation. Pierrot was one of the *chiens de trait,* which every traveller has seen hauling milk-carts into Brussels. When the war came Pierrot went to the front, as did the rest of Belgium, and did noble service in one of the teams drawing the light machine guns. Besides being a new author (at least, so far as fiction is concerned), Mr. Dyer is an apple-grower and an authority on Colonial antiques. He is a New Englander of many generations: born at Roslindale, Massachusetts, October 10, 1878, a graduate of Amherst with the class of 1900, a member of the Amherst Alumni Council and a member of the Vagabond Club of New York. After some experience in newspaper work in Springfield, Massachusetts, and New York City, Mr. Dyer joined the staff of *Country Life in America,* which he edited from 1906 to 1914. He spends his time between Rockwals Farm, his home at Amherst, Massachusetts, and his other home in Hempstead, Long Island.

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Although a graduate of the Harvard Law School, Richard Matthews Hallet, author of *The Lady Heir,* has practised very little law. Naturally so, since he numbers among his other professions those of farmer, photographer, policeman, park superintendent, private detective, ordinary seaman, "swagman," tourist, magazine editor, efficiency engineer, advertisement writer, timber cruiser and, finally, author. In search of adventure, he has wandered over nearly all of the world. Leaving a comfortable position in a law office, he shipped on a windjammer before the mast, and finally reaching Australia, became for a time a "swagman," which means a sort of river tramp. With a chance partner he built a boat out of warped boards. Owing to inexperience in shipbuilding, the boat, when finished, had one convex side and one concave side. Drifting down one of the great Australian rivers in this boat they had the ill luck to strike a submerged tree, which ripped the bottom from the boat, with the result that most of their belongings, including all their money, contained in a tin tobacco box, sunk to the river bottom. After many hours of diving they recovered the treasure, nailed on the bottom of the boat and resumed the journey. At another time Hallet shipped as a stoker on an ore boat on the Great Lakes. *The Lady Heir* is a deep-sea story, and, like the work of the late Morgan Robertson, depends for its nautical veracity on professional knowledge.

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Mr. Leon Pepperman, the author of *Who Built the Panama Canal?,* is a Southerner by birth. In 1894, when Theodore Roosevelt was head of the United States Civil Service Commission, Mr. Pepperman was appointed to a position in that commission. Later he was assigned to the duties of conducting Civil Service examinations in various parts of the country, and to the investigation of

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alleged violations of the Civil Service law in the various government offices. After the acquisition of the Philippine Islands President McKinley appointed a commission, of which Jacob Gould Schurman was made president, to proceed to the islands with a view of making a report on them and some recommendation as to how they should be governed. The other members of the commission were Admiral Dewey and Major General Otis, respectively in command of the fleet and the land forces at Manila; Charles Denby, United States Minister to China, and Dean C. Worcester. Mr. Pepperman was made assistant secretary of that commission, and after the Aguinaldo insurrection remained in the East, with permission to study the Civil Service methods of the dependent governments of the European powers there. Later he was made Civil Service commissioner for the Philippine Islands, and remained two years in that position, travelling widely throughout the Archipelago. Then he was transferred to Washington and became assistant chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs, which had to do with Puerto Rico, the Philippines, Hawaii, and Cuba until Cuba became independent. At the time of the acquisition of the Isthmus of Panama he was made chief of the Washington office of the Panama Canal.

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Brief mention of Philip Curtis, author of *The Ladder,* was made in the March issue. He was born in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1886. After being graduated from Trinity College he was elected a fellow of that college, and went to study literature in Spain. On his return to America he became a reporter on the Hartford *Courant,* and later on the Hartford *Times,* having the usual variety of criminal, legislative, court, political and general work. He also for a number of years worked at the picturesque trade of press agent, being press agent for the Connecticut State Fair, and being clerk-of-course of the Grand Circuit Horse-races for four years. He also served for five years as an officer of the National Guard, including a brief term of instruction in the regular army on the Mexican border. William Pinkney Lawson, the author of *The Log of a Timber Cruiser,* was born in New York City in 1881. After preliminary schooling in New York, Virginia and New Jersey, he spent two years at Cornell University with the class of 1903. A year of work on the New York *Evening Sun* was followed by a year at Columbia. Then, after a few years of assorted business experiences, he entered the New York Law School, and in 1910, a month before graduation, he had to leave for the West under a physician's orders. Some months were spent in Arizona and New Mexico, working on ranches as cook, cowpuncher, vegetable salesman and gardener. He entered the Forest Service as a guard on the Apache National Forest in Arizona, and was later transferred to Gila, where he was assigned to the Reconnaissance Party. On these experiences were based the *Log of a Timber Cruiser,* which was written in camp in the evenings by candle light after the day's work was done.

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Philip Davis, the author of *Streetland: Its Little People and Book Problems,* was born thirty-eight years ago in the Russian "Pale," and came to America as an immigrant at the age of fourteen. He was immediately put to work as a bastings puller in a sweatshop on the lower East Side of New York. He toiled fourteen hours a day at a wage of two dollars a week. He says that he immediately formed a determination not only to rescue himself from the life of a sweatshop worker, but to devote all his energies to correcting the abuses and helping his fellow-workers under the sweatshop system. The first step was the study of English. Then came the Lewis Institute, Hull House, and finally Harvard, from which he was graduated in 1903. During all his studying days he was active in the organisation of the garments workers into unions. To-day he is the head social worker of Civic Service House, Boston. He served the

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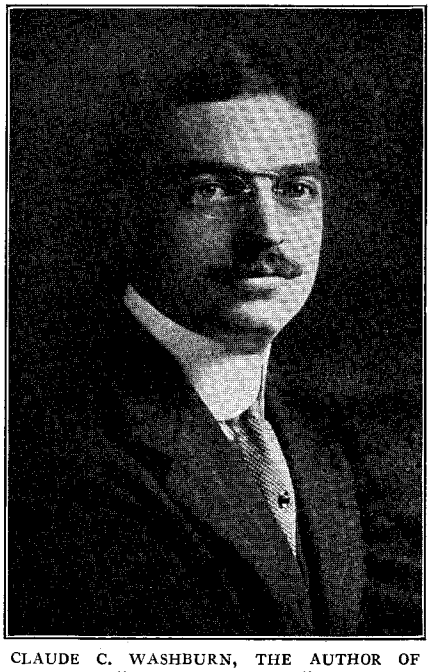
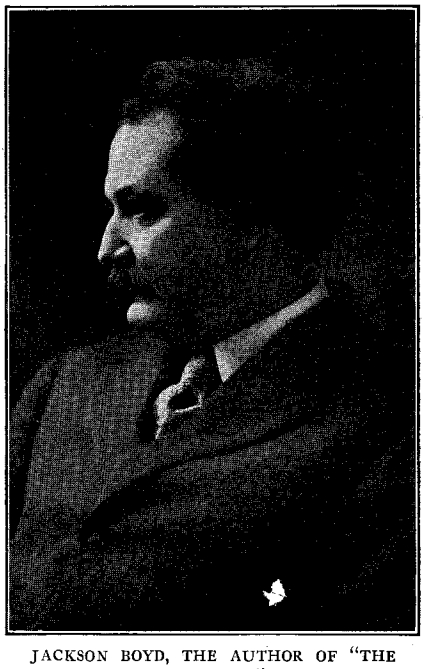
CHARLES WADSWORTH CAMP, THE AUTHOR OF "SINISTER ISLAND"

ARCHIE BELL, THE AUTHOR OF "THE SPELL OF THE HOLY LAND"



CLAUDE C. WASHBURN, THE AUTHOR OF "GERALD NORTHRUP"



JACKSON BOYD, THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNVEILING"

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ANNE MORGAN, THE AUTHOR OF "THE AMERICAN GIRL"

BEATRICE FORBES-ROBERTSON HALE, THE AUTHOR OF "WHAT WOMEN WANT"

THERESE TYLER, AUTHOR OF "THE DUSTY ROAD"

LORRAINE CATLIN BROWER, THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALE OF ILLUSION"

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MARGARET WIDDEMER, THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROSE GARDEN HUSBAND"

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR, THE AUTHOR OF "A DEALER IN EMPIRE"

GERTRUDE PAHLOW, THE AUTHOR OF "THE GILDED CHRYSALIS"

ANNA FITZGERALD VAN LOAN, THE AUTHOR OF "THE POWER TO RIGHT OUR WRONGS"

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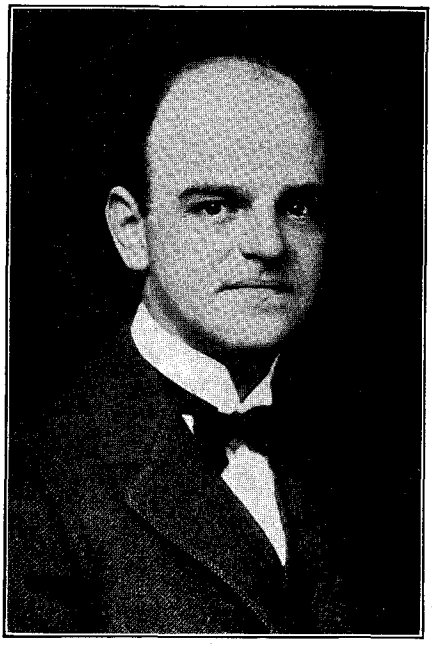
PHILIP CURTISS, THE AUTHOR OF "THE LADDER"

SIDNEY L. NYBURG, THE AUTHOR OF "THE FINAL VERDICT"



EDWARD C. VENABLE, THE AUTHOR OF "PIERRE VINTON"

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER, THE AUTHOR OF "IRRADIATIONS"

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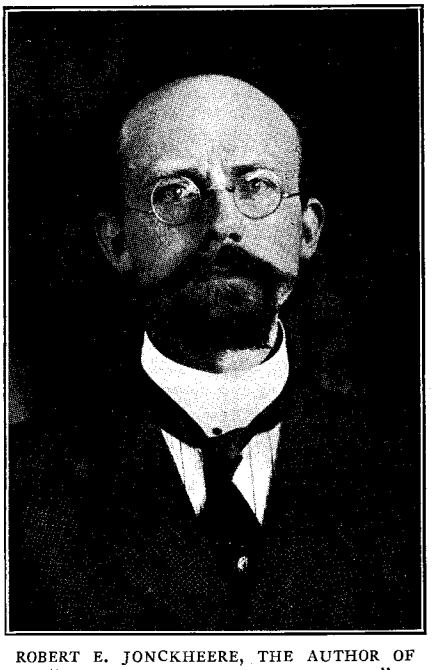
EDWARD NEVILLE VOSE, THE AUTHOR OF "THE SPELL OF FLANDERS"

SIDNEY WILLIAMS, THE AUTHOR OF "A RELUCTANT ADAM"

HENRY DE HALLSALLE, AUTHOR OF "THREE GENTLEMEN FROM NEW CALEDONIA"



ROBERT E. JONCKHEERE, THE AUTHOR OF "WHEN I WAS A BOY IN BELGIUM"

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school committee of Boston for five years as supervisor of licensed minors, in charge of three thousand licensed newsboys, bootblacks and pedlars of school age.

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Stanley Shaw, the author of *A Siren of the Snows,* published this spring by Messrs. Little, Brown and Company of Boston, is, incidentally, a relative of Maria Louise Poole, whose novels of New England life enjoyed wide popularity a few years ago. He was a New York advertising man and business counsellor for several years, and before that the editor of a trade paper and a newspaper special writer. *A Siren of the Snows* is his first novel, although for some time he has been writing short stories for the magazines. His present home is in South Hanson, Massachusetts, where he is engaged in a novel experiment. He has purchased several acres of rough woodland near Plymouth and intends to live on it, clear it and ascertain if it is possible to make such a place self-supporting, as did the original Pilgrims in the same country. In order to put himself thoroughly into the spirit of *A Siren of the Snows,* Mr. Shaw wrote nearly all of the novel in a shack in the wilderness. The first draft of many of the chapters were made out of doors with the thermometer hovering round the zero mark. The shack is in reality a camping-wagon, three rooms on wheels, ten feet wide and twenty-six feet long, with a kitchen containing a six-hole range, a sink, pantry and coal-closet, a living-room, ten by twelve feet, with heating stove, and a sleeping-room of the same dimensions, with a full-size, built-in bed. The wheels of the wagon are eight inches wide, and a detachable pole with driver's seat fastens to the front axle. Four horses can draw the house anywhere over reasonable roads.

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Among the season's first books is *What I Found Out in the House of a German Prince,* which was reviewed in the April number of THE BOOKMAN. But the information about the author supplied by the publishers adds very little to what we learned in the course of the narrative. She was born in Washington, where her father, while attached to the British Embassy, married the daughter of an American admiral. Through Prince Henry of Prussia, who knew her grandfather, she secured a position as governess in a princely family close to the Kaiser, and for four years had a singular opportunity of observing nearly all the celebrated figures of the German inner court circle. As her employers did not hesitate to use her as an unwitting tool for furthering the work of the German Secret Service in England, she in turn has felt free to describe her experiences, which ended in an imprisonment of several weeks following the outbreak of the war. Another anonymous new author is the writer of *Stultitia.* That he is a former high government official is indicated, but the publishers do not know his name. His identity is said to be a much discussed topic in official Washington, the general opinion being that he is a former well-known assistant secretary of State, a man of long experience in the diplomatic service. A third anonymous new writer is the author of *The Good Shepherd,* for "John Roland" is merely a pseudonym. His family, we are informed, is a well-known one in New York and Washington, though the author himself has spent the best part of six years in advanced work at the University of Innsbruck in the Austrian Tyrol. At the beginning of the war he put his surgical training, gained in Austria, at Austria's disposal, and was at once enrolled as a volunteer. At present he has three military hospitals under his charge.

• • •

Ruth Sawyer, author of *The Primrose Ring,* was born in Boston, and graduated from Columbia University in 1904. She was offered the professorship of English in a Western university, the alternative career that faced her being to "tell stories." Miss Sawyer chose to tell stories, and began to do so in connection with Dr. Henry Leipziger's pub-

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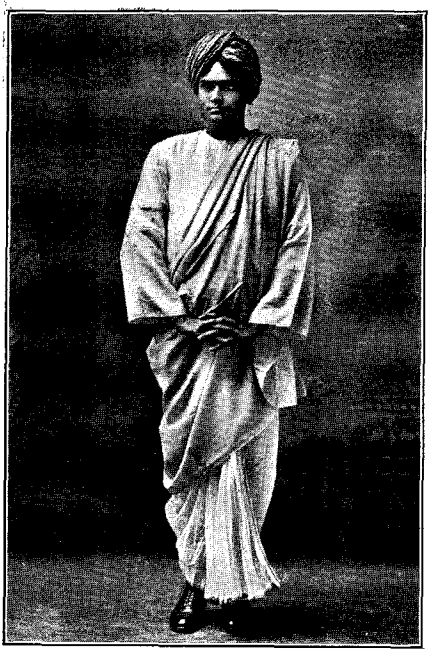
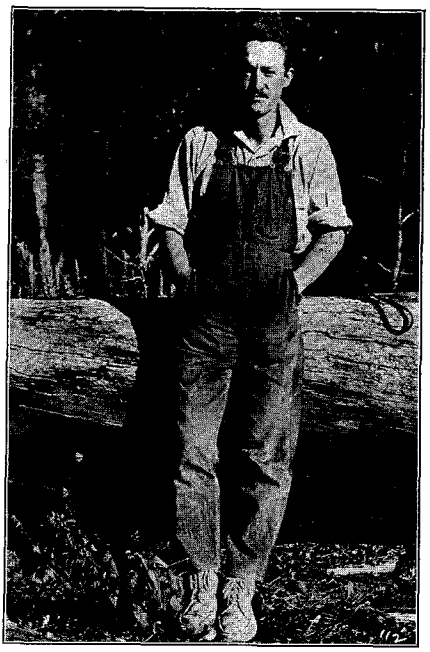
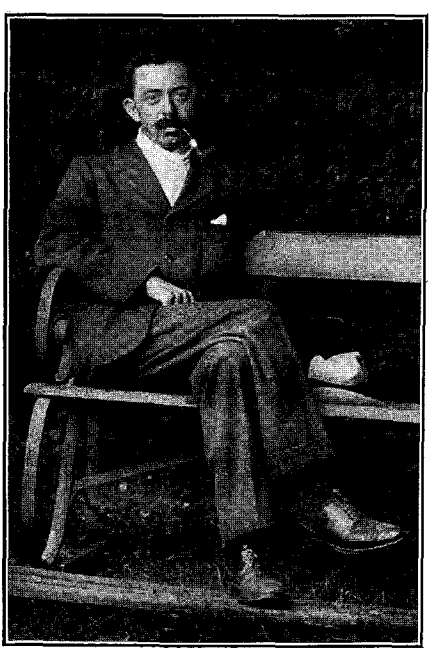


BASANTA KOOMAR ROY, THE AUTHOR OF "RABINDRANATH TAGORE"



WILLIAM PINKNEY LAWSON, THE AUTHOR OF "THE LOG OF A TIMBER CRUISER"



R. C. HEMINGWAY, THE AUTHOR OF "THE GENTLEMEN OF NEW CALEDONIA"

WALTER A. DYER, THE AUTHOR OF "PIERROT, DOG OF BELGIUM"

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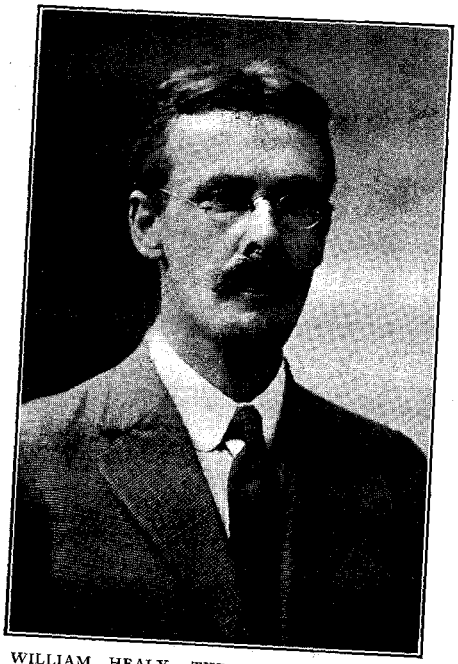

WILLIAM HEALY, THE AUTHOR OF "THE INDIVIDUAL DELINQUENT"

PHILIP DAVIS, THE AUTHOR OF "STREET-LAND"

RICHARD MATTHEWS HALLET, THE AUTHOR OF "THE LADY AFT"

STANLEY SHAW, THE AUTHOR OF "A SIREN OF THE SNOWS"

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WALTER ELWOOD, THE AUTHOR OF "GUIMÓ"

LEON PEPPERMAN, THE AUTHOR OF "WHO BUILT THE PANAMA CANAL?"

ELMER DAVIS, THE AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCESS CECILIA"

FRITZ KREISLER, THE AUTHOR OF "FOUR WEEKS IN THE TRENCHES"

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lic lecture bureau of New York. She "told stories" in kindergarten, in hospitals, in asylums, in colleges, to normal training classes, and then, by a perfectly natural transition, began to write out the stories she had told. Her first story was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1910. In 1911 *The Outlook* published a series of six of the Irish tales, of which she was beginning to make a specialty. Professor Cross, author of *The Short Story,* remarked in that work that "Miss Sawyer has done for Irish prose what Yeats has done for the Irish drama." She has also written two one-act plays, one of which was produced by the MacDowell Association at Peterboro. *The Primrose Ring,* however, is her first novel. Marcus Horton, author of *Bred of the Desert,* was born in Averill Park, New York, and studied in the public schools of Averill and Troy. Though only twenty-eight years old, he has travelled extensively, especially in the West, which he visited for the purpose of finding material for fiction. After working as a draftsman and mechanical engineer he went to New Mexico, and took a course in English and Spanish in the university that bears the name of that territory. He wrote for a New Mexico magazine called *The Barbarian,* but finding literature not remunerative enough to enable him to finish his college course, he sold sewing machines for a time to the Indians and Mexicans in the valley of the Rio Grande.

• • •

Helen Christine Bennett, the author of *American Women in Civic Work,* was born and educated in Philadelphia, and graduated from the Normal College there. After some years of teaching in Philadelphia she went to New York in 1907, and drifted into magazine work. For a time she was on the staff of *The Delineator.* At present, with her husband and children, she is living on a farm seven miles from New Brunswick, New Jersey, in a rambling old house, about two hundred years old, a homestead which is being reconstructed a bit at a time. Also in a house two hundred years old lives Gertrude Pahlow, the author of *The Gilded Chrysalis.* Mrs. Pahlow is a Bostonian, and her education was largely accomplished by travel. She married into the educational cult, her husband leaving Princeton to go to the Lawrenceville School, New Jersey, where he is the head of the history department. Therese Pauline Tyler, author of *The Dusty Road,* spent most of her early life about Rittenhouse Square in Philadelphia. She studied at Bryn Mawr, and has spent much of her time in foreign travel. Another Philadelphian is Margaret Widdemer, the author of *The Rose Garden Husband,* the story of a girl librarian. Miss Widdemer, a graduate of Drexel, '09, was herself a librarian for several years. Although *The Rose Garden Husband* is her first book, a number of her poems have been widely quoted.

• • •

It seems superfluous to introduce Beatrice Forbes Robertson Hale. But, then, *What Women Want* marks her first appearance as an author. Niece of Sir Johnston and daughter of Ian Forbes Robertson, she comes from a family well known in the literary and dramatic world for three generations. At seventeen she appeared with Sir Henry Irving, and has since played leading parts with her uncle and with Beerbohm-Tree in many English and American successes. Since her marriage to Mr. Swinburne Hale, a New York lawyer, Mrs. Hale has withdrawn from the stage. That, however, has not prevented her from lecturing throughout the country on drama, poetry, politics and the various aspects of feminism. Another first author of whom it is hardly necessary to write is Anne Morgan, whose *The American Girl* bears the imprint of Messrs. Harper and Brothers. She is, in a word, the daughter of her father and a woman of wide influence. Also from the Harpers' press is *A Dealer in Empire.* It is by Amelia Josephine Burr, and is her first prose volume, although she has published several books of verse.

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HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT, THE AUTHOR OF "AMERICAN WOMEN IN CIVIC WORK"

SARA WARE BASSETT, THE AUTHOR OF "THE TAMING OF ZENAS HENRY"

"ELLENOR STOOTHOFF" (MRS. FERRIS GREENSLET), THE AUTHOR OF "THE NIGHTINGALE"

RUTH SAWYER, THE AUTHOR OF "THE PRIMROSE RING"

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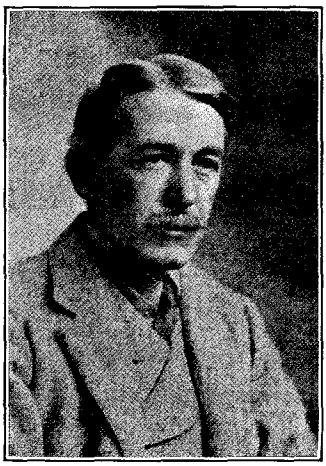

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GUY DU MAURIER, THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME," AND A SON OF THE AUTHOR OF "TRILBY," KILLED IN ACTION

She lives in New York and is a graduate of Hunter College.

• • •

Harriet Brunkhurst, whose first novel, *The Window in the Fence,* is the story of a city man and woman, who found on an old farm a life more congenial than the life of hustling to catch subway trains, is a product of trade journalism. At one time she was an associate editor on three magazines, *Dry Goods, Toilets,* and *Junior Toilets.* Before that she had been with the *Standard Dictionary* and on the staff of the Encyclopædia Americana. Incidentally Miss Brunkhurst is a suffragist. Incidentally Miss Sara Ware Bassett, the author of *The Taming of Zenas Henry,* a story of the Cape fishermen, is an anti-suffragist. The ingenious publicity agent pictures her dwelling on Beacon Hill, with old Colonial furniture, and Miss Alice Brown for a neighbour. She comes from a family that has lived in Massachusetts for three hundred years. She studied design, taught in a kindergarten for some years, and began her craft of writing by years of the kind of study that Stevenson called "sedulous," including lectures under the professors of Harvard. Her Cape Cod, the publicity agent further informs us, is not the crowded holiday place of summer visitors, but the real Cape, where she lives with a family of old fishermen, of coast-guards and of sailors.

• • •

In response to our request for material about their new authors, Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons call our attention to Mrs. Katharine Fullerton Gerould, and to Mr. Edward C. Venable. But Mrs. Gerould can hardly be regarded in the light of a new author, as her present book, *The Great Tradition,* was preceded by *Vain Oblations,* a work, by the way, of very unusual quality. The history of Mr. Venable's book *Pierre Vinton,* which deals with "The Adventures of a Superfluous Husband," is rather an interesting one, and brings the volume into the class of 1915 spring fiction. When it first appeared last October the publishers had the usual difficulty of presenting a new author properly to the public. The book had a fair sale at the beginning, but not a satisfactory sale. It was decided to print the first chapter in pamphlet form, and send it out to a carefully selected list. The response was immediate. Before all the circulars had been sent out the order blanks began coming in and the edition was quickly exhausted. The success of *Pierre Vinton* has been an example of publishers believing in a book and persisting in their belief to a profitable end.

• • •

Brief notes on new authors about whom the material available is limited. Sidney Williams, the author of *A Reluctant Adam,* is a newspaper man, who was lured to journalism from law. He has been a special writer on the Lewiston (Maine) *Journal,* court and political reporter for the Portland *Evening Express,* editorial paragrapher on the Boston *Evening Record,* literary editor and dramatic critic for the Boston *Daily Advertiser,* and is now the literary editor of the *Boston Herald.* Lorraine Catlin Brower, author of the *Vale of Illusion,* is a Kentuckian by birth, but since early

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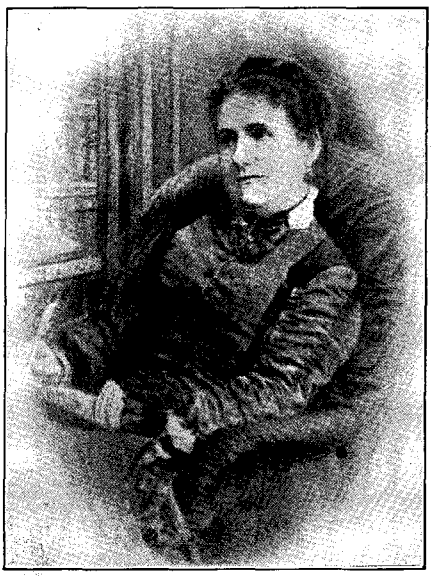
childhood Chicago has been her home. She has spent much time in travel, both in the United States and Europe, having at different times lived in France, Germany, England. At present she is in California. Anna Fitzgerald Van Loan, author of *The Power to Right Our Wrongs,* was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, and educated in Hartford, Connecticut, and in New York City. She has lived in Europe for three or four years, and in Canada, and has always been actively working for the welfare of poor children, and on the problems of prison reform. Claude C. Washburn, author of *Gerald Northrup,* is a Harvard man of the class of 1905, and is now living in Italy. Very little information is given about Fritz Kreisler, the violinist, who appears as an author with *Four Weeks in the Trenches,* the story of what he saw and experienced while serving as a lieutenant in the Austrian army in the campaign before Lemburg. But, then, in this case very little information is necessary.

• • •

The Hunt for Bohemia

We wonder how many of the new authors whom we are introducing in this issue imagine they are living and working in a literary Bohemia. We wonder where that Bohemia is and of just what it consists. Is Bohemia a place, a neighbourhood, or a state of mind? Has it ever had any real existence save in retrospect? Who are the Bohemians? In one of his two hundred and seventy-odd stories the late O. Henry introduced a certain restaurant. "Formerly," he said, "it was a resort for interesting Bohemians; but now only writers, painters, and musicians go there." That was half irony and half seriousness. For Bohemia is almost always yesterday. With the exception of Henry Murger, who has so often been charged with idealising a life that is in reality very commonplace, all the men who have been most conspicuous in bringing Bohemia into fiction, such men as Thackeray and Du Maurier, for example, have drawn upon their memories,



THE LATE MISS BRADDON

and tinged their pages with a colour that is born of reminiscence. "At twenty," writes Mr. James Huneker in the opening chapter of *New Cosmopolis,* "I discovered, with sorrow, that there was no such enchanted spot as the Latin Quarter. An old Frenchman informed me that Paris had seen the last of the famous quarter after the Commune, but a still older person swore that the Latin Quarter had not been in existence since 1848." That is just it. Probably the skeptic of 1848 would have explained that the real Bohemia went out with the first Napoleon; the men of 1812 have contended that it had been obsolete since 1789, and so on back to François Villon.

• • •

If there ever existed a Bohemia in New York we know of no man more likely to have found it than Mr. Huneker. Some twenty years ago, in conjunction with Vance Thompson, he started a publication called *Mlle. New York,* of which the few numbers issued were supposed to be fascinatingly wicked. It is of the *Mlle. New York* days that he writes in *New Cosmopolis,* days when the East Side invited with its sinister, ill-lighted alleys, when there was still a

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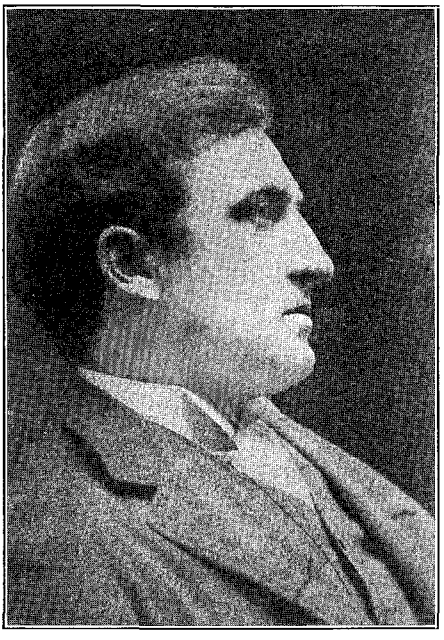
suggestion of Arabian Night adventures, when the region was still virginal to settlement workers, reformers, and self-advertising politicians, before the street cleaner, the Board of Health, and other destroyers of the picturesque were in evidence. He recalls the night of adventure when, in company with the painter and the professor, hours of delightful exploration led finally to the Hall of Genius, which was supposed to reproduce the atmosphere of Montmartre, and



JAMES HUNEKER, IN THE DAYS OF BOHEMIA. THIS PORTRAIT IS DESCRIBED BY MR. HUNEKER AS PRESENTING "A GHASTLY FACE, FULL OF DOSTOIEVSKY AND PILSEN"

where the "celebrities" were thick. There were pointed out the young fellow who had written the best short story since Edgar Allan Poe—a story so good that no one dreamed of printing it—the fat youth who was a second Ernest Lawson, but who had never seen a Lawson landscape because he had never got farther than Second Avenue; the "grandest dramatist of the age" without a Broadway production; the woman who had Duse, Bernhardt, and Nazimova "beaten to a pulp" as actresses; the Russian pianist with "the charm of Paderewski, the magic of Joseffy, the technique of Rosenthal, and the caprice of De Pachmann."

It would demand the resources of a Dostoievsky to paint our East Side in all its exotic, variegated, and bewildering colours. No genius of less calibre than that of Fyodor Mihailovitch's could essay the giant task. Where is he? Here is the raw, rich material for the great American novel. But where is the novelist? Let me suggest that only an American of Celtic brilliancy, Teutonic profundity, English intellectuality, French art, and the idealism of the Slavic Hebrew could compass the theme.

• • •

Was not Thackeray, conjuring up some past Bohemia, forever prating of the Cider Cellar and Terré's Tavern? Did not Du Maurier, writing of his three musketeers of the brush in the Paris days of the Second Empire, dwell with particular relish on the occasions when they dined at the Trois Frères Provençaux or some less distinguished hostelry? What would Murger's *Scènes de la Vie de Bohême* be without the Café Momus, or Balzac's *Illusions Perdues* without Flicoteaux? So Mr. Huneker, recalling that New York of twenty-odd years ago, lays especial stress on the old English chop-houses, French and Italian table d'hôtes, German beer gardens, most of which are no more. There was, in Fourth Avenue at Twenty-first Street, one chop-house, small but delightful, where he listened an entire evening to the muted conversation of Rudyard Kipling, who had been piloted to the house by his brother-in-law, Wolcott Balestier. There, too, assembled nightly actors, mostly from the Lyceum Theatre, in the palmy days of Daniel Frohman, and there came the prince of talkers, Maurice Barrymore. "Do they still eat macaroni and consume Chianti in New York?" asks Mr. Huneker. "If they do, show me a Moretti—like the old Moretti in Fourteenth Street and in Twenty-first Street—a Martinelli (in

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Fifth Avenue), a Solari—in University Place—a Riccadonna in Union Square, or even a Pedro's in Centre Street." From these the road through Bohemia led to Cockroach Hall—

> Green peppers, saffron, roach and dace,
> All this you get at Terré's Tavern
> In that one dish of Bouillebaisse—

and finally to Maria del Prato's in West Twelfth Street, "where 'Mickey Finn' threw bread at you and you liked the poetic attention."

• • •

"Hop" Smith

With the death of Francis Hopkinson Smith, on the 7th of April, a personality passed, an exceedingly vital, expansive and forcible personality. The fact that he was well along in the eighth decade of his life meant little. The last time the writer of these paragraphs saw him the figure was as erect as it had been fifteen years before, the swagger as jaunty, the white mustaches as sweeping, the manner as genial and as debonair. In the library, down three little steps in his home at No. 150 East Thirty-fourth Street, New York City, the fire blazed as cheerily as ever, and with the same genial manner the host waved the visitor to the chair before it. "The fire is my friend," said Colonel Carter of Cartersville, and somehow one always felt that the fire was F. Hopkinson Smith's friend.

• • •

To the end F. Hopkinson Smith's life was one of many-sided activities. He was always good "Copy," and every so often the newspaper men of the country could rely on him for an interesting story. Two or three years ago he was in London, and started out on the work of rediscovering the London of Dickens and the London of Thackeray. In a taxicab he went about the city making sketches. This attracted much attention, and led to his having trouble with an English policeman, who finally insisted on taking him to a police station as a suspicious person. If the over-zealous "Bobby" fancied that he had bagged a German spy, he should have read the subsequent fiery, passionate denunciation of evil Prussianism to which Mr. Smith was stirred by the spectacle of what once was Louvain and the mutilated towers of Our Lady of Rheims. At another time Mr. Smith stepped forward as the champion of the much-abused "tip." "I should like to give away five thousand dollars a year in that way," he said. "It would be well spent. When I arrive in a hotel I like to have people glad to see me again." It was so characteristic. One can picture the brightening faces at the reappearance of the distinguished, eccentric and generous American "Milord," "who was here last year, you remember, Fritz, or Jean, or Luigi," and the pleasant visions of substantial "pourboire," or "macaroni."

A SHORT-LIVED ESSAY IN WICKEDNESS. THE COVER OF A COPY OF "MLLE. NEW YORK"

• • •

On the door of an office in the downtown business section of New York City there was the sign "Francis H. Smith." That stood for the engineer, the man

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who, like Babcock of *Tom Grogan,* "had built the sea-wall at Stapleton, Staten Island, for the Lighthouse Department," and constructed the foundation for the Statue of Liberty, and the Race Rock Lighthouse at New London. Elsewhere, in clubs in New York City, and Philadelphia, and in Cincinnati; in London, Paris, and Venice; in Dortrecht, Chartres and Bruges, there was an F. Hopkinson Smith, widely known for his achievements as etcher, water colourist, lecturer and man of letters. This was the Smith of the old Tile Club, its mellow fellowship and its journeys, afield and afloat; the Smith of "The One that Whistler Drew," "Pump Court" and countless other charming etchings; the genial chronicler of *Caleb West, Tom Grogan, The Fortunes of Oliver Horn, Peter, The Tides of Barnegat,* and of *Colonel Carter of Cartersville.*

• • •

Perhaps it was as a writer that F. H. Smith was known to most people. Yet he never wrote anything for publication until after he was forty-five years of age, whereas he had drawn and painted from his boyhood. While he was still a schoolboy he received for a time the advice and criticism of an old artist named Miller, who lived in Baltimore. That was all the art instruction he ever had, and he was practically self-taught. All the time he was working at engineering he kept in close touch with the art world and worked in charcoal, and now and then took a day off to make some water-colour sketches. The engineering came in another way. Born in Baltimore, October 23, 1838, he began life as a clerk in a hardware store at fifty dollars a year. He had been destined for Princeton, where later he sent his son, F. Berkeley Smith, but his father suffered business reverses, and the idea of a college course had to be abandoned. After two years of clerking he became assistant superintendent in his brother's iron foundry, but the Civil War broke out, and the business was closed. From Baltimore he went to New York, and there, after many disappointments, found a position in an iron business in Broad Street. At the age of twenty-five he made up his mind to become an engineer.

• • •

In business for himself, Mr. Smith's first great contract was the construction of the stone ice-breaker about the Bridgeport Lighthouse. Then he built the breakwaters about Block Island, the jetties at the mouth of the Connecticut River and the old sea-wall round Governor's Island in New York Harbour. Meanwhile he was exhibiting his pictures and lecturing on art subjects. Writing came by chance. A number of his water colours were to be brought out in book form. The publisher thought the volume would be better with some descriptive text, and suggested that Mr. Smith write it. The artist demurred, but finally consented to try his hand. The result was *Well-Worn Roads,* and Mr. Smith had found another profession. In that profession he decided to create a character. Southern by birth and tradition, Southern in all his sympathies, despite his life in the North, his hero was to be a gentleman of the old South, lovable, generous, childishly unpractical, with business New York as a foil. A home for his wanderer was found in the little frame house (the headquarters of the old Tile Club) in the rear of the Maitland Armstrong house in West Tenth Street, with the tall tower of the Jefferson Market Police Court ominously near. Then eight drafts were made with a lead pencil on a yellow paper pad, and with the final draft the first chapter of *Colonel Carter of Cartersville* came into being.

• • •

Morgan Robertson

In the daily papers of March 25th there appeared a news story telling how Morgan Robertson, the writer of sea stories, had been found dead leaning against a bureau in a hotel in Atlantic City, New Jersey. Just a year before, almost to a day, there had been printed in the *Saturday Evening Post* of Philadelphia an article entitled "Gathering

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No Moss," which told with pathetic detail all the complications, the ennuis, the disappointments, and heartaches of the writer's life. So effective was the article in its tragic simplicity that it brought responses from all parts of the country. Here was a man reduced almost to penury, not because he lacked either talent or industry, but through a congenital inability to retain what he had won. The case was so clear, it recalled so pitiably the traditions of the Grub Street of other days. "Can't you do something?" wrote one novelist very near the apex among contemporary American story-tellers. "It wouldn't be a pity if he weren't the real thing; readers are missing something. It isn't sensible that he should be left out." Something was done, and it is pleasant to recall that the last twelve months of his life were far happier in reward and recognition than the preceding years had been. But want and physical suffering had exacted their toll. The respite was only a respite.

• • •

The Bohemia which Morgan Robertson knew and in which he suffered was not confined to city attics. It was a Bohemia of far horizons. With that Bohemia he threw in his lot when, as a lad of sixteen, he ran away to sea, fired by an ambition to be first mate. His father was a captain on the Great Lakes, but he had wished his son to follow the career of a landsman. But Morgan's mind was made up, and, leaving his home in New York State, he found his way to the seacoast and shipped as cabin-boy and general fag, doing his own and every one else's work at the gentle urging of fists and belaying pins. Twice round the world he sailed, shipping with all sorts of crafts, from sailing vessels to transatlantic liners, until his early ambition to become first mate was finally realised. During that period he had most of the adventures which befel his heroes. Sometimes he was half-starved, and more than once he had hair-breadth escapes from death; while his exploits fighting bullies would make reading more interesting than polite. Once he went ashore, disgusted with seafaring, and became a cowboy on the plains. Then he drifted to sea again, and for a time was skipper of a millionaire's yacht. Once he taught young ladies how to swim, and once he even thought he was an Anarchist. But nobody believed him.

• • •

By this time Morgan Robertson's illusions were all gone. The futureless life of the sailor appealed less and less to him. One day he rolled into the office of a phrenologist to have his "bumps" read. The phrenologist said he was "constructive," and urged him to learn a trade. The sailor looked about him, and decided to become a watchmaker. When he learned that he could wear a white shirt all day while at work he apprenticed himself on the spot. The ambition to be first mate transformed itself into a dogged determination to become an expert artisan. The watchmaker's apprentice became a diamond and pearl setter, earning expert's wages. When, from constant chiselling of bright metals, his eyes gave out, he turned to writing, and almost instinctively to the sea for inspiration. His first effort, however, was a poem, now dead, for which he cherished an unusual tenderness. Then grimly he settled down to the construction of his tales of life in strange scenes. But at first success was slow in coming.

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Once, during his darkest days of publisher hunting, after one of his best stories had been returned with regret, Robertson went in despair to his old "shop" in the diamond district of New York City to ask for work. An order had come in that needed the finest and most delicate workmanship—a necklace of diamonds. The writer took the little packet of diamonds and tramped home with them, as he had tramped down to the shop—for reasons of economy. Weary and worn, his brain seething with the adventures of that other struggle whose story, "The Survival of the Fittest," he afterward wrote, the dim-eyed artisan set to work. All night he

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cut and engraved, growing blinder every hour, but sticking to the task until the diamonds were one line of shining white before him, without form or meaning. The last few stones were set by feeling alone. The stone was worked into place, the tool, dipped in turpentine to make the cutting bright, did the delicate chiselling guided by instinct. In the morning Robertson took the necklace back to the shop, almost certain that he had wrought its ruin. To his amazement, it was passed from hand to hand—a perfect piece of work. Then the man who had toiled all night went home to write about a ship's carpenter who brought the ship to port in the teeth of a gale, despite the fact that he knew nothing about navigation.

• • •

Author

We have just heard the words of the latest martial song to which the British troops on the continent are marching into action. Admirable as the sentiment may be, the language is neither polite nor fulsomely complimentary to Kaiser Wilhelm and his head, or to General von Kluck and the army under that general's command. But it calls for a note here for the reason that we are perfectly sure that it is the composition of one Stanley Ortheris, some time with the British service in India.

THE MAGAZINE FROM THE INSIDE

THERE are nearly twenty thousand periodicals of all kinds in the United States. Of this number, three thousand are monthlies. Add to them the two best known weeklies of large circulation and you have the concentrated goal of that great and growing host of people who yearn to "break" into the magazines by the writing route. Of these three thousand periodicals, less than fifty reach the accessible news-stands and hardly a score qualify for the glittering distinction of being really and truly "popular." To appear in the charmed circle of such publications is to be accorded the Grand Cross of Magazine Eligibility; to find a steady place is to have "arrived."

Now let us turn to the other side of the picture; take a second fling at statistics and get them, so far as this article is concerned, out of the system. There are, I should say, about eighteen thousand daily and weekly newspapers in this big land of ours. I am not exaggerating when I state that nearly every man and woman on the payrolls (and seven would be a very minimum average for each) wants to write for the magazines. I except only those persons utterly lacking in ambition or who are superannuated. Their desire is inevitable. The ink on their fingers, like the grease paint on the actor's face, gets into their very souls, and they cannot get it off. If this army of aspirants were all, there would be no occasion for this article. But it extends far beyond the confines of the newspaper offices. It has been said that nearly every human being who knows how to write in this country wants to appear in public print. Long experience in the magazine business leads me to the conclusion that this statement is not so very far afield.

You have only to scrape the mental shell of the average American to find the smouldering flame (sometimes it is ember) of literary emotion. The medium of expression is the least important thing. It may be play, novel, poem, article or essay. Though ditch-digging or calico-cutting behind the counter may be the real destiny of many of these people, neither discouragement nor rebuff can swerve them from their set purpose or lead them into their proper vocation. The itch to write is a national malady. In a word, we are a Nation of Graphomaniacs.

Formerly the surest first aid to lit-

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erary fame was by way of a book. That, of course, was before the avalanche of magazines swept the country. Now the tradition is changed and the periodical sounds the initial note of writing success. The fact that many of our "best sellers" were first serialised is just one evidence of this change.

Knowing these facts, you can readily understand why, in every section of the land, from the modest cottages, where the firelight throws Lincoln-like shadows upon the furrowed brows of future emancipators of "literature," to luxurious studios far up amid the cliffs of the city canyons, the literary eye burns with zeal and is turned upon New York. Why New York? Simply because, with one exception, it is the great Literary Market-place; the Throne of Editorial Approbation; the Arbiter of Writing Reputation. What, then, is the lure that lies within its sacred precincts; what is the magazine opportunity that beckons to the average person who wants to write; what are the compensations, is it a career; is it worth while? Shall the boy or girl stick to the law, the medicine, the desk or any other means that provides daily bread in a definite and orderly way, or take a chance with the pen?

To get the answer you must search more than one experience. You must analyse the most unstable, the most temperamental and yet the most alluring of professions. You will have to put the probe into that nebulous institution known as the Editorial Mind; you must follow a pathway strewn with shattered ambitions, many vicissitudes, and yet shot through with the glamour of much success. For in the magazine business, as in any other, there are always rewards for the proficient; glory for the deserving. In one large way it is no different from any other calling that requires brain, initiative, resource, and incessant application. If you are willing to work hard (granting that you have latent ability), you can succeed; if you can shake off your illusions and regard the product of pen just as a piece of merchandise to be bought and sold, you can become a cog in a great machine. But since this paper is no "advice to the striving," let us turn to the actual facts.

WHY THE MAGAZINE

When you talk to most men about their work, and especially those who have to do with print, you find, save in those remote instances where rich sons and heirs have made a judicious choice of parents, that they wish they had gone into some other business. Ask a newspaper man, for instance, if he wants his son to follow in his footsteps, and he will say, with more truth than jest, "I'd rather have him digging in a trench." While this is often a jocular remark, there is also a note of regret that the speaker had not followed some other occupation. This is a mistake, because it impregnates a man with the poison of discontent. There can be no maximum efficiency without satisfaction with what one is doing. I take this little by-path for a moment because it bears directly upon magazine writing as a career. Save the few men who hold down the rarely big editorial "jobs" or the minority who have "made good" by becoming "features," or those who have regarded the magazine as a stepping-stone to profitable commercial connections, you are apt to hear complaint, even abuse, of the whole magazine system. Of course, these writers who condemn the magazine editors look everywhere for the real cause of their failure except in the right place, which is *themselves*.

Now, all this sort of criticism of the magazine system is wrong and a mistake. No one was ever forced to write for the magazines. Yet wherever you turn you hear something like this: "Editors are constantly changing their minds. They cancel one hour what they have ordered and been enthusiastic about the hour before. You never know where you stand." Hitched up to this are such comments as, "I can't break into the magazines," or, "There is prejudice against me and my stuff," or, "Look at

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the rotten matter they are printing," and so on up and down (mostly down) the long line of dissatisfaction and discouragement. Let us look into these various indictments and see if there is any real basis for them.

THE INSTABILITY OF THE EDITORIAL MIND

Perhaps the most common fault laid at the door of the editor (and the one on which the great mass of writers and would-be writers agree) is his uncertainty and apparent indecision. Why is this? You do not have to search very far to find out. The editor is uncertain, not because of human frailty, but because of the very structure of the magazine itself. In a word, the magazine is unstable because temperament—and that most elusive of all things, public taste—enter into its creation. Save the drama, it practically stands alone in this respect.

Compare with it any purely commercial enterprise. To a business—big or little—you can apply the tape-measure. You know that you are governed by certain laws of demand and supply. You can make and hold a definite market for your commodity, whether it is wash-tubs or safety-razors. You know that the quality and the efficiency that enter into the product are standardised, and you are more or less familiar with the merchandising methods that put it before the consumer. In brief, you can figure cost and return because you know the people must have the production that you make.

But with the magazine it is different, for the reason that you are dealing with an ephemeral thing which, for the want of something better, we call "What the public wants." You may be sure of your ground to-day, and to-morrow the foundation is swept from your feet, and all because something new and sensational has developed in another quarter, and the multitude flocks to the fresh and shining ware. Try to imitate it (and imitation is the curse of the magazine business), and before you can duplicate the mood there is a swift shift to something else. It may be the exposure mania; the sex passion; the religious upheaval; any one of a dozen things that make and unmake circulation.

Take the sex stories, for example. Robert W. Chambers, with his alluring flesh tints, gave the *Saturday Evening Post* one of its first great circulation boosts, and at moderate prices, as compared with the compensation that was later his reward. Instantly there was an epidemic of sexitis in the magazines. Competition for *risqué* fiction became rampant. Authors left the straight and narrow path of puritan uplift; nothing was too extreme. Mr. Chambers capitalised this fashion to an astonishing degree. He was not to blame (nor did he blame anybody), for it was just the tendency of the business to imitate. Then came a sudden change. Sex was a rejected and despised thing, and once more so-called purity and decency held the pages of the best-selling monthlies. Virtue reigned!

Then came the scramble for the homely heart interest; for the virginal atmosphere that radiated sweetness and light. And hot (literally hot) on the heels of this was born that strident and indefinable quality known as the "punch" in a story. The English language (and many readers incidentally) were much tortured by this new process. And closely allied with it was the so-called "mystery" story. Then, too, there was the muck-raking era. I have run the gamut of some of the maladies that have infected the business during the past ten years. Each had its vogue; each brought capital and credit to the interpreters who were pliable enough to adapt themselves and their typewriters to meet the demand. Do you wonder that many aspiring writers fell by the wayside during these shifting editorial scenes? It takes the real genius of many-sidedness to keep up with the procession. Unless the writer knew his business thoroughly and became a specialist in any one of these lines, you may be sure he fared badly. He had to work fast,

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too. At this point you can begin to understand what I meant in the early part of the article when I said that only those magazine writers succeed who realise that their production is just so much merchandise, meeting a definite want.

The editor is not so much to blame for all these changes as is the public. It got too much sex, and it yearned for something decent. When it had its fill of all this sweetness it wanted to be stimulated, and there came that "punch" vogue. Then, when the punch subsided, there was a harking "back to nature." The public sets the pace—and it pays.

Since the editor tries at least to give his consumers what they want, he must step lively to keep abreast of the times. This is why the magazine can seldom have a so-called fixed policy. An editor who is far-sighted enough to map out a programme six months ahead is liable to have that programme shot to pieces over night. A great war, for example, will play havoc with all schedules; some vast and compelling change in national affairs will make much valuable material fit only for the junk-heap.

Linked with the fickleness of Public Taste is another reason for uncertainty. It lies in the fact that the magazine in America has become more and more journalistic. With special articles it took up the work of the old-time newspaper editorial; it developed into the great shaper and moulder of Public Opinion. It was able to do this job because it invested the zeal of uplift with romance, and made the crusader a more or less dramatic historian of his own times.

When the public realised that much of the magazine uplift was for revenue and circulation purposes only, it made a quick side-step, and this is one reason why so many publications fell by the financial wayside. So long as the muck-raking was amusing and interesting the people "fell" for it, but as soon as it answered the cold, hard, mercenary editorial question, "What is there to be torn down now?" or "Whom can we assail?" or "What can we attack to prove that we are the Public Saviours?" the shell blew off, and only the dollar desire was revealed.

I cite this mood to show that many editors who had to gear their policies to the march of events were *forced,* in the circumstances, to be uncertain. It was, or is, just one more expression of the inherent instability of the whole business. And I might add here also that more than one editor has been blamed for uncertainty when the real blame should have been attached to those iron-jawed gentlemen who are supposed to rule the circulation destinies of magazines. Their middle name—to borrow one of the phrases of the hour—is "Imitation." As soon as they see a certain new and compelling line of fact or fiction they make hot-foot for it. Whatever great schemes the editor has in mind are sometimes side-tracked for the moment—in the pursuit of the new toy. As a matter of fact, a really great editor is unconsciously the circulation manager of his magazine. I only know of one who actually is, and he is the sanest and biggest of them all. You will hear something more about him later on.

There is one other thing to be said in defence of the uncertainty and indecision of magazine editors. I don't think most people take it into consideration when they assail the type. My observation leads me to the belief that physical condition enters largely into the editorial state of mind. When a man sits at a desk all day, eats fast and recklessly, takes little exercise and is harassed by many cares, he is very apt to become seedy. His mind sympathises, and here you have just one other reason why that editorial "we" is sometimes flabby and shaky and hardly knows just how it is spelled.

THE EDITOR AS BUSINESS MAN

But when all is said and done, the greatest indictment that can truthfully be brought against the average American magazine editor is that he is unbusinesslike. Because the product he handles is in the nature of an artistic per-

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formance he invests it with glamour, and refuses, in the main, to adapt it to the prosaic standards of ordinary commerce He thinks it is a thing to be mused over and made the butt of temperament; the unhappy victim of the state of his digestion. The truth is that all writing the moment it is finished, whether epic, sonnet, story or plain business article, becomes a commodity to be sold. It is worth a certain price. It must answer two simple questions: Is it interesting? Is it available?

More than this, it ought to have quick decision. One of the crimes of the magazine business (happily, it has undergone a change during the past decade) was the way manuscripts were held up in offices. The poor author who depended upon his writing for a livelihood never knew where he stood. Then, too, there was the fashion of "paying upon publication." Publication meant any old time, and between the delay in the acceptance and the time the cheque arrived the author might die of starvation or be driven to manual labour.

The trouble is that editors too often ponder and haggle and reconsider. No editor should ever accept a story about which he feels the slightest doubt. You do not find successful business men entering into an agreement to do or buy a thing when they are doubtful of the wisdom of the procedure. Doubt means that you are taking a chance. If the editor is not sure that he likes a thing, his readers will probably be of the same state of mind. I don't think that I am exaggerating when I say that most magazine editors do not know their own minds. This makes them cautious, and out of this extreme caution is born that indecision which is the bane of the business.

As I write this there flashes across my memory the picture of a really great editor, great in the proportion of his vision, in his uncanny grasp of magazine needs and in the originality of his conceptions. But while he had big ideas, he seldom carried them out. To every one success he registered a dozen failures. It was mostly due to the fact that he had absolutely no business sense. He thought vision, temperament and inspiration were the needful things. He forget details. And because of this he lost the magazine that he had raised from obscurity to eminence. Also he was afflicted with indecision, and to a very alarming degree. On more than one ocasion he would send a letter to a man confirming an agreement or definitely ordering a piece of work. But before the letter arrived he would send a telegram cancelling the whole business!

Yet this man had one supreme quality that made him distinct among his colleagues. He made a magazine to suit himself first. He went on the theory that all art is but the expression of self. He felt that it was a mistake to ask always the question, "What will the public think?" It takes a great man to hold the public in contempt, just as it requires vast riches to afford the luxury of baggy trousers.

I know of another man who is very prominently identified with the magazine business. He is the lord of his magazine domain. Yet he never reads the magazines he publishes. He gets most of his impressions of their contents from his friends on the outside. If one of these friends praises an article, the publisher immediately sends for the author and gives him commendation. But if something that he has published meets with the disapproval of his clubmate, there is swift censure for the unhappy author. This, however, is an exceptional case. But it complicates the work of the editors who work under this particular publisher.

The publisher and owner of a magazine should not have, so far as his publications are concerned, any social, financial or human axes to grind. But it takes a big man to leave his editors alone. The most conspicuous example of this kind of admirable aloofness is exemplified in Cyrus H. K. Curtis. I can illustrate it with a little anecdote.

Not so many years ago Mr. Curtis was at a dinner in New York. Near

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him sat a professional uplifter, who was connected with a so-called altruistic movement. Of course, his main interest in the movement was that it provided a pretty good meal ticket. But he was vain (after the fashion of his kind), and he never saw above his own stature.

All through the dinner he heaped lavish adulation upon Mr. Curtis. Of course, he had only one thing in mind, and it soon developed. For hardly was Mr. Curtis at home than he received a letter from the uplifter enclosing a rather fulsome article about his work. He added, "Won't you please have this published in the *Saturday Evening Post?*"

But by the next mail he received the article back, and with it a letter that read something like this:

> I am sorry to be obliged to return your article. I have nothing to do with our editorial policy. Mr. Lorimer is editor of the *Saturday Evening Post.* You will have to send it to him.

A GREAT AMERICAN EDITOR

This leads us to a turn in the editorial road. While indecision, uncertainty and lack of business sense seem to be part of the heritage of the average American magazine editor, it is refreshing now to turn to the most notable of all the exceptions. I refer to George Horace Lorimer, the editor of the *Saturday Evening Post.* There is no more mystery about this man's success than there is in that mystery with which people invest the great American fortunes. Analyse most of the huge accumulations of wealth in this country and you find that simple fundamentals lie at their base. Thrift, energy, courage and the ability to recognise and capitalise opportunity comprise the formula.

So, too, with Lorimer and the *Post.* First of all, Lorimer had himself; second, he had behind him a publisher who let him alone. Lorimer believes in concentrated responsibility. His theory is something like this: "If an editor doesn't make good, what the publisher needs is a *new* editor; not a dozen editors."

The big thing about Lorimer is that he is a business man first and an editor afterward. He would have been equally successful had he gone into Wall Street or into shoe manufacturing. The larger human qualities are universal. He simply proved them in the magazine game. Lorimer was raised in the beef business. Here he acquired an intimate knowledge of men and merchandising. He learned, among other things, the value of money; the difficulty with which it is earned; the necessity of prompt action in all commercial transactions. Right or wrong, a thing had to be settled. Haggling, like delay, is dangerous.

So when Mr. Curtis put the *Post* temporarily in charge of Lorimer it was a big business opportunity; it was a new kind of merchandising, with all the big, frank rules of the business game to be put in action. Everybody knows what happened. When he received the first number that bore the Lorimer brand, Mr. Curtis (who was abroad hunting an editor) was not so keen about finding a successor to the man Lorimer was, for the moment, displacing. When he read three numbers he cabled Lorimer to put his name at the head of the editorial page, and there it has remained, to the glory and profit of the man, and the prosperity of the publication.

Now, what did Lorimer do? More than any other editor in this country, he revolutionised the system of handling manuscripts. "Promptness and courtesy" became the motto. An answer in three days; a cheque in a week. This is the inflexible *Post* maxim. Where other editors mooned and soared about "uplift" and took weak tea into their editorial systems, Lorimer struck out for fresh, new waters. Being a business man and knowing business, he said to himself: "The biggest and the most romantic thing in the world is business. It is a drama of achievement. Let's put it into the magazine."

Until his era, business was a rejected

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and sordid thing (from the editorial point of view). It was like being "in trade" in England. To put it into the "literary page" was regarded as a desecration. But Lorimer thought otherwise; so did a good many millions of American people, who found in his own *Self-Made Merchant* and in the distinguished series of business fact and fiction that he poured into the *Post* a new, kindling and helpful line of reading.

Then what happened? Every other editor began to imitate the *Post* ideas. But while they could get business articles, they did not have the vision to conceive them or the personality that throbbed through the *Post*. In the last analysis you find that the biggest thing perhaps that Lorimer has done for the magazine writer in this country is to give him or her a new standing; the right to demand the same prompt, businesslike treatment that would be accorded in any other calling.

More than this, he helped to widen the door of magazine opportunity. He has always made it a rule to see everybody. "You never know what you are going to miss," he once said. "It's better to see a hundred of the hopeless than to miss one young hopeful." This is why Lorimer and the *Post* have "discovered" so many new people and given them their real start. Lorimer has no delusions about so-called "big names." He believes that they create one of the greatest of all magazine fallacies. "When you get a big name coupled with a good story you have the ideal combination," I once heard him say. "But when you have a big name and a bad story you simply disappoint the high expectations of your readers."

Lorimer prefers a good story by an unknown man than a moderately good story by Rudyard Kipling or Conan Doyle. He has ruffled more than one high literary feather by swift refusal of poor work. Finally, if you want to sum up in a single sentence (and accepting, of course, the unusual capacity of the man himself) the real editorial creed that sticks far behind in the Lorimer mind, you will find that it is expressed in a very few words, for they would be: "Editors should be the only despots."

THE WRITER'S OPPORTUNITY TO-DAY

But since all editors cannot be despots, and because all writers cannot be stars, let us now see just what opportunity lies before the average person who wants to write—as seen from the inside.

First of all, let us look at the business itself. I think most magazine men will agree with me that the great high tide in the business is ebbing. Price and prestige have slumped. The war, of course, helped much, but long before that fateful August of last year signs were not wanting that showed which way the periodical wind was blowing.

From the writer's point of view, there seems, first of all, an over-supply of product and a decline in demand. We have reached, as one clever magazine man said, "The safe-ransacking period." By this he meant the digging out of old matter bought, in some instances years ago, on impulse or desire to corner some promising man's product. Save in a very few spectacular cases, the magazine business is not as good as it was a few years ago. Advertising bulk has become slimmer; people are not reading as many magazines as they used to, and they are more discriminating. Their taste has crystallised.

The fault has been with the magazines themselves. Like some of our friends in Wall Street, they "overcapitalised." They did business on an inflated basis. Now all the water is being squeezed out. Where formerly a big magazine could stand alone, now it seeks the sanctuary afforded by combination with other magazines. Thus magazine history becomes full brother to the record of the big corporation. Amalgamation is the thing.

Then, too, the magazine has ceased to be a novelty. For that matter, all print has become cheap. More interesting printed matter is given away to-day than you could buy fifteen years ago.

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Now all these facts are of importance to the magazine writer, or to the person who aspires to be a magazine writer. The more he knows about his market the better equipped he will be. He will not commit the indiscretion of offering a short story to the *World's Work* or a narrative poem in blank verse to the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Now we can get at the original question: Why does the average writer claim that it is hard to break into the magazine? The answer is very simple. No man or woman who has literary goods to deliver finds it difficult to get a hearing. Every one of the big "stars" to-day made an humble start. The trouble is that most writers become discouraged; they do not know what application means. The example presented by the lamented David Graham Phillips is conspicuous. He was a brilliant journalist and turned to fiction. He took a chance, but he made good in a big and unforgettable way. Why? Because, first of all, he had real talent; but, secondly, he was an inexorable taskmaster to himself. His talent, without incessant work, would not have carried him to the heights that he occupied when he was taken away. The net result is that to-day Phillips is an inspiring instance of genuine literary achievement. He had ample compensations in his lifetime. The greatest tribute to the man and his work is that his fame and his audience have steadily increased since his untimely end.

Why are a few people to-day carrying off most of the magazine money and glory? Look about you in any other creative business and you will find the same kind of thing happening. In the magazines the reputation and ability of a few people are being capitalised to the exclusion (apparently) of the many. But if Mr. Flagg, for example, is exercising a Standard Oil, copper-rivetted monopoly on magazine illustration, is it not due to the fact that he is turning out just the kind of pictures that the people want? And does not this same rule apply to the fiction of Mr. Chambers or Mr. Beach or Mr. London? All these people had their periods of obscurity. A few years ago, who heard of Mary Roberts Rinehart or Edna Ferber or Fanny Hurst? Yet to-day they are knocking down some of the biggest of the fiction plums, and I could continue this list for a long time.

THE MAGAZINE SPECIALIST

Why do these people succeed? Simply because they have done what most other intelligent people do who want to advance in a profession. They have become specialists. I think most magazine people will agree with me that the most striking development of the magazine in this country has been the coming of the specialist. In this the writer has simply followed most of his professional colleagues in other directions.

When a man wants his ear or nose treated he is not likely to go to a general practitioner, if he can help it. He singles out a specialist in those organs. If a merchant seeks to settle a complicated point in marine law he consults an attorney who follows an admiralty practice. So with the magazine writer. Nothing so irritates an editor as the man who says glibly (not knowing that he is digging his literary grave with the remark), "Oh, I can write about anything."

You have only to run the list of magazine "head-liners" to-day to find that we have come into an era of specialisation and that it has paid the specialists. I refer to men like Samuel G. Blythe, who went in for politics; Irvin Cobb, who chose humour, with war on the side; Will Payne, Isaac F. Marcosson, James H. Collins, Edward Mott Woolley, who have stuck to business and finance; Samuel Hopkins Adams and Will Irwin, who got a corner on exposure; Burton J. Hendrick, who can translate the abstract problems of science into simple speech; Arthur Reeve who popularised scientific mystery; Edward Hungerford, Boswell of the railroads, and so on down the line.

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It applies to fiction, too. When editors want a "get-rich-quick" story, does George Randolph Chester have any competition? When they want the "red blood" and punch they go after Jack London, Rex Beach and Stewart Edward White. If they want pure and undefiled romance, they are not long in seeking out Gouverneur Morris. For the "business story" they get Edwin Lefevre; for baseball, Charles E. Van Loan; for the cowboy, George Pattullo; for the "bad boy," Booth Tarkington. The list is long.

In a larger sense, this specialisation is simply a development of what happened some years ago in our native fiction, long before the million-circulation periodical smote the news-stands. The most successful of our novelists were those who deliberately chose a locality and stuck to it. I have in mind James Lane Allen, who annexed Kentucky to the domain of fiction; Mary Wilkins, who was the historian of New England; Charles Egbert Craddock, who was loyal to Tennessee; Hamlin Garland, who put Wisconsin on the literary map; Frank Norris (in later years), who gave California a whole new imaginative distinction. The interesting thing about all this was that the moment these people left their "locale" their art declined. The case of Hamlin Garland will illustrate. The most striking exception perhaps to these fiction specialists was David Graham Phillips. He excelled in whatever domain he entered, be it finance, politics or social life. It was because he happened to be the product of his generation, a man of many-sided talent.

THE MATTER OF COMPENSATION

Now let us take up the most important of all magazine considerations—the price of product. There is no argument about the fact that the big money (save for two conspicuous editorial positions in Philadelphia) is in the writing end. There are a good many misguided people who like to sacrifice luxury and risk all the hazards of a "desk" position in a magazine office to be able to write "Associate Editor" under their names. They like the emotion of being called "editors," yet their chief work is to pay out money to other people. When people ask the seasoned editorial veteran what line to pursue they invariably say: "Become a writer, if you can; make and hold your market. Don't, unless you are a philanthropist, let an editorial job and office routine saddle you for the rest of your life."

Until the great European war, prices generally have risen steadily. Ten years ago five hundred dollars was an exceptional price for a short story. Now it is no uncommon thing to pay one thousand five hundred dollars for one and think nothing of it. By the same token, five thousand dollars was a big average serial price a decade ago. To-day five times this amount is handed over, not once, but many times, during the course of a year. The writer of special articles cannot compete with the producer of fiction. The biggest demand in the magazines is for good fiction; more fiction is printed than ever before. Hence the fiction prices have kept on soaring. A special writer is lucky to-day if he can command five hundred dollars steadily for an article. I should say that the average range of price for articles is from three hundred to four hundred dollars.

One of the greatest fallacies of the magazine business to-day (one that is rapidly disappearing, too) deals with this question of self-fixed price. More than one eminent specialist has found out of late that the theory of "having a price" is a mistake. It is like buying "big names." A big name is only valuable, as I have remarked before, when it is hitched to a desirable product. So with the men and women who insist upon their "price." Every editor is willing to pay that price when it is justified. I have always gone on the theory that the magazine production is worth its face with no reference to what may have been paid for anything that went before. The blind habit of having a so-called price has led many men to do inferior work.

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They have thought that the price was the thing. They have found out that with magazine articles, as with merchandise, it is quality that counts.

The successful writer was never quite so prosperous as to-day. Robert W. Chambers has an income of over one hundred thousand dollars from his pen. When David Graham Phillips died he had arrived at an earning capacity of fifty thousand dollars a year, and he had not yet struck his money-making stride. Rex Beach and Jack London are pulling down fortunes every year, and they have half a score of co-workers in the golden vineyard. The motion picture has come to the aid of the magazine writer to an astonishing degree. Many men and women who were failures at the straight writing game are now making good livings out of scenarios. Formerly a scenario brought twenty-five dollars; now they command as much as five hundred dollars, while a filmised novel commands an advance ranging from two hundred and fifty dollars to one thousand dollars, and a royalty of ten per cent.

What is the training for the magazine? Given talent, a man must prepare himself for writing just as he would for medicine or law. He can only do this by study and practice. The day of "inspired" literary work is all gone. I know of no work that demands more drudgery and hard work during the years of preparation. I believe a newspaper training is well-nigh essential to writing success—that is, for the magazines. The daily newspaper—as one very brilliant American editor once said—maintains the same relation to the young writer as the hospital does to the medical student. It is the great school of practical experience.

Take any of the men who are doing fine work for the magazines to-day and you find that they have been reporters. Newspaper training teaches three very valuable things—to do what you are told to do; to do it quickly; that there are no excuses for not doing it. In addition to this, it develops the "news" or "story" sense, and since magazines have become more journalistic, this is a much desired accomplishment. The only drawback to the newspaper training is that it may make a man too facile. This is why so many novels read as if they were first drafts of the story. They are pounded out at white heat and they have not had time to cool.

We now arrive at the final question—is the magazine worth while as a career? It is when a man or woman has energy, capacity, application and sticktoitiveness. But everybody, whether "head-liners" or privates in the rear writing ranks, should make hay while the editorial sun shines. The magazine spells change; new names and new people are constantly coming to the front. The reading public is fickle and it wants fresh entertainment. In a word, make yourself economically independent, if you can. Then you can write what you please and when you please.

My own feeling is that the tendency of the magazine in this country is toward the lighter vein. People are tired of being scolded and harangued. They get enough of the latter in the New Politics, otherwise the Voice of Presidential Administrations. When the greatest of National Scolds went on a magazine himself he nearly bankrupted it. The magazine reader wants to be amused; he does not want to be told constantly that society, politics and business are all rotten. He is willing to have his flesh creep; he delights in the suspense that mystery and the approach to the grand climax create. But, unless I am much mistaken, he has graduated from the Sunday-school reading class for all time to come. The men and women who write, or who expect to write, for the magazines may well heed these changes. The lure of the most fascinating of all professions is still potent. It always will be. But behind that lure are cold, practical, definite business rules. To succeed you must strip off the glamour, dispel the illusions, regard your work as a profession to be studied and mastered like engineering or architecture. Herein lies the whole secret.

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THE LAND OF THE TROUBADOURS

BY ANNA BIRD STEWART

With Illustrations by Joseph Damon

IF WE wonder that mediæval and modern lyric poetry should have chosen Provence for its cradle, we need but to wander through the country, not the region bearing that name to-day, but the wide sweep south of Poitiers and west of the Alps, which was the home of the Provençal poets. The troubadour was the poet of art, of conscious technique—the first of the race—and Nature did her best to aid him by an infinite variety of landscape. Bounded by mountains and the sea, the country discloses in turn the well-tended gardens of Vacqueiras, sad Die in the valley of the turbulent Rhone, the stony village of Anduze, the mysterious romance of Carcassonne, the mountain views of Vic-sur-Cère, the wooded hills of Uzerche, the lovely peaceful valleys of Excideuil and Mareuil. If one or two places are barren and desolate, it but emphasises the natural luxuriance of the rest.

Never was sunshine more golden than falls upon this old garden-place of poetry. The sky is blue but luminous. The clearness startles. One can see for miles and miles across far meadow-lands and vineyards, beyond the hills, crested with ivied ruins, perhaps to the distant mountains, snow-covered, dazzling. To the sense of space the air adds a thrill, an inspiration, life. It breathes poetry, but it tingles. It charms even while it rouses to action. Here is the beauty of Italian skies vivified, the stillness of Italian sunlight made alive, the indolence of Italian spirit quickened. We feel poetry in the atmosphere even to-day as we hurry through. The troubadour embodied that poetry in a form which was the outcome of his own life and of his age. France looks to the south now for her greatest men, as lyric poetry sought there the creators of artistic form in the middle ages. Could we not bring the past to life in the fresh sunlight of to-day? Is that not the lilt of the troubadour's own speech that comes to us in a villager's call across the meadows?

A quest for material evidence of the troubadours should well begin at Poitiers, where their whole country lies before us toward the south. Here lived the earliest poet of whom we have record, no less a person than Guilhelm, Count of Poitiers, Duke of Acquitaine and great-grandfather of another patron and poet of the golden age of Provence, Richard Cœur de Lion. This William IX lies buried under the cathedral pavement, and as a rusty curé shows us the spot it is hard to realise how undying a force he set in motion. It took the prestige of a great name united to no mean talent to fuse the vigour of popular song with the remnants of classic influence. If the dim silence of the old cathedral deadens the past, the quaint Provençal biography will once more make this Guilhelm a human figure for us.

> The Count of Poitu was one of the most courteous men in the world and a great admirer of ladies! and he was a brave knight and had much to do with love affairs, and he knew well how to sing and make verses, and for a long time he roamed all through the land to make love to the ladies.

Such a motive was well enough as relaxation from his more serious business, such as appearing at the head of three hundred thousand fighting men, as recorded by the chronicler, William of Malmsbury. There were others to whom poetry was a profession, and aside

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from that of arms, no other profession had equal social or political importance.

From its very origin and cause, troubadour poetry flourished under the patronage of rank. Guilhelm and Richard were not the only patrons who were followers of the art as well. Among the names of those whose station in life we know, we find twenty-two of the lower and middle classes, thirteen of the clergy, fifty-seven of the nobility and twenty-three reigning princes. No other literature of any age or country can show a greater aristocracy of poets.

POITIERS, THE BEGINNING AND THE END OF THE JOURNEY

Their political importance was as remarkable as their social standing, as may be seen in the story of Bertram de Born, the cause of half the troubles of Europe. It is he who is said to have brought about the quarrels between Henry II of England and his sons, Henry, called "the young king," John Lackland, and Richard the Lion-hearted. Dante, in the *Inferno,* has passed judgment upon Bertran, representing the troubadour as carrying his severed head lantern-wise in his hand, a punishment for separating those as closely knit together as father and son.

Leaving the Poitiers of Guilhelm and making for the south, as his descendant Richard must have done many and many a time, we come to Hautefort, in the border hills of Périgord, the old Autofort of this baron-poet, Bertran. A short pillar, half buried in the wall near the entrance of the new castle, is all that remains of the old stronghold. But if we pursue our journey four miles back to the north, we reach another spot linked with the name of this politician. Set in meadows bounded by the woods, which are in turn shut in by the low mountains of Périgord, is the ruined Cistercian Abbey of Dalon. Here, in a hush and peace which hovers down upon us through a space of eight centuries, Bertran spent his last years. And in this quiet cloister at the same time Bernart de Ventadorn, the sweetest singer of the middle ages, sought and found rest.

The village of Moustier Ventadour lies east of Dalon at a goodly distance. This is modern Ventadorn, though the old stone cottages, with their dormer windows set in long, low-sloping roofs of thatch, seem a veritable link with the past. The ruins of the ancient castle crown a hill a quarter of a mile away,

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with a narrow lane leading to it from the village. On the heels of gratitude that Bernart's songs had so fit a setting comes the thought that Ventadorn itself may have set the key, whispered the melody, inspired the feeling that mark his verses. The place is overgrown with ivy and shrubbery. At one side lies a garden, at the other a thick grove extends down the hill. Two noisy brooks, flowing from either side, meet at the foot

A HUSH AND PEACE HOVERS OVER THE RUINED ABBEY OF DALON

of the slope. Birches flash white in the sunshine, aspens quiver, from the evergreens a dove calls to its mate. Every kind of tree and flower and bird seems to love the place where Bernart grew and sang.

Born of servants of the castle, he early attracted the notice of his lord, who had him taught the rules of verse and song, for the troubadour was the first modern musician as well as the first poet of art. The art of the troubadour was three-fold, writing the words, composing the music and singing the song to the lute or viol, "trobar, violar, cantar." When we read the poems to-day we get but a third of their original effect. Bernart was superlative in all three phases, and could not but feel a deep sense of gratitude to the lord who had made a poet of him. When he came later to write of the lady of the castle, the daughter-in-law of his first patron, his poems were filled with a spirit hitherto unknown. Thus he became the second father of Provençal poetry, godfather of its romantic spirit, as Guilhelm was sire of its artistic form.

In that glorious democracy of brains talent conquered rank, but though Eble and his wife Margarida treated Bernart as an equal, he himself felt the difference in their stations. Thus his poems in praise of Margarida were full of a sentiment as respectful as it was delicate.

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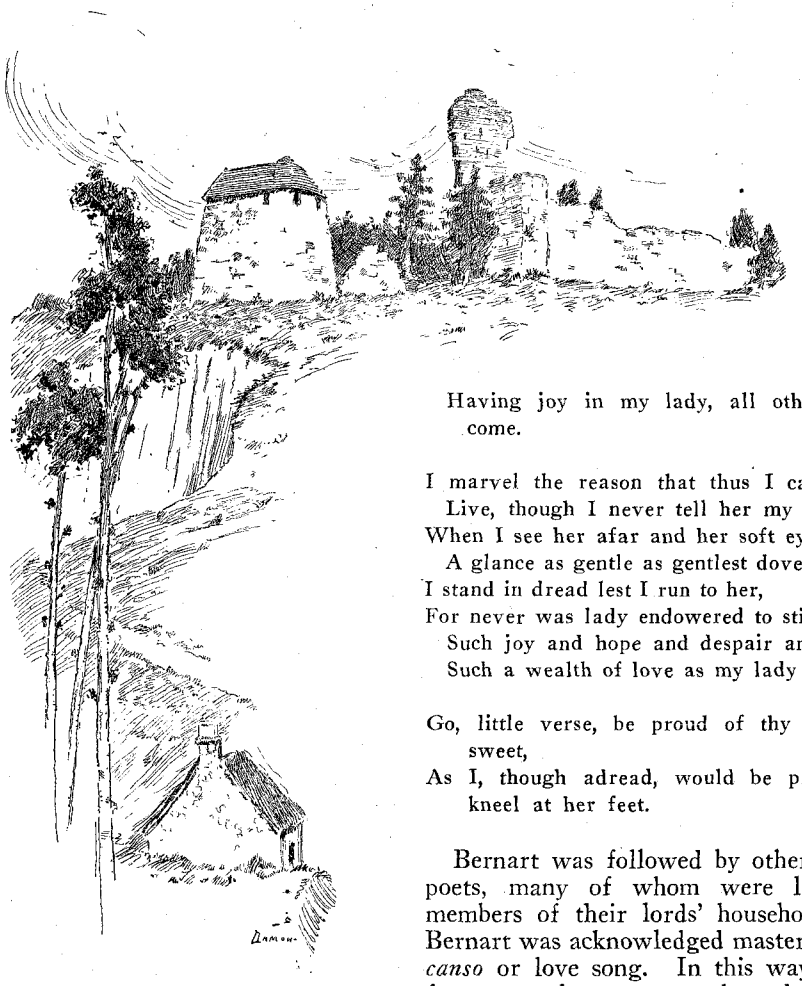

ON THE CREST OF THE HILL STANDS VENTADOUR, THE HOME OF BERNART, SWEETEST SINGER OF THE MIDDLE AGES

When the fresh grass and little leaves appear,
And cherry blooms smile from the sombre tree,
When the nightingale, so high and clear,
Lifts its voice and sings for me,
I am glad of the bird's song, and glad of the bloom,
And glad of the lady whose eyes hold my doom.
Shut in from all else, by my rapture held dumb,
Having joy in my lady, all other joys come.

I marvel the reason that thus I can live,
Live, though I never tell her my love;
When I see her afar and her soft eyes give
A glance as gentle as gentlest dove
I stand in dread lest I run to her,
For never was lady endowered to stir
Such joy and hope and despair and fear,
Such a wealth of love as my lady dear.

Go, little verse, be proud of thy mission sweet,
As I, though adread, would be proud to kneel at her feet.

Bernart was followed by other court poets, many of whom were likewise members of their lords' household, for Bernart was acknowledged master of the *canso* or love song. In this way, even for poets who were not dependent, the style was fixed and the deferential spirit became the motive power of love verses. There is in all of Bernart's poems a note of sweetness and sincerity. The best characteristics of Provençal verse are his—the lover's humility, the poet's joy in the spring and in his love, the mastery of versification and a simplicity supreme for all its elaborate form. His originality is without question. The fifty poems left us have a fervour and spontaneity not found in his predecessors, a plaintive sweetness to be looked for in vain in the classics, and a splendour of versification beyond the power of the verse of the people. He was one

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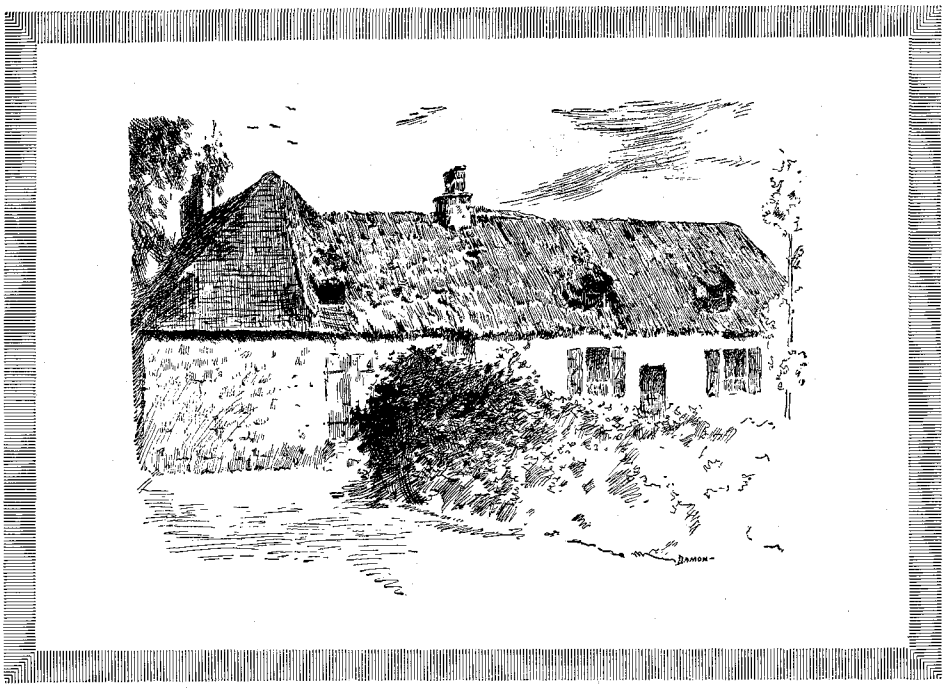

THE COTTAGES OF MODERN MOUSTIER-VENTADOUR ARE A VERITABLE LINK WITH THE PAST

of the greatest love poets of mediæval Europe. Petrarch himself has borrowed the thought from this stanza of one of Bernart's lyrics.

Whene'er I see the lark's glad flight
Striving to reach the sun above,
Until she falls from sheerest height,—
Oblivious of all save love,—
Then do I envy her the art
Of losing all in her desire,
Then do I wonder why my heart
Is not consumed by its own fire!

The singing of love verses was one of the duties of the troubadour. Occasionally real and deep, this love was usually but a matter of form. It was the poet's conventional way of thanking the baron for his hospitality. Poetry was the language by means of which chivalric faith manifested itself, and the troubadour was the apostle of that faith. Like its other manifestations, he often failed to reach the heights to which he aspired. Dante's spiritual love for Beatrice is the realisation of the troubadour's ideal.

Bernart's conception of woman had its effect upon his successors, aided no doubt by chivalry and a growing worship of the Virgin. One of the poems of Arnaut de Maruelh, literally translated, reads like a litany. Perhaps it is not too much to declare that poetry influenced the ritual as much as church prayers influenced verse.

Lady, the most charming creature
That ever nature formed upon this earth,
Better than I can say or ever know,
More beautiful than the fairest day of May,
Sun of the Sea, Shadow in summer,
Rose of May, Rain of April,
Flower of Beauty, Mirror of Love,
Key of Great Price, Vessel of Honour,
House of Gifts, Captain of Youth,
Sum and Root of all Knowledge,
Chamber of Joy, Dwelling Place of Courtesy,
Lady, with clasped hands I supplicate you,
Take me as your servitor
And promise me your love!

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MAREUIL IS A POEM IN ITSELF

Arnaut was one of the many troubadours who gave up a study for the priesthood to take up that of poetry. His verse prepares us for the spirit of religious peace which hovers over the trim little village of Mareuil, some miles to the west of Ventadour, where the river Belle, bordered with tall poplars, winds through rich meadows of a spreading valley. Quiet thoughtfulness, deep sentiment and a lovely melody passed from his birthplace into the songs of Arnaut before he journeyed southward with his jongleurs.

A few miles to the south he must have come upon Ribérac, the birthplace of another Arnaut. Dante hailed this Arnaut Daniel as his master, borrowing from him a verse form, the *sestina,* which has become one of the glories of Italian poetry. The villagers point out to us only the traditional site of the castle, where the poet was born. This "Greater Arnaut," like the lesser, travelled south, but we find few remembrances of him even in his favourite haunt, Beauville on the Garonne. An unpoetic gendarmerie stands upon the site of the castle where he sang. Noisy swallows break the quiet of the town. Nothing but the blue of the distant Pyrenees remains as Daniel saw it. We have lost the personal note; we cannot read the poet through the spirit of his dwelling-place, as we could with Bernart or with Arnaut de Maruelh.

So, too, Daniel's poetry is less vital to us. He was the Browning of his time, and the Swinburne, delighting in obscure expressions and elaborate technical feats. A simple style, he explains, does well enough for the successful lover, but an unsuccessful suitor like himself requires difficult constructions and unusual

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BEAUVILLE ON THE GARONNE, THE FAVOURITE HAUNT OF ARNAUT DANIEL

rhymes. "I am Arnaut," he tells us, "who loves Laura, and hunts the hare with the ox, and swims against the tide" —things as difficult to do as to win her love. Whereupon the Monk of Montaudon, the arch satirist and veriest rascal of all the troubadours, made declaration: "Arnaut Daniel has sung nothing all his life but a few foolish verses that none can understand, and since he 'hunted the hare with the ox and swam against the stream' his singing is not worth a rap."

To us the poet whom Petrarch called "the lesser Arnaut" reached higher in his songs than Daniel, just as he went farther to the south to have them sung. But before we follow him to Carcassonne, let us go back along the Garonne from Daniel's Beauville to Blaye, whose prince in these old days became one of the famous lovers of the world.

Jaufre Rudel lived in a massive fortress overlooking a busy port. He worshipped at the old church of St. Romanus, where, according to belief, Roland, Oliver and Turpin lie buried. His ears, already tuned from early training and association to the overtones of romance, were doubly sensitive to tales of travellers coming into port. His fortress, his church, the very village of his people, were afterward destroyed by the architect of the present castle, but his story lives in the deathless words of Petrarch, Dante, Uhland, Heine, Carducci, Browning, Swinburne, Rostand and many lesser poets. The troubadours themselves wrote verses about him and the Provençal biography tells how

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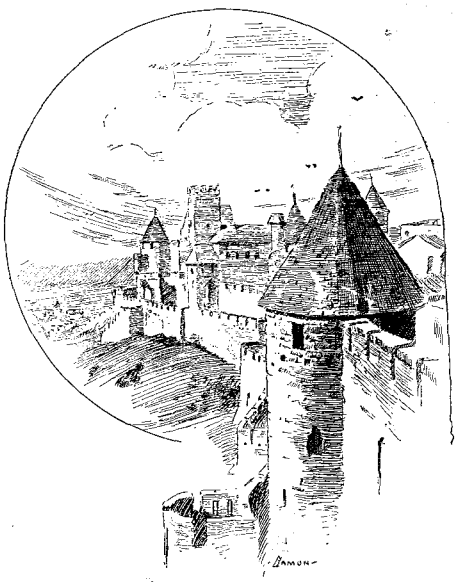

CARCASSONNE

he sought out his ideal and by his death fixed the dream beyond the possibility of fading.

He fell in love with the Countess of Tripoli without seeing her, because of the good he had heard of her from pilgrims who came from Antioch. And he made many verses about her with fine airs but simple words, and through the desire of seeing her he took the cross and set sail upon the sea. And in the vessel so great a malady overtook him that those who were with him thought he was dead on the ship. But they did what they could, taking him to Tripoli, to an inn, as one dead. And they made the Countess aware of it, and she came to his bed and took him in her arms. And he knew it was the Countess, for sight, hearing and understanding returned to him, and he praised God and thanked Him that He had preserved his life until he had seen her. And with that he died in the arms of his lady. And she gave him honourable burial in the house of the Temple, and then, on that same day, she became a nun, because of her grief for him and for his death.

Love made Rudel a romanticist and a visionary; it made Peire Vidal a madman. We find traces of Vidal at Carcassonne, toward which we left Arnaut de Maruelh advancing. Arnaut, the greatest love poet after Bernart de Ventadorn, must yield to Peire in one point, he could not sing his own verses, but must take a jongleur with him if he wished to please his audience. Vidal, on the other hand, sang even better than he wrote. We may be sure of it, for he tells us so himself: *"Cantava miehls d'ome del mon"*—I sing better than any other man in the world.

What the modern alienists call an *exaggerated ego* was not the only sign Peire Vidal showed of madness. Let us see what the troubadour biographer has to say:

And he fell to loving Loba of Puegnautier. Now Loba (the name means she-wolf) was of Carcassonne, and Peire made himself be called Lop for love of her, bearing a wolf on his coat of arms. And in the mountains of Cabaret he made men hunt him with dogs and with mastiffs and with greyhounds, even as men do hunt a wolf. And he put on the skin of a wolf to make the shepherds and dogs believe him one. Then the shepherds and their dogs hunted him and so evilly dealt with him that he was brought as one dead to the dwelling of the she-wolf of Puegnautier. And when she saw that it was even Peire Vidal she made right merry over his folly and laughed greatly, and also her husband.

Yet they cared for him until he was well, for the fair Loba had vanity enough to feel flattered at so signal a proof of devotion in a famous poet. Many are the wild acts of Vidal, not the least bringing home from the crusade a young Greek bride, whom he said was the niece of the emperor of Constantinople. Our madman then claimed royal honours—a long stride upward in the animal kingdom from a wolf to a king.

Loba was properly of Cabaret, but the dour mountain stronghold of that bleak region seems less fitted for poetry

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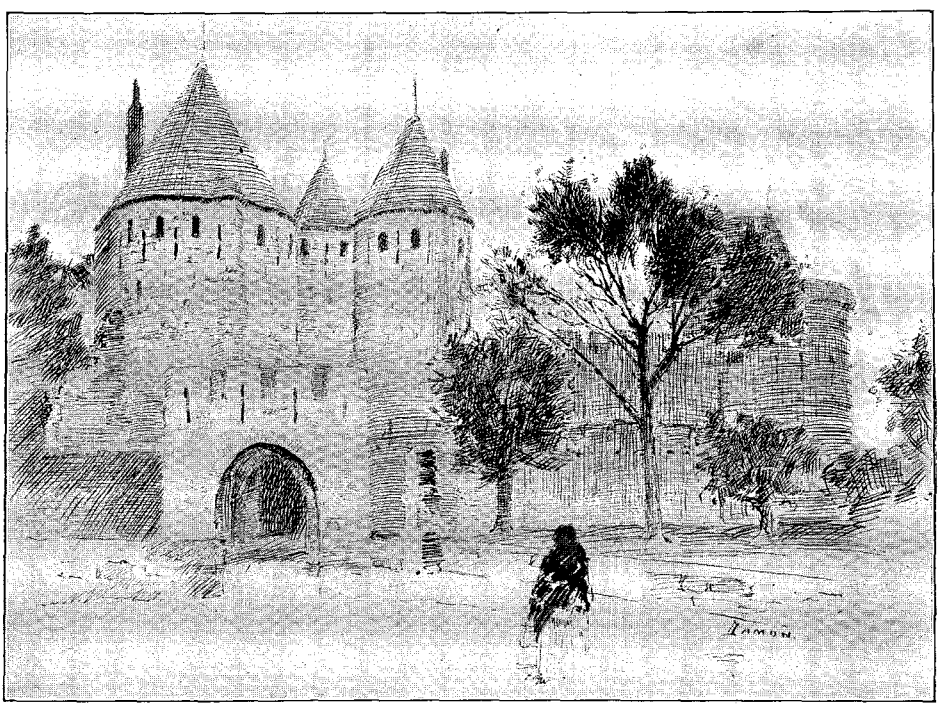
than nearby Carcassonne, where Peire also sang. The Carcassonne of the work-a-day world is noted for the manufacture of capsules and retorts. But southwest of the modern town, on the crest of the hill, stands the old city, sixty miles from the Pyrenees—eight centuries from modern science. The foundations of the castle were laid by Roman architects; one of the towers is said to have been built by the Visigoths in the fifth century, but it stands to-day the closest point of contact with troubadour lives, the most perfectly preserved of all their castles. The ancient moat, the brown walls, the barbicans, the more than two score towers—nothing is lacking to complete the effect. Here on the hilltop the past lives. Now we know why the old peasant of Gustave Nadaud's poem felt that life was incomplete without a sight of Carcassonne. It is not merely that the place suggests poetry, but is poetry itself.

With the poetic justice and sense of fitness that seems innate in Provence, we find the manuscript of *Flamenca* in the Carcassonne town library. This rhymed novel is one of the finest poems of the middle ages, and in addition it gives us our most intimate knowledge of feudal life at the end of the twelfth century. Therefore, though troubadour poetry, strictly speaking, is lyric, this romance bears a close relation to it. We may be sure that society listened intently as the jongleur told of the woes of Flamenca, who was confined in a tower by her husband for no reason at all but groundless jealousy. A young lord, Guilhelm de Nevers, hears of the sad case and resolves to right the lady's wrongs. He takes the assistant's place in the little church where Flamenca, always guarded by a watchful husband, is allowed to worship every Sunday. It is a most romantic situation. Lest the jealous husband suspect, all communication must be telegraphic in its condensation. As the new clerk presents the



CARCASSONNE; TO-DAY OUR CLOSEST POINT OF CONTACT WITH TROUBADOUR LIVES

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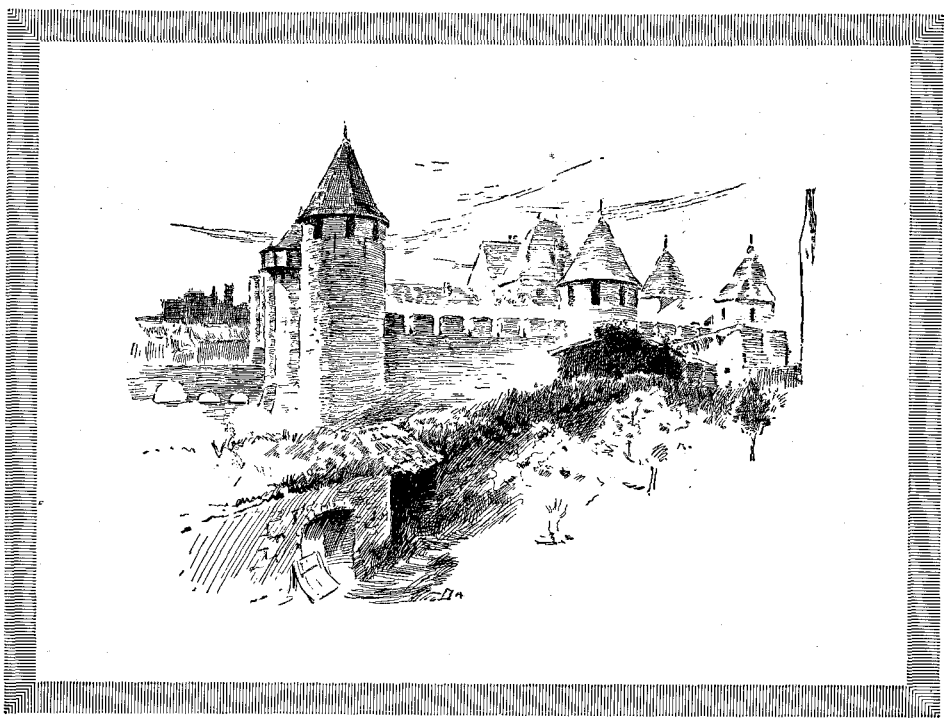

ON THE HILLTOP OF CARCASSONNE, THE PAST LIVES

Missal for Flamenca to kiss, he sighs audibly, "Alas!" Flamenca, shut in her tower, has nothing else all week to think about. The following Sunday she murmurs, "Why complain?"

Thereafter they converse at successive services, two syllables only at each Mass. By the merciful coöperation of Holy Days a meeting is arranged within the short space of three months. The intervention of the knight finally effects the cure of the husband's jealousy, and they all live happily forever after. It is noteworthy that Flamenca's treatment by her husband should have brought forth a champion. In an earlier day it would have passed unnoticed, but among the Provençaux, the most cultured people of mediæval Europe, the importance of woman was increasing. This is both cause and effect.

It was the privilege of high-born and high-minded women to protect and favour poetry and to receive in return the troubadour's homage. Beyond this, the Provençale was a poet herself! Of all the writers of Greece, Sappho is the only woman. Counting in two women from Italy who wrote verses in the Provençal language, we have here a list of twenty, with at least some literary fragment remaining of the work of most. Among them are Maria de Ventadorn and Beatrix, Comtesse of Provence, the wife of Raymond Bérenger, himself a renowned patron of poetry. One of their number is Clare d'Anduze, who expresses the feeling of all followers of art in her couplet:

Whene'er I wish to sing I weep; my art
Says not aloud what sings within my heart.

Most sincere and natural of women writers is Biatritz de Die, who has left us five poems filled with passionate tenderness and spontaneity—rare virtues in Provençal verse. The Sappho of Provence wrote straight from her heart,

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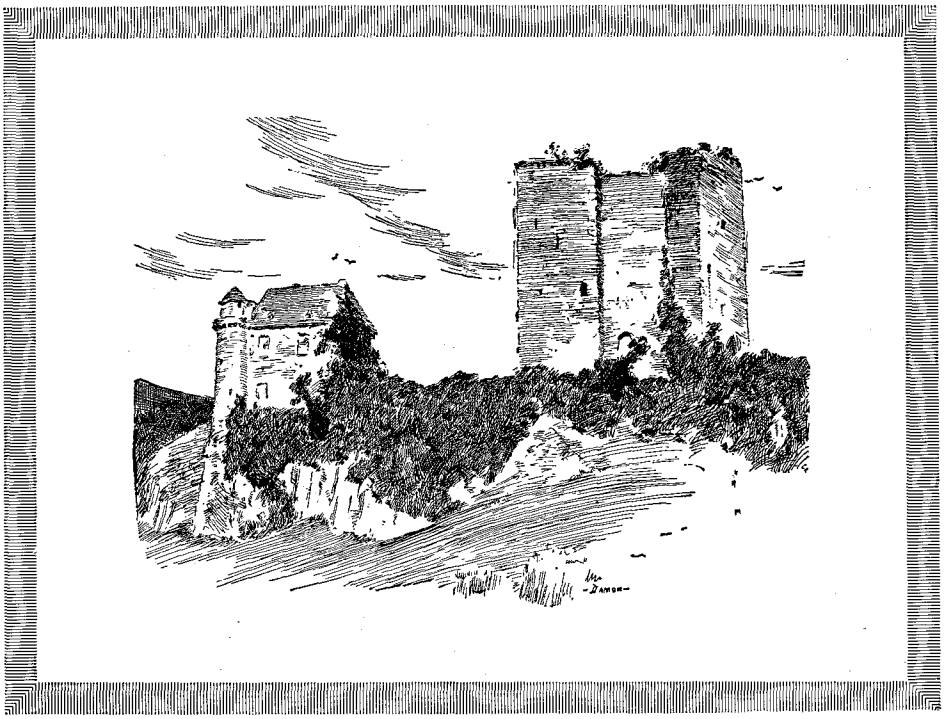

EXCIDEUIL, THE WELL-BELOVED HOME OF GUIRANT DE BORNEIL, MASTER OF THE TROUBADOURS

scorning the obscurities which many of the writers substituted for originality or depth of feeling. A poor little town is Die, a long distance to the northeast of romantic Carcassonne, and farther still out of the world. At the farthermost part of the city is a little garden overlooking the river Drôme. Within it we find a bust of Biatritz, an imagined portrait standing, fittingly enough, beneath a weeping-willow tree. Die seems made for tears, and poor Biatritz must have had her share, for she was foolish enough to fall in love with that jolly old rascal Raimbaut d'Aurenga, who dared to write a verse that could not be classified as *canso* or love song, *sirventes* or political song, dance, dawn or even-song. He labeled it:

THE WHAT-YOU-CALL-IT

Listen, my lord, a task I'll try,
I know not what, thought start is made,
Love song or dance or battle-cry,
What matters since I'm not dismayed?
Yet if the verse should go awry,
The greatest poets could not aid,

Because no one ever saw such a verse made by man or woman in this whole century, nor in any age which has past!

* * * * *

The verse's end is drawing nigh,
And What-You-Call-It's plans were laid
So well that all had best apply
And rightly spell a name so weighed.
If others wish to sing it, I
Give full assent and feel well paid.

And if any one asks him who created it, he may say it was the work of one who knew how to do any sort of a thing on earth he wished to do!

The chief glory of Provençal verse lay in its elaborate stanzaic form and the richness of its rhyme. Peire de Corbiac has one composition of eight hundred and forty lines all rhyming alike. To an

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THE COURTYARD AT VACQUEIRAS, WHERE RAIMBAUT SANG HIS SONGS

audience trained to appreciate this, Raimbaut's lapsing into prose was of irresistibly comic effect. Technical skill and form were also the heritage of Provençal poetry to the world. All poetry has been indirectly touched by it, Dante and Petrarch were directly influenced.

The author of the *Divina Comedia* was the first great poet to use the speech of the people instead of that of the scholar. But Guilhelm, long before, had made the popular dialect of Limousin the vehicle for cultured and artistic literary expression. Thus the soul of Provençal poetry, like its spiritual idea of love, passed into the Italian. Its form was also incorporated. Nor was the influence merely general. Individual thoughts of these early poets have inspired their descendants. Petrarch borrowed from Raimbaut de Vacqueiras the *carrusel* or war-chariot figure, one of the most original and striking ideas in the whole sweep of mediæval literature.

Of all the troubadours, it was Daniel whom the Italian poets claimed as a master. Dante pays him the signal honour of having him speak in Provençal in the *Divina Comedia:* "I am Arnaut, who weeps and sings." In his own day not Daniel, but Guiraut de Borneil, was called the Master of the Troubadours. If Arnaut was the Browning, here we have the Chaucer of Provence. During the winter he studied at one of the academies, for the spirit of study was abroad, preparing for the Renaissance of a few centuries later. Moreover, the scholar-poet had a library of his own, enough in those days to account for his authority among the cultured. Like

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THE WATCH-TOWER AT VACQUEIRAS

Chaucer, when spring came Borneil forsook study for the fields and the road.

It is a long journey from the Vacqueiras of Raimbaut in Provence proper to the birthplace of Borneil. A straight diagonal line across the country from the southeast brings us to Excideuil. Here we find a ruined donjon and a sweet little village. Guiraut de Borneil appeals to our sympathies because of his unhappy love affair and his devotion to home. Even the old biographer speaks of him with loving praise:

> A wife he would not, but all that he gained he gave to his poor kindred and to the church of his native town, the which was, and still is, called the church of St. Gervais (his patron).

As we had two Arnauts, so we have two Guirauts. Guiraut Riquier is perhaps the saddest poet of his age, not because of his life, but because he was the last great figure. Poetry was dying. Riquier tried to sustain its life. He used every practised form of verse. He borrowed new forms from the verse of the people, as Guilhelm had done in the beginning. He worked lovingly and untiringly, but he worked against too great odds. Troubadour poetry had lived its allotted time. Conditions which had ministered at its birth and fostered it in its early years had disappeared. The life of which it was the supremest expression was no longer reality, but a memory.

When we come to this last troubadour we find ourselves back in Poitiers, the birthplace of Provençal song. We have circled the troubadour country. We have touched upon their history from Guilhelm down to Riquier. We have found in this fair land where their history was made, not only what we might expect, but all that we could dream. Here in Poitiers, the beginning and the end of our journey, the boundary of troubadour country, we find the cradle and the grave of the first conscious poetry of art. Many things are clear to us as we look back over the road we have travelled. The song of Guilhelm died with Riquier only that it might live. Its influence is greater than its actual achievements. Even to-day we find in the south of France a little group

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of living poets who have revived the old spirit and sing their songs in Provençal.

The most important political and social institution of their age; the class who helped most to raise the place of woman; the first modern musician; the earliest believer in poetic form; the Midas who made golden the song of all neighbouring peoples; the inspiration for verse and tale—this is the troubadour. And more than this! He marks the springtime of poetry, and in him romance, love, beauty, sunshine and happiness, the joy of youth and the youth of joy live forever.

THE NON-COMMERCIAL DRAMA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

THERE is no reason why the critic should feel a greater patience for the uncommercial drama than is commonly evinced by the theatre-going public; but the non-commercial drama is another thing entirely. Any protest against commercialism in the theatre should be based upon a clear distinction between these very different alternatives. Many good plays may be classed as non-commercial; but no play that is utterly uncommercial can logically be considered good.

There is a sense in which all art is of necessity commercial. Art makes things which need to be distributed; business distributes things which have been made: and each of the arts is, therefore, necessarily accompanied by a business, whose special purpose is to distribute the products of that art. The sentimental tradition that a sincere artist should be a bad business man is lacking in essential sanity. History has recorded a few instances of great painters and great poets who have starved to death or wearied out their lives in penury because they failed to realise the commercial value of their products; but if the public must sentimentalise over these tragical exceptions, it should weep more because the artists were lacking in common sense than because the world was lacking in appreciation. A man who can make great things that his contemporaries will not buy should be able also to make great things that his contemporaries will buy: and a failure to cope with this alternative is not to be regarded as a sign of genius.

In a special sense, the drama is of necessity the most commercial of the arts. A play must be produced in a theatre; and theatres cost money. In any large city—and any city that aspires to become a producing centre of the drama must be large—a theatre, because it must be situated in a generally accessible district, must occupy ground that is very valuable; and the mere continuance of its existence demands a large expenditure for rent. A play, also, must be presented by a company of actors; and this necessity demands a large expenditure for salaries. Furthermore, the production of a play requires the collaboration of many other artists in addition to the author and the actors; and these collaborators—the stage director, the designer of the scenery and costumes, the musicians, the electricians, and many minor functionaries—must also be paid for their services. To sum the matter up, it costs much more to launch a play than to launch a poem or a picture. This cost is paid by the theatre-going public; and the public that pays the cost has a reasonable right to reject any project that it deems unworthy of its patronage.

Any theatrical production for which the theatre-going public summarily refuses to defray the cost must be classed as uncommercial; and to insist on planning uncommercial plays must be re-

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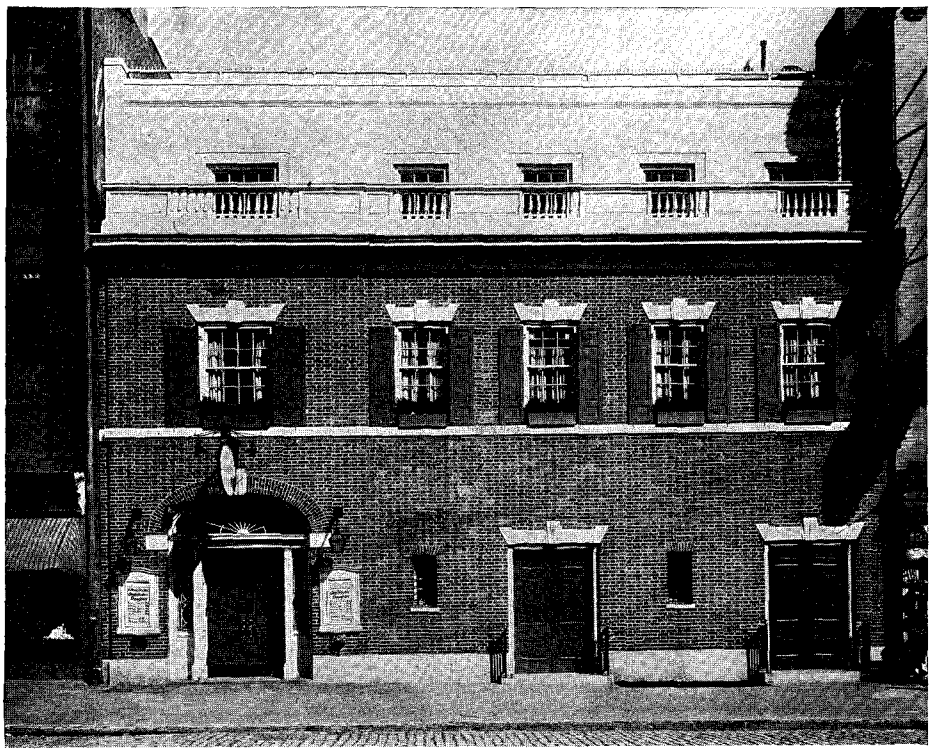

THE NEIGHBOURHOOD PLAYHOUSE

garded as a failure in dramatic art. In an art whose necessary aim is to interest the public, there is no virtue in denying the right of the public to determine whether or not it has been interested. If a man has entered a target competition and has missed the mark, the question whether his failure has resulted from aiming too low or from aiming too high is merely secondary: the point is that he has missed the target.

But there are many plays which, properly projected, can pay their way, without reaping, let us say, a larger interest on the investment than would have been afforded if the capital had been employed in any other enterprise. These plays should be classed, not as uncommercial drama, but as non-commercial drama; and the difference is obvious.

A non-commercial play may be defined as a play that is produced more for the love of the production than for the love of the financial profit that may possibly result from the investment. All business may be divided into good business and bad business. Dismissing bad business as uncommercial, good business may further be subdivided into big business and small business. Small business may be defined as that which yields less than ten per cent. on the investment; and big business may be defined as that in which a yield of less than ten per cent. is regarded as a failure.

The trouble with the prevailing theatre system in America to-day is not that this system is commercial; for, in any democratic country, it is not unreasonable to expect the public to defray the cost of the sort of drama that it wishes, and that, therefore, it deserves. The trouble is, rather, that our theatre system is devoted almost entirely to big business; and that, in ignoring the small profits of small business, it tends to ex-

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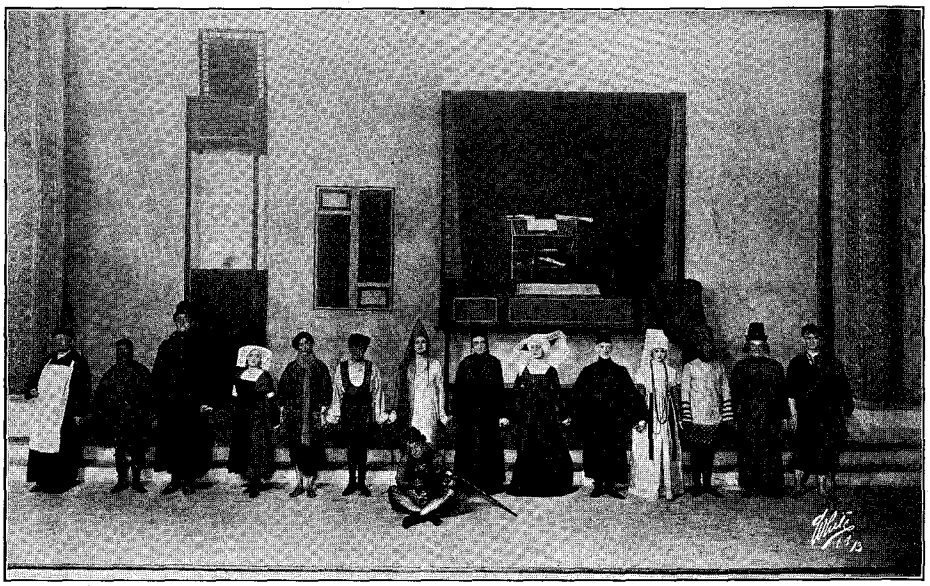

THE CHARACTERS IN GRANVILLE BARKER'S PRODUCTION OF ANATOLE FRANCE'S COMEDY "THE MAN WHO MARRIED A DUMB WIFE"

clude not only the uncommercial drama, but the non-commercial drama as well.

Whether or not the government of the United States can succeed in proving legally the existence of a theatre trust, everybody knows that the theatre system of this country is controlled by less than twenty men. These men have organised our theatre-business as a big business; and in none of their productions can they rest contented with a profit of less than ten per cent. Any play that does not realise this profit is summarily discarded as a failure; and four failures out of every five productions must be paid for by the overwhelming profits of the single fifth production. Thus plays that might earn a profit of two hundred dollars per week are killed off to make room for other plays—which are frequently less worthy—that may earn a profit of two thousand dollars per week. In the frantic gamble of big business, large losses must be offset by larger gains.

It is this system of big business—which demands that any play, to earn the privilege of a continuance of its existence, shall reap a profit of several hundred per cent. of the original investment—that weighs so cruelly upon the author in America to-day. It is reasonable to demand of the dramatist that he shall sufficiently appeal to the theatre-going public to draw a yield of ten per cent. on the investment required to produce his play; but it is not reasonable to demand that a yield in excess of this percentage shall be regarded as a condition precedent to the continuance of his production. Any project that demands a profit of more than ten per cent. is not business, but gambling; and a gambling proposition is just as uncommercial as a non-commercial proposition.

To give the dramatist a proper chance to earn his living in America, we must break the power of the theatre trust. A review of recent judicial decisions in this country affords small hope that this effect can be attained by any governmental process. The only thing to do is to prove, by actual experiment, that small business can still be done in our theatres, quite irrespective of the dictates of the less than twenty men who have decreed

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GRANVILLE BARKER'S PRODUCTION OF "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM." THOSE SCENES WHICH SHAKESPEARE INTENDED FOR THE OUTER STAGE ARE PERFORMED UPON A TERRACED APRON, BEFORE A CONVENTIONALLY CURTAINED BACKGROUND

that, in all our theatre-business, there shall be no alternative between big business and no business at all.

While discarding the uncommercial drama—that is to say, the sort of drama that cannot pay its way—as not worth fighting for, we must fight for the existence of the non-commercial drama—that is to say, the sort of drama that can earn a profit of from five to ten per cent., but is incapable of earning more. Fortunately, it appears already that this fight is almost won. Several of the most signal successes of the current season must be classed as non-commercial. Many plays which were produced with no initial hope that they would do more than pay their way have yielded a sound return on the investment, at a time when the gambling projects of the promoters of big business have resulted only in disastrous losses.

MR. BARKER'S SEASON

The most encouraging indication of a turning of the tide is the immediate and great success of Mr. Granville Barker's season. The entire career of Mr. Barker affords convincing evidence that—although, as a man of the theatre, he believes that every play should pay its way—he cares far less for money than for art, and is willing to do the best that he can with whatever money is allotted to him by the public. When Mr. Barker was invited by the Stage Society to inaugurate a repertory season in New York, a fund reported to have been forty thousand dollars was provided by the Stage Society and by the Founders of the New Theatre to guarantee him against loss. In other words, a possible weekly loss approximating three thousand dollars was discounted in advance. Fortunately, it has not been necessary to draw

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a penny from this fund. The gross receipts of the second week of Mr. Barker's season amounted to more than twelve thousand dollars. Producing plays by Shaw and Shakespeare and Anatole France, in an out-of-the-way theatre, in the poorest season that New York has ever known, Mr. Barker has done a business that might be envied by the gambling managers at the height of a season of prosperity.

By the commercial success of this non-commercial project, Mr. Barker has proved that there is a public in New York that is willing to support good plays that are done for the love of doing them. He has proved that it is no longer necessary to rely on such products as *Within the Law* and *Peg o' My Heart* to keep our theatres open and to pay the standing charge for rent. He has proved that the sound principles of small business may, under the proper conditions, lead to as large a profit as the desperate principles of big business. In an old barn of a theatre that had been discarded by the gambling managers, he has put the gambling managers to shame.

Mr. Barker's initial productions of *Androcles and the Lion* and *The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife* have been reviewed already in the March number of THE BOOKMAN. Since that time, he has added *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Doctor's Dilemma* to his repertory.

Mr. Barker's production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is the first instance that has been afforded in New York of the application of the principles of the new stagecraft to the presentation of Shakespeare. The play is acted on an inner and outer stage. Those scenes which Shakespeare intended for the outer

GRANVILLE BARKER'S PRODUCTION OF GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S "ANDROCLES AND THE LION"

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stage are performed upon a terraced apron, before a conventionally curtained background. The scenery which is set up on the inner stage is decorative rather than pictorial, presenting an appropriate suggestion of a mood in line and colour instead of attempting a precise delineation of the here-and-now of actuality. The opinion of the critics was divided concerning the specific merit of certain of the decorations devised by Mr. Norman Wilkinson; but there can be no question that the general principle of the production is a sound one, and that this modern method of producing Shakespeare is better fitted to the exigencies of the text than the Victorian method of Augustin Daly.

The Doctor's Dilemma, which was reviewed in detail in THE BOOKMAN for June, 1911, is not a good play; but this fact does not afford sufficient reason to excuse our commercial managers for having denied the New York public for nine successive years an opportunity to see it and to judge it in the theatre. The basic pattern of *The Doctor's Dilemma* is dramatically interesting, and any other practised playwright would have developed this pattern into an effective drama; but Mr. Shaw chose rather to submerge it beneath seas and seas of talk, most of which is brilliant, but much of which has little pertinence to the occasion. The last act is a vapid anti-climax, and the play is much too long. The fourth act, however, contains a great death scene, which is scarcely equalled by any other passage in the writings of this dramatist; and the play, though rather tedious as a whole, is very well worth seeing. It is admirably acted by

ANDROCLES AND THE LION

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Mr. Barker's company, and is charmingly staged behind a picture-frame proscenium.

MR. REICHER'S SEASON

The success of Mr. Emanuel Reicher's "Modern Stage" is, in certain aspects, even more remarkable. Mr. Reicher is a German actor and producer with an

THE WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS IN "THE SHEPHERD IN THE DISTANCE"

honourable reputation in his native land. Exiled to America by a war that has made all artists outcasts, Mr. Reicher has inaugurated in New York a series of subscription performances of representative European plays. His first production was an interesting presentation of a little-known play of Gerhart Hauptmann's, entitled *Elga*. This is a dream-drama, written evidently under a passing influence of Maeterlinck, that deals with savage passions in a mystical and mediæval setting. Though seats were sold only by subscription and no tickets could be purchased at the box-office, and though the performance was not even advertised in the daily papers, the Garrick Theatre was crowded to the doors when *Elga* was performed on February 23d, and the people who were turned away demanded a decision to repeat the performance later in the season.

Although Mr. Reicher had originally planned to present each drama in his series only once, a superfluity of subscriptions required three performances of his second offering. This was *John Gabriel Borkman,* in which Mr. Reicher appeared for the first time in English in a great part, which he had been privileged, in his native language, to be the first actor to present on any stage; for this particular play of Ibsen's was acted in Germany by Mr. Reicher before it was ever presented in Norwegian in any of

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the Scandinavian countries. Further plays announced for production by the "Modern Stage" before the season closes includes dramas by Björnson, von Hoffmannsthal and Tchechoff. The expense of these productions has already been defrayed by subscriptions in advance. Here again we find a proof that the non-commercial drama is not necessarily uncommercial, and that an intelligent minority of our theatre-going public is willing and eager to pay a reasonable price for the privilege of seeing the sort of plays that the theatre trust would be afraid to gamble with.

THE WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS

Nothing could be more utterly non-commercial than the project of the Washington Square Players. This is an organisation of amateurs of the theatre, who have banded themselves together for the purpose of having a thoroughly good time in writing plays, acting them, producing them, designing and executing scenery and costumes, and attending to details of business management. The Washington Square Players pay no royalties to their authors and no salaries to their actors: both plays and acting are contributed, *con amore,* by members of the organisation; and anybody who is capable and willing to contribute is welcomed as a member. Hence it has been possible for them to establish the low price of fifty cents for admission to their productions at the Bandbox Theatre. Since the very first night, on February 19th, not a single seat has been vacant at any performance. It was originally planned to give performances only on Friday and Saturday evenings; but the demand for tickets soon required a doubling of the intended number of performances per week.

The success of the Washington Square Players is due entirely to the merit of their presentations. They are doing business on a small scale; but they are much more sure of a sound return on their investment than those managers who gamble to win or lose a large fortune with every play that they produce. It costs them next to nothing to produce a bill of four or five brief plays in the little theatre they have rented; and a crowding of the house assures them a ten per cent. return on the investment of this next to nothing. Not theirs the worry of those gambling managers who have forced themselves to feel a sense of ruin if a new production of a piece not worth producing fails to draw ten thousand dollars in a single week!

The initial bill presented by the Washington Square Players set many hundred people to the task of studying the map in order to find out how to reach the Bandbox Theatre. The leading feature of this bill was *Interior,* that lovely little masterpiece of the greatest living poet in the world. The production of this play, which was in all respects appropriate, cost less than fifty dollars; and the amateurs who were entrusted with the parts afforded a performance that was beautiful and touching. The same bill contained a brilliant and amusing one-act play by Mr. Edward Goodman, entitled *Eugenically Speaking.* Less effective were a social satire entitled *Licensed,* by Mr. Basil Lawrence, and an anonymous pantomime entitled *Another Interior.*

The second bill of the Washington Square Players was scarcely less appealing than the first. The leading item was a pantomime, devised by Mr. Holland Hudson, entitled *The Shepherd in the Distance.* This pantomime told a fantastic oriental story in terms both humourous and lyrical; and it was presented in the manner of Max Reinhardt, with scenery and costumes designed in black and white by Mr. Robert Locker. At the same time was afforded a performance of *Love of One's Neighbour,* a satirical comedy by the famous Russian playwright Leonid Andreyev. The bill included also a one-act tragedy, in the tone of John M. Synge, by Mr. Philip Moeller, and *Moondown,* a play by Mr. John Reed, which exhibited a contrast between the characters of two very different shop-girls. In each of

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these plays the acting was adequate, and the *mise en scène* was superior to the standard that is commonly maintained in the commercial theatres.

THE NEIGHBOURHOOD PLAYERS

The loveliest of all the theatre buildings in New York, with the single exception of the Little Theatre, which was designed by the same architect, Mr. Harry Creighton Ingalls, has recently been erected at number 466 Grand Street by the munificence of the Misses Irene and Alice Lewisohn. This theatre, situated deep in a district that is referred to by uptown people as "the slums," is equipped with the only modern system of lighting which has yet been installed in any theatre of America. To learn how a stage ought to be lighted, it is no longer necessary for New Yorkers to travel to Germany or Russia, in this tragic year when European travelling is slow; they need only travel to the Neighbourhood Playhouse at 466 Grand Street.

In this lovely little theatre performances are given on Saturday and Sunday evenings by the Neighbourhood Players, an organisation of amateurs associated with the labours of the Henry Street Settlement. Many of these amateurs can act; and, with the rest of them, an obvious sincerity of desire atones for the lack of experienced accomplishment.

Performances are given by the Neighbourhood Players on Saturday and Sunday evenings; and the charge for admission is only twenty-five and fifty cents. It is worth the price of a couple of tickets to sit in the auditorium and see the lights turned on; and the loving zest of the performances will repay the pilgrim for an evening abstracted from the glare and glitter of Broadway.

The initial bill of the Neighbourhood Players included *The Glittering Gate,* an imaginative fantasy by the Irish satirist Lord Dunsany; *Tethered Sheep,* an American folk-play by Mr. Robert Gilbert Welsh; and *The Maker of Dreams,* a Pierrot play by a young English author, Mr. Oliphant Down. Each of these brief plays was worth seeing in itself; but all three were made especially worth seeing by the charming scenery and costumes designed and executed by members of the Henry Street Settlement.

THE BRAMHALL PLAYERS

The Bramhall Playhouse is a tiny theatre, seating scarcely more than two hundred people, which is situated close to the corner of Twenty-seventh Street and Lexington Avenue. It has been erected by Mr. Butler Davenport, who has organised a professional company, called the Bramhall Players, for the purpose of exhibiting a series of contemporary plays.

The first offering of the Bramhall Players is a piece by Mr. Davenport himself, entitled *The Importance of Coming and Going.* The play itself is bad; but it is adequately acted and is well produced under the personal direction of the author, who has also undertaken the performance of two parts in the cast of characters. The play is bad because—although it exhibits an earnest and sincere discussion of the problems of birth and death—it is incoherent in structure and discursive in dialogue, and reveals at several moments a lamentable lack of a saving sense of humour. *The Importance of Coming and Going* must be classed, not as a non-commercial product, but as an uncommercial product. It would appear that Mr. Davenport was ill-advised to open his very cosy and attractive little theatre with this particular example of his own authorship.

THE PLAYERS PRODUCING COMPANY

The Players Producing Company, directed by Mr. Arthur Bissell and Miss Aline Barnsdall, is an offshoot of the Chicago Theatre Society. A recent dramatisation of *Alice in Wonderland,* after having been successfully produced by this organisation at the Fine Arts Theatre in Chicago, was imported to New York and disclosed at the Booth

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Theatre, under the auspices of Mr. Winthrop Ames.

This dramatisation of the two unquestionable classics of Lewis Carroll was made by Miss Alice Gerstenberg; and her work disclosed not only a loving reverence for her material, but also a decided literary tact in the selection and the patterning. Miss Gerstenberg did nothing that was wrong; and nearly everything she did was emphatically right. No higher praise could be accorded to any craftsman bold enough to undertake the task of preparing a dramatic version of the greatest of all books in which the charm of childhood is recalled to all adults who have not utterly discarded the mystic sense of trailing clouds of glory.

The scenery and costumes were designed, in the decorative manner, by Mr. William Penhallow Henderson. In his costumes, this artist of Chicago decided discreetly to adhere to the tradition established, once for all, by Tenniel. In his summary and decorative treatment of the *mise en scène,* Mr. Henderson applied the principles that have recently been exemplified in Germany and Russia; and, as a consequence, this non-commercial production of *Alice in Wonderland* pointed forward along a path that must ultimately be pursued by our commercial managers.

REVIVALS OF THE SPRING SEASON

All of the productions that thus far have been noticed in the present article must be classed as non-commercial undertakings; and yet, considered as a group, they overshadow all of the frankly commercial productions that were launched at the same period of this curiously interesting season.

The success of Mr. Barker with *Androcles and the Lion* and *The Doctor's Dilemma* suggested to Mr. Arnold Daly the advisability of reviving *You Never Can Tell.* This revival is very welcome, because this early farce of Mr. Shaw's is, on the whole, more interesting and diverting in the theatre than the majority of those essays in dialogue which he has chosen to set forth in recent years.

The spring season in New York is customarily employed as a period for revivals of old plays with what are advertised as "all-star" casts. Two of these revivals are, at present, particularly interesting. Mr. Paul Potter's dramatisation of *Trilby* has lost little of its effectiveness through a decade of retirement from the traffic of the stage. There is a human quality in this story of Du Maurier's that seems to be immortal; and the public welcomes every opportunity to renew acquaintance with the well-beloved characters that this artist launched living into the world of unforgettable romance.

Scarcely less interesting is the revival of *A Celebrated Case,* by the authors of *The Two Orphans.* Adolphe Dennery may not have been a literary artist, but he was undeniably an artist of the theatre; and this famous melodrama is no less remarkable for its theatrical efficiency than for its lack of reference to actuality. *A Celebrated Case* can no longer be accepted seriously as an interpretation of the probabilities of life; but it may still be studied earnestly as an example of the mechanism of the well-made play.

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THE MAGAZINE IN AMERICA

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

PART III—PHILADELPHIA, THE VALLEY OF SELF-SUFFICIENTNESS

"DISSECT ridicule and you will find envy," saith the sage. The pedigree of the stock joke about Philadelphia should comfort that city for adding to the gaiety of comic weeklies and vaudeville monologues. It dates back to the time when she was easily first in the sisterhood of cities. Boston and New York, smarting at her greater culture and social development, took refuge in a contemptuous sniff; and New York sniffed the louder because she had more reason to be jealous.

Yet, of all human mechanisms, that which is known as "saving the face" is most constantly on the job; and the transparent gibe, conceived in sin and born in wrath, began to have real point as it came of age. For when Philadelphia grew conscious that her supremacy was dwindling, she in her turn sought to support her chagrin by adopting that buttressed complacency for which she is now notorious. At the beginning of the century Neal, in an English magazine, jealously referred to her natives as "mutton-headed Athenians," but he knew in his soul that Philadelphia had the right to call herself the Athens of America. Toward the end of the fifty-year period which this article covers, Lowell, with no jealousy whatever (although he had come to Philadelphia because Boston couldn't support him), termed the city a provincial valley of self-sufficientness and contentment. Leland, returning from Europe in 1842 to his birthplace, said there was no city in the world of which so little evil could be said and so much good, yet of which so few ever spoke with enthusiasm.

> Its inhabitants were all well bathed, well clad, well behaved, all with exactly the same ideas and the same ideals. A degree of refinement was everywhere perceptible, and they were so fond of flowers that I once ascertained by careful enquiry that in most respectable families there was annually much more money expended for bouquets than for books. When a Philadelphian gave a dinner or supper his great care was to see that everything *on* the table was as good or perfect as possible. I had been accustomed to first considering what should be placed *around* it on chairs as the main item.

Nevertheless, in spite of Lowell and Leland and in spite of the undeniable smugness which Philadelphia had now achieved, she published and read more books than either of her sisters. During the first half of the century there were at least one hundred and sixteen Philadelphia magazines. Of these in general, only two items can here be noted. As early as 1805 she had tried to float the first theatrical magazine in America, and within the decade she repeated the attempt five times. In 1824 she kept twelve magazines going at once, three literary, four religious, three medical, and two political. And though Boston had snatched the fillet from her brow, and only within her household was heard any longer the boast that she was the American Athens, she was still centre of culture enough to inaugurate and centre of practicality enough to maintain the three most successful magazines—artistically or financially or both—of the entire period. Thus if she had become the Tomlinson of cities, it was to some purpose. In them she did more to encourage "light literature" in America than Boston, who had seized the sceptre in 1815, or New York, who soon began to clamour for it.

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THE "PORT FOLIO"

From up Boston way, in 1789, the American Addison came to the American Athens; and with his coming Philadelphia knew her treble supremacy complete. The seat of government, of society, and of the arts (or, as the original Friends might have put it, the world and the flesh and the Devil), she had in all respects her heart's desire. And Joseph Dennie, who was Secretary to the Department of State, the brilliant centre of her coterie of fashion, and as Oliver Oldschool the founder of her *Port Folio,* summed up in his one person all three. Here is a picture of the famous man, as Buckingham saw him when a printer's devil in his northern editorial sanctum: "A pea-green coat, white vest, nankin small-clothes, white silk stockings, pumps with silver buckles, which covered at least half his foot. His small-clothes were tied at the knees with ribbon of the same colour in double bows, the end reaching down to the ankles. His hair in front was well loaded with pomatum, craped and powdered; the ear-locks had undergone the same process; behind, his natural hair was augmented by a large queue, which, enrolled in some yards of black ribbon, reached half way down his back." This was, if you please, his simple working costume and in provincial New England. Fancy how his brave vibration glittered free when he really spread himself among his peers in Philadelphia, home of wealth and fashion and courtly refuge of many titled foreign exiles! But well for him that the table-loving metropolis was hospitable, and thus he could economise in other ways, for as secretary his salary of one thousand dollars only just equalled his earnings in Walpole, New Hampshire, as lawyer and editor of the *Farmers' Weekly Museum,* which he had made for three years the most important literary periodical in America.

"He contributed to chasten the morals and to refine the taste of the nation," inscribed J. Q. Adams upon his tombstone. An Addisonian in life, you see, in death they were not divided. Where is it fled, that stately and heavy Addisonian ideal? Can one imagine the familiar epitaph ever being chiselled again? Refine the taste of the comparatively refined, the *Port Folio* certainly did—Josiah Quincy said it was far and away the best American periodical and quite as good as any English one—but the unrefined saw very little of it. Established in 1801, on its fourth birthday it had raised its price to six dollars—a strapping sum for the Philadelphia yeoman. But, a thoroughly high-class magazine, it would have been caviare to the general. The middle class, when it came their way, foamed at its lack of patriotism. It unsparingly condemned what in America was bad and bumptious; it did not feel that America had created all at once an entirely new set of values; it admitted Thomas Moore and Alexander Wilson (visitors in Philadelphia) direct to its columns, instead of stealing them by reprint, as any patriotic American magazine should have done. Seeing these several treacheries what self-respecting American would have cared how much it had extolled the art of Benjamin West and sought a market for him; or that it praised ardently the native products it could praise; or that it attacked the reviewers and magazine-makers of Great Britain (even when their cadences were most Addisonian!) for "the fastidious arrogance with which they treat the genius and intellect of this country," and said it was only equalled by their profound ignorance of the situation; or that it attacked American critics for "entering into a conspiracy to exterminate American poetry." In short, refusing to praise Americans because they were Americans and blame Britons because they were Britons, it ran counter to native prejudice, as other unpatriotic Americans have done since; and if it leaned too much to the English side, one must not forget the Addisonian pull and the fact that to many an old-school gentleman like Dennie, Noah Webster's proposition of a Columbian Dictionary

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seemed impious. "Let it be called Noah's Ark," he stormed, "full of its foul and unclean things!"

When the old gentleman—our second professional man of letters—departed the Philadelphia coterie he had so handsomely graced, and the heady new world he had so stubbornly striven to hold to Addisonian ideals, the momentum he had given his elegant magazine lasted for some years. In fact, even after it had begun to take in sail it was an unconscionable while a-dying. No sooner had it climbed to what Dennie would have thought the high topgallant of his joy—being extensively copied by the *London Monthly*—than it was ready to decline. In 1820 it was attempting in vain to arouse the sleeping citizens with a Cassandra call that New York and Boston were threatening their supremacy. Up to that time her contributors had numbered every person of literary consequence within her border; now the traitors and ingrates were sending their wares to New York! As for that upstart city, one of its urchins, Salmagundi, had even dared to sit and grin in public at the three-cornered hat and the breeches of the Last Leaf. "One of the editors of the *Port Folio,*" snickered the saucebox, "has been discharged for writing common sense." In 1823 the magazine was feeling bitterly its fluttering pulse. "The last volume contains very few communications from any friend to us and to our cause. In the days of our first predecessors such was the number and zeal of contributors that the editor was obliged to exchange the labour of composition for that of selection." Indeed, that year had seen little but European reprints—neither its courage nor its choice, but its necessity in being old. Until 1827 it paced its banquet-hall deserted; then, with the queue of its courtly founder, it went to a postponed but dignified interment.

"GRAHAM'S" AND POE

It was in 1838 that Poe moved to Philadelphia and arranged to write for the *Gentleman's Magazine.* This had been founded the preceding year by William E. Burton, the actor, who seems to have mounted his hobby-horse gaily and with no more serious purpose than taking a fling with his literary tastes and his own pleasant but occasional pen. Poe became at once his chief contributor, and before the second year was up its editor. The financial arrangement seems to have been more or less of Poe's own making; and when he afterward complained of it he not only forgot this fact, but the important additional one that his fixed salary of ten dollars a week demanded but two hours work a day, and the arrangement especially contemplated giving him ample leisure to write at his regular rates for the magazine and for other periodicals also. When Poe had first applied to him, Burton wrote:

> The expenses of this magazine are already woefully heavy; more so than my circulation warrants. I am certain that my expenditure exceeds that of any publication now extant, including the monthlies which are double in price. Competition is high—new claimants are daily arising. I am, therefore, compelled to give expensive plates, thicker paper and better printing than my antagonists, or allow them to win the goal. My contributors cost me something handsome, and the losses upon credit, exchange, etc., are becoming frequent and serious. I mention this list of difficulties as some slight reason why I do not close with your offer, which is indubitably liberal, without delay.

Burton thus looked upon Poe in the light of a luxury which he feared he could not afford, as he himself up to this time had been editor of his own magazine. The new editor at once demonstrated his value, however, and for awhile everything was satisfactory. But at the end of six months his besetting sin got the better of him once more and began to diminish his efficiency. Burton appears to have treated him with the friendliest consideration, although another besetting sin of Poe's was getting the magazine into difficulties. "You

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must get rid of your avowed ill-feelings toward your brother-authors," wrote Burton. "You see, I speak plainly—indeed, I cannot speak otherwise. Several of my friends, hearing of our connection, have warned me of your uncalled-for severity in criticism." But though Poe somewhat mended his ways in the one respect, he did not in the other. Burton returned to the city one day to find the number still unfinished after the regular date of publication and Poe incapacitated. When the same thing occurred again Poe was dismissed. Burton resumed the editorial chair; but in this case, as in several others, Poe could look back upon his departure from a magazine as the beginning of a wane in its popularity. Like Mr. By-Ends in Pilgrim's Progress, Poe often had the luck to jump in his conclusions with the times. Not long afterward, Burton asked George Graham to buy his magazine and said he wanted to raise money for his new theatre. He had run it for four years and was now finding it encroached too much upon his acting. It had just thirty-five hundred subscribers, and he would sell it for that number of dollars. Graham was running a magazine called *The Casket* on fifteen hundred subscribers. He united the two, and the five thousand subscribers found their good-will desired for a new magazine entitled *Graham's*. Fortune smiled upon the union and blessed it with riches and honour, if not with length of days. In a comparatively short time it had reached a circulation of over thirty thousand, an unprecedented popularity; and at the beginning of its second year, in 1842, Greeley printed in the *Tribune* that it was already one of the best magazines of the country and that in refusing its pages to puerile love-stories, maudlin sentiment and stupid verse it had elevated the standard of periodical literature.

Park Benjamin wrote to Graham when he was starting out, "I think I could get Longfellow to write an occasional poem for you at twenty dollars: he asks twenty-five." Graham had immediately set about building up his circulation by publishing the best writers in the country; and though he was not the first editor to pay as much as he could afford, he soon became the first to make a habit of paying well. "I shall he happy to receive stories at twenty-five dollars and poetry at ten dollars per article," he wrote to Frances Osgood as early as 1843. To the principal contributors he was paying as high as twelve dollars a page. Though these prices had been beaten by the New York *Knickerbocker*, the average contributors to that periodical paid dearly for it and the new writer habitually received no money whatever. Peterson told Mrs. Osgood in 1844 that two dollars a page and five dollars a poem were the regular Philadelphia rates for all publishers but Graham. Though Poe was not necessarily sincere in his published criticism of contemporary periodicals in the *New World* in 1843, he told the plain truth when he said: "The most popular of all the magazines is that published by Mr. Graham, who is a practical business man and a friend to men of talents of every cast. Every article which he prints is liberally paid for, and he has the honour of patronising a larger number of eminent writers in prose and verse than any other publisher in the country." Bryant, in his private correspondence in 1842, several times marvelled at the "vastness" of its circulation. Indeed, the success of the newer style of publications—*Graham's, Godey's,* and the *Ladies' Companion*—seemed to him disquieting, in spite of the fact that our best writers were disappearing in all three. He may have thought, as did Mrs. Stowe, that poets and essayists should not elbow their way among coloured fashion-plates. Graham appears to have tried for awhile to conduct the editorial and the business departments of his magazine both at once, but the exactions of the latter proved too much for him. "I sometimes wish," he wrote to Mrs. Osgood in 1843, "that I had gone on quietly in my little law office, using my pen modestly as a writer for a few years more, instead of embark-

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ing on the stormy sea of publishing heart—and I sometimes fear—soul. I do not fancy I should have made much more, but I fancy I should have had more moments of delight than can be possibly stolen from the bustle of an active and successful business life. Do you know that among my forty thousand readers there are but few, and among several score of agents there are none, who do not think a publisher bound to answer all their impertinence, as well as to furnish them books for their money?" In less than a year Graham decided that he could not serve God and mammon at the same time, and decided to call Poe —who seems to have been recommended to his attention by Burton, in spite of their two mishaps—to the exclusive service of the former.

If one may venture to carry out this somewhat startling figure of speech, it could be added that Poe was no sooner installed than he sought to purge the temple of its money-changers. Although he showed an excellent head for business, it did not seem to occur to him, any more than to Bryant or Mrs. Stowe, that it may have been the money-changers which so swelled the congregation. He wrote Thomas much later that his reason for resigning from *Graham's* was "disgust with the namby-pamby character of the magazine; I allude to the contemptible pictures, fashion-plates, music and love-tales." The salary, too, did not pay him, he said, for the labour he was forced to bestow. When he was seeking to interest authors in his own project of a magazine, he wrote:

> In about eighteen months after I became editor of *Graham's* its circulation increased from about five thousand to no less than fifty thousand [which was decidedly stretching it at both ends!]—astonishing as this may appear. It is now two years since I left it, and the number is not more than twenty-five thousand. In three years it will be extinct. The nature of this journal was such that even its fifty thousand subscribers could not make it very profitable. Its price was three dollars, but not only were its expenses immense, owing to the employment of absurd steel plates and other extravagances, which tell not at all, but recourse was had to innumerable agents who received it at a discount of no less than fifty per cent. and whose frequent dishonesty occasioned enormous loss.

Graham testifies that Poe was an admirable editor. Poe's weakness may have been the cause of their separation, but it is more likely to have been the quarrel which Graham avers. At any rate, their relations remained friendly. Graham accepted a story from him in New York, for which Poe asked and was paid fifty-two dollars. As the story was unpublished for a year, the author asked and received permission to submit it for a prize of one hundred dollars offered by the *Dollar Magazine* of Philadelphia. The story was "The Gold Bug," and it won the competition. In March, 1850, Graham printed an open letter to Willis defending Poe against Griswold's biography. He said: "For more than eighteen months I saw him almost daily, much of the time writing or conversing at the same desk, and he was always punctual and unwearied in his industry and the soul of honour in all his transactions. This, of course, was in his better days; but even after his habits had changed there was no literary man to whom I would more readily advance money for labour to be done." Not content with this, Graham afterward printed a mordant letter to Griswold himself.

"GRAHAM'S" AND GRISWOLD

For a short while after Poe's departure the magazine was run by Ann Stephens and Peterson together—or, at least, she allowed her name to be used. This presents an interesting discrimination quite worthy in its subtlety of the most genteel of modern anti-suffragists. Mrs. Stephens had tried her hand at running several magazines and considered it ladylike employment, but an editorial position on a newspaper (even a Sunday supplement) was unsexing. She once

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wrote to Griswold that she had been made ill by the cruel rumour that she had became editor of the *Sunday News*. It had so wounded her that if she were not compelled to write for her daily bread she would never put pen to paper again. "I feel indignant that any member of the press should believe me capable of accepting a situation proper only for the other sex; and no one knows how keenly I feel anything calculated to represent me as unwomanly." Nevertheless, she did not shrink at driving a very masculine bargain, if Poe's statement in that firebrand article of his on the New York Literati was true. In spite of announcements, he affirmed she had nothing to do with the editing of *Graham's,* of the *Ladies' Companion,* or of *Peterson's*. In the days when the sex was first entering the business field, the incompatibilities of the Old woman and the New engendered in the distracted minds of those ladies who were thus seeking to be twins some charming sophistries.

But, whatever anti-suffragist ladies may persuade themselves, sophistries are not solely feminine.

Said the *United States Gazette* in 1845:

> We perceive that our neighbours Godey and Graham have both taken out a copyright for their respective magazines. This is rather new, but on looking at the matter carefully we think it is entirely correct. The articles in each cost, we suppose, from three hundred dollars to five hundred dollars. These are frequently taken out bodily, and before the magazines reach half their subscribers their contents have been made familiar to the community through the daily or weekly papers. Not to give offence to anybody, we will state a fact: Graham gave us fifty dollars for a story, and we published the same article almost as soon as it appeared in the magazine. We, of course, asked permission.

The abuse was a very extensive one. "It is no doubt gratifying to a publisher to have liberal extracts made from his work," wrote another conscientious editor, "but credit to the magazines is often omitted by newspapers." Even the chief victims of the practice did not, for a long time, dream of questioning it. Apparently, they thought, despite the inconvenience and loss occasioned by it, the most they had a right to demand was credit for the reprinted article. In one of Godey's numbers is this editorial statement: "Nearly one-half of our book for the ensuing month was copied into one of the weekly papers some ten days before we were ready to publish. We had sent an early copy of our work to our editor, then absent, who placed it in the hands of the *gentleman* publisher to have an article of poetry copied in his paper. He copied nearly one-half of the contents." Perhaps even the *Baltimore Visitor* would have thought this stretching too far the courtesy of the trade, but it would have objected to the subterfuge rather than the thing itself. It expressed its opinion of this new high-handed act of self-protection very tartly: "It pains us to see that Mr. Godey has resorted to the narrowly selfish course of taking out a copyright for his book. He will rue it bitterly. Think of this insulting proposition: 'We have no objection to any paper copying any story from our magazine, *if they will not do it until the succeeding number is published.*' Wonderful liberality, Mr. Godey, toward that department of the press to which you are more or less indebted for a handsome fortune!"

Poe wrote at the time in his *Broadway Journal:*

> It is really difficult to see how any one can, in conscience, object to such a course on the part of Messrs. Godey and Graham. It has long been the custom among newspapers, the weeklies especially, to copy magazine articles in full and circulate them all over the country—sometimes in advance of the magazines themselves. To such an extent had their piracy been carried that many magazine subscribers had ceased to be such, because they could procure all that was valuable from the newspapers very little later, and often at less cost.

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It was in November, 1842, that Poe left *Graham's*. The next important occupant of the chair was Rufus Griswold, about whose character and competence existed in that day as in this such vehement difference of opinion. Certainly, many admirable people of his day admired him; and few persons, says Leland, ever possessed more enthusiastic or steadily devoted friends. There were those who maintained, with Greeley, that nobody had ever so drawn to an American magazine all the talent of the country. Irving was the only important man who never wrote for it, and that was apparently because the *Knickerbocker* had arranged for all the works which he was willing to publish in this way. "Our October number is very good," wrote Griswold to Fields," with Bryant, Cooper, Longfellow, Hoffman; in November we have Longfellow, Cooper, Bryant, R. H. Dana, Sr., Tuckerman, Hoffman, Osgood." So many names of the first magnitude constantly shone in *Graham's* that the magazine seems to have been the first to give point to the unending controversy of fame versus merit. This had not arisen in the case of the equally brilliant *Knickerbocker,* for their pages were always open to nice young authors who would write for nothing. Half a dozen years later, when both *Graham's* and the *Knickerbocker* were desperately trying to live up to their past, Kimball in New York wrote to young Leland in Philadelphia: "Come over to New York. It is better to have the influence with a periodical which gratuitous contributions will bring, rather than the money which you might receive for them." But Leland, who was getting five dollars a page, "when the publishers want me at all," was not at the time willing to write for nothing, unless he did it (as shortly happened) in an editorial capacity. But these days for *Graham's* were yet distant, and in 1843 Hawthorne was writing to Griswold: "I am advised that the publishers of magazines consider it desirable to attach writers exclusively to their own establishments and will pay at a higher rate for such monopoly. If this be the case, I should make no difficulty in forswearing all other periodicals for a specified time—and so much the more readily on account of the safety of your magazine in a financial point of view." But then, as now, the big guns sometimes failed to go off. The magazine had quite a run on Cooper, and published his lives of the naval commanders and a serial story. Graham said the eighteen hundred dollars he paid for the latter might as well have been thrown into the sea, for it never brought him a new subscriber. "I am not surprised at what you say concerning *Graham's* and *Godey's,*" wrote P. P. Cooke to Griswold in 1847, in answer to a letter the contents of which may be surmised. "Magazine articles derive nine-tenths of their pecuniary value to publishers from the known and famous names attached to them. Longfellow's worst poem, however a chance effort of mine might excel it, would be vastly more valuable to Graham than anything I could send him. Before hearing of the prize-poem method of getting supplies, these were my views on the subject, and I expected very little from the magazines pecuniarily." *Graham's* was not doing so well now; and Greeley—who was trying to find a market for a new writer, Thoreau, for whom Margaret Fuller had asked his interest—found him slow pay, and after waiting a year drew on him for the money. "If you choose to publish this," wrote Greeley in 1846, "and pay as much as you pay others for right good prose, where you are not buying the name." The price, which both Griswold and Greeley called liberal, was seventy-five dollars—for an essay which formed the leading article for two numbers.

"GRAHAM'S" AND ITS OTHER EDITORS

Although Poe said that Griswold left the magazine in disgrace, he continued to act off and on as its assistant editor for years. Graham, evidently feeling, with his diminishing revenues, that he

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could no longer afford an editor-in-chief, resumed active charge, assisted by E. P. Whipple to do the editorial reviews. Bayard Taylor and Leland came into the office later. Graham gave it up about 1855, and four years later it sought to revive its existence under the new name of the *American Monthly*. Thus Poe's amiable prophecy of its extinction within three years after he had ceased to guide its fortunes was almost a decade out of the way. On Griswold's death, Leland, who was then editor, printed in the magazine that under his care and direction it first achieved a high literary tone and acquired authority. Nor could Poe have convinced Leland, as he so easily convinced himself, that Griswold's management had anything to do with the decline in its fortunes. That it did steadily decline after Poe's departure is true, although Poe's statement that it at once lost half its subscription list was eminently Poe-like. By the time Leland took it the circulation had become almost nothing, and the new editor succeeded in forcing it up to seventeen thousand. He wrote to Griswold in 1857: "*Graham's Magazine* is getting on—slowly, very—but still advancing. I would like to be able to give all my time to it." In his autobiography he said:

I filled it recklessly with all or any kind of literary matter as best I could, little or nothing being allowed for contributions. For this I received fifty dollars a month. When I finally left it the proprietors were eighteen months in arrears and tried to evade payment. Finally they agreed to pay me in monthly instalments, and fulfilled the engagement. While editing it I had one day a space to fill. In a hurry I knocked off "Hans Breitmann's Party." I gave it no thought whatever. Clark republished it soon after in the *Knickerbocker,* saying that it was evidently by me. I wrote in those days a vast number of such anonymous drolleries, many of them, I dare say, quite as good, in *Graham's Magazine* and the *Weekly Bulletin,* but I took no heed of them. They were probably appropriated in due time by the authors of "Beautiful Snow."

Indeed, Leland seems habitually to have equalled Tudor's feat with the first number of the *North American;* for, besides his literary contributions, the various editorial departments had now so stretched out as to occupy the major portion of the magazine. The Monthly Summary and the Review on Fashions were voluminous; and the Editor's Table was decidedly of the extension variety, leaf after leaf being inserted each month.

Wrote *Graham's* in 1844:

It has become the fashion among a certain set, a very small one, to sneer at the "light" magazines—as if the literature of a young and growing nation must be heavy to be good, or would be popular if it were. The light magazines are but so many wings of a young people panting for a literature of their own. They are training a host of young writers and *creating* an army of readers, who are urging on a happier day. We do not despair, if we live, of seeing a high-toned magazine with fifty thousand readers, or of publishing it, and without the aid of pictures; but the man who expects it *now* is a quarter of a century ahead of his time, a fellow with his eyes shut, dreaming of a heaven which he has no ability to assist in creating. We have satisfied ourselves in our attempt to make *Graham's* the best of its class, and the highest even in literary reputation of any American magazine, and shall gradually blend with the lighter character of the work as much of the useful as may be deemed prudent. It is perhaps true that the popular magazines of the day are too much devoted to the merely ornamental; and the department of Our Portrait Gallery, with biographies of our own writers and naval heroes, must be hailed as a relief as well as a good omen. We believe the day is not far distant when the pioneers in the lighter magazine may be able to modify much the character of their magazines. There can be no doubt that as taste improves and extends, the public will be content with one or two exquisite original engravings worth a dozen copies of stale prints. If the elegant original works we have now in hand are properly appreciated, we shall adopt at once the plan of having all our pictures

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painted expressly for this magazine. In the meanwhile — gentlemen critics — remember that ours is a magazine of art as well as literature; and that we are furthering the interests of a large number of artists as well as writers, and judge us accordingly.

The policy of gradually diminishing the number of engravings in favour of a few original ones evidently proved a mistake. In 1848 they announced that they would revive the original splendour of the pictorial department, though every attempt would be made to keep it from degenerating into the picture-book for children which the magazines of feebler aims had become. In 1852 occurs this editorial comment:

One of the magazines mentions the astonishing sum of five hundred dollars as designed to be spent upon the illustrations of each number. We have published many a number on which we have expended four times that sum without any parade about it. The printing and paper of one of our steel plates cost over that sum always, to say nothing of the original cost of the engraving, which is from one to two hundred dollars.

In a sketch of George Graham, with his portrait, in July, 1850, Charles J. Peterson said:

He infused a new spirit into magazines. The monthlies had been filled with second-hand British stories or indifferently written original tales; while their poetry, except what was taken from well-known authors, was such "as both gods and men abhor"; the illustrations were few and indifferent. Its freshness, beauty and ability at once placed it before all others in popular favour. Success from the start allowed him to persevere in increasing its literary and pictorial excellence. No sooner were Longfellow, Bryant, Cooper discovered to be permanent contributors than thousands who had heretofore looked with contempt on American monthlies hastened to subscribe. The benefit thus done to popular literature cannot be calculated. It will be long perhaps before any one man will have it in his power to do again as much.

In 1844 the magazine was advertising that the best American writers were almost all of them publishing in *Graham's* exclusively. The next year Lowell wrote to a friend from Philadelphia, where he was living—even if very simply—chiefly on his contributions to the magazine: "Graham has grown fat, an evidence of his success. He lives in one of the finest houses in Arch Street and keeps his own carriage." By the latter part of 1848, however, scarcely one of the well-known names advertised on the title-page as the principal contributors appeared within—although the list still included very respectable names and Poe was contributing monthly "Marginalia." George Graham announced during the year that a series of misfortunes had deprived him of any proprietary interest, and that the present publishers had treated him liberally:

From two not very profitable magazines, *Graham's* sprung at once into boundless popularity and circulation. Had I not in an evil hour forgotten my own true interests and devoted that capital and interest to another interest, which should have been exclusively confined to this magazine, I should to-day not be writing this notice. What a daring enterprise in business can do, I have already shown in *Graham's* and the *North American* (a newspaper). And, alas! I have also shown what folly can do, when business is forgotten. But I can yet show the world that he who started life with but eight dollars in his pocket and has run such a career as mine is hard to be put down.

It was announced that year that Bayard Taylor would assist in the editorial department. This youngster had written in 1843 that his highest ambition was to appear in *Graham's*. Now, five years afterward, one of the new owners went over to New York to propose that he manage the magazine. Taylor regarded the opportunity as an exceptionally fine one: "He offers me the situation at a thousand a year, promise of increase in a year or two, and perfect liberty to write for any other periodical.

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I will have a fine office to myself, and the work will only occupy three to four hours daily. I have consulted with Greeley and Willis, who advise me to go." He was also to write an article a month, receiving extra pay for it. "How shall I leave this mighty city of New York?" he wrote to another friend. "Philadelphia is merely an immense provincial town; *here* is the metropolis of a continent." He need not have worried, however, as the involved business affairs of the magazine were so arranged in the end that he became editor in name only, and, an absentee, merely contributed a little more frequently. In 1851 Graham regained control of the magazine, and before the end of the year thanked his friends for rallying to him and allowing him to guide his shattered bark into harbour once more. But in spite of assurances of great increases in subscriptions, there were decided evidences of scrimping. The brisk editorial tone of former days was much reinforced. About 1852 the department Small Talk became not only prominent by elongation, but by the adoption of a lively button-holing style of casual comment on things in general and the excellence of *Graham's* in particular that seems startlingly modern. Thus ever, in the magazine world, voices heighten as they take their flight!

"GODEY'S"

Graham's and *Godey's* are linked forevermore by Hawthorne in the House of Seven Gables. Here he mentions them as if they were the two principal magazines of America. Contemporary estimation linked them also in blame as well as praise. Briggs wrote Lowell that he had always misunderstood Poe, "from thinking him one of the Graham and Godey species." Readers thought of them together, because of their similar run on steel engravings and fashion-plates. And last—but not least—writers bracketted them in red letters as sure and good pay. When Willis was about to start a magazine of his own he wrote:

> Adieu to the third sign of the Zodiac! Adieu, O Gemini! Adieu, Godey and Graham! Most liberal of paymasters, most gentle of taskmasters, pashaws of innumerable tales, adieu! Pleasant has been our correspondence! Pleasant the occasional meetings in your city of Phil-gemini, Phil-Graham and Godey. Adieu to our captivity in magazine land. The messenger which you sent us that it was time to write was not more punctual than the golden echo to our compliance. We may look back from the land of promise, as the Israelites hankered after the flesh-pots of Egypt—but we shall return no more! Cling to our hand at parting, and wish us well on our own-hooktivity. We leave you reluctantly.

But, alas! inseparable in life, in deaths they were very much divided. Long, long after *Graham's* had breathed its last did the most successful of Philadelphia magazines continue to boast "the greatest circulation in the world." In the attic of what boy and girl was there not a pile of old *Godey's?* Into what wondering eyes now grown dim with age did not the hydrocephalic and highlighted heads which spattered its raven-black steel engravings spring, as though they would leap from the page? Who has not shaped his childish dream of high romance out of its wooden-limbed cavaliers and its swan-necked ladies dripping with draperies? Well might Godey, whose voice was hoarse proclaiming his own modesty, style himself a national institution. Begun in 1830, it united in 1837 with the decorous *Ladies' Magazine* of Boston, which had started two years earlier; and the editor of that periodical, Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, moved southward with the editorial chair.

She was amply worth the transportation. Continuing for forty years the editor of the literary department, she advocated the higher education of women and other reforms, yet shocked no mater familias by her tactful progressiveness. Writer of plays and cook-books; mother alike of Thanksgiving Day and Mary's Little Lamb; one foot on land as com-

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pleter of the Bunker Hill monument and one on sea as founder of the Seamen's Aid Society; to one thing was she constant her whole life long—to render the Lady's Book "the guiding star of female education, the beacon-light of refined taste, pure morals, and practical wisdom." Assisted in the beginning by "the good and gifted Mrs. Sigourney," she saw to it that nothing having the slightest appearance of indelicacy was ever admitted to these pages. Every month she contributed a moral sentimental essay on the duties and the privileges of the sex, quite admirable in its *genre* and for its age—Victorian in its accents, yet progressive and human in its spirit. Her publisher announced that she had shone in every species of writing, and all distinguished by the chastity, morality and sympathy which she had put into them. There never lived a more ideal president of a Mother's Congress. In 1860 Godey announced: "We do not publish a mere story-book. We seek to enlighten and instruct womankind. Mothers take it for their daughters, whose mothers took it for them. It is an heirloom in families. If mere stories are wanting, outraging Munchausen, you must subscribe to some other publication. Those articles of fiction we do publish have all a moral tendency, and won't suit the readers of 'The Ensanguined Dagger,' 'The Perils of a Housemaid' or 'The Benevolent Pirate of the Gulf.'"

Moral tendency they had, indeed—according to the Victorian definition. Happiness ever awaited virtue, and though heaviness might endure for a night, joy came in the morning without fail. Already a changed taste was appearing when, in 1860, Howells wrote of their incredible insipidity. Dear Mrs. Hale, what would she have thought had she lived to see not only taste change, but morality also! Judge of her consternation had the sad fate awaited her which came two decades later to the mother of that sweet child Elsie Dinsmore—who lived to hear her offspring termed an officious brat hurling her golden texts in a very orgy of exhibitionism at every handy passer-by. Blessed are the dead who die in time!

Mrs. Hale took the literary control and managed her editorial department. There were other departments besides—Arm Chair, Literary Notices, Centre-Table Gossip, Health, and Fashions. "How often must we say that Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editor," the Arm Chair was frequently scolding. The Fashion Editor took orders for making the hair of loved ones into beautiful bracelets and pins; and she would buy bonnets and mantillas for you, and even hinted at more extensive shopping on certain occasions. As the magazine published instructions for drawing, it agreed to furnish for a small consideration the proper pencils. The "sociable air" of *Godey's* was widely commented upon. They printed many flattering letters from correspondents (a quaint custom, which might well be revived!). As early as 1847 there was a series of articles on Model Cottages, with pictures and ground plans (and what Mansard and Swiss horrors they were!). In 1849 they offered a handsome bouquet for the best essay from the pen of some fair correspondent on a subject which had of late been all-absorbing, "What Becomes of the Pins?" The "family air" of *Godey's* might be crystallised by Mrs. Hale's announcement in 1846 of the death of Mr. Godey's mother. "The numerous readers of the Lady's Book, who may have regretted its delay for several months past, will now understand the painful nature of those duties which engrossed the proprietor, and their kind hearts will sympathise with the sorrows of an only son." Dear Mrs. Hale; it is difficult to picture her in anything but black silk, with a fall of lace at the sleeves and at the slightly surpliced neck—a veritable Lucy J. Hayes in her white sanctum.

But while she was speaking in her soft and edifying accents, Godey was sounding the first strident note of modern magazine advertising. There are few contemporary magazines which more in-

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sistently proclaim their own perfections. Godey had an impressive way of referring to his magazine as the Book. He certainly quoted it to serve his own purpose. He was always predicting that the next number would surpass all records, and admitting the succeeding month that he had guessed right. Perhaps the first American slogan was "What Will Godey Do Next!" It was a chanticleer call, making up in noise and punctuality for what it lacked in variety. Sometimes he juggled the notes a bit. "Why don't our contemporaries originate something? Why always follow in our track?" The charge was always being substantiated by something like this, in 1845: "When we adopted, some two years since, the wave rule around and through our page, the pages of every magazine in the country were thus altered immediately. Indeed, a magazine in a neighbouring city copied our pages so exact that we would defy any person to tell the difference between the two, excepting in the reading matter. And, lo! the London *World of Fashion* has also appeared in our late dress. Worse than this, a respectable five-dollar magazine (*Godey's* was three dollars, or two for five dollars, or five for ten dollars, or eight for fifteen dollars) copies on its cover the announcement for 1845, only altering the title and price of the work!" Said Godey proudly in 1839:

> You will find in no English magazine such a store of entertainment. We were the first to introduce the system of calling forth the slumbering talent of our country by offering an equivalent for the efforts of genius. Our subscription list now doubles the list of any other magazine in America. A few years ago the Lady's Book had not an original article in its columns, with but eight steel plates per annum and four plates of fashion on copper; now it is entirely original and includes the first names of the day, and its embellishments surpass any other magazine of double the price. Nor must our readers suppose we have exhausted our stock of contributions from our lady writers. All accounts not settled during the year will be taxed an additional fifty cents at the end of it. If we must wait, we must be paid for it. By Jupiter, this shall not be revoked!

You cannot imagine Mrs. Hale saying "by Jupiter." Nor can you imagine her gentle heart otherwise than grieving over a series of very unladylike critiques by Poe, which must have rejoiced the stomach of Godey. So great was the demand for the first instalment of the Literati of New York that they reprinted it in the next number. Poe was at that time running on a shoestring the *Broadway Journal,* and he had many scores to settle. The series involved the Lady's Book in some very unladylike proceedings. Dr. Thomas Dunn English resented Poe's attack on him, and retaliated with a statement in the New York *Mirror*. Poe dipped his pen in the prussic acid which Lowell said often served him for ink and indicted a rejoinder. This even the shrewd and commercial Godey refused to print; and all of Mrs. Hale's laces must have sighed with relief as she sat down at her desk to breathe her monthly message of peace and love.

Mrs. Hale adhered to the time-honoured custom of announcing accepted contributions; and she requested contributors to keep copies, as she could not undertake to send back rejected articles. If the writers do not find their contributions noticed within three months, they are rejected." At other times would come this significant notice: "We have been looking over our collection of original poetry. Some of these articles have been on hand so long that their authors may have forgotten them or given them to some other publications. We hope the latter." Therefore, the following announcement may not come as a surprise: "We want it distinctly understood that, unless by previous understanding to that effect, no articles published in this magazine will be paid for. Young writers and those who have not acquired a literary reputation must

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remember that the mere insertion of their articles in the Lady's Book is quite a compensation in itself. It is useless for them to ask what price we pay; it would be better to ask if we will insert their productions." Yet the funeral-baked meats of these youthful rejected writers were sliced up at will to furnish forth the Editor's Table. Mrs. Hale, like most editors of the time, coolly carved out the good morsels to garnish her own feast. In fact, the Table seems to have been devised in the beginning for this thrifty hash of viands, which, like the egg of the meek curate, were "excellent in spots." It must have given the verdant authors a peculiar mixture of exasperation and solace to behold themselves thus willy-nilly minced up into a salad. The extensive practice affords an excellent illustration of the papal editorial attitude of the early days—an attitude not entirely without its influence over our own. After all, these times were not so long ago; and United States congressmen and publishers were not the only ones who had confused notions of literary property. Authors themselves seemed to be genuinely surprised when an editor—as a New York paper said pointedly of one who had gone into bankruptcy through his "generosity"—paid for something he could get for nothing. It is amusing to see magazines which confessedly remunerated only their prominent contributors constantly trumpeting their openhandedness. And when, as with the Lady's Book, they found it profitable to exploit women's work, their blasts might have aroused sleeping chivalry itself, secure within its Dark Tower.

"I sometimes think," said the Editor's Table in 1842, "that the Lady's Book owes much of its unparalleled success to the blessings which the poor of our sex who are benefited by its publication are constantly calling down upon it. Not to reckon the host of female writers, who are promptly *paid,* there are, besides, more than one hundred females who depend for their daily bread on the money they receive from colouring the plates of fashions, stitching, doing up the work, and so on." And again: "We were the first to bring the happiest productions of the female mind home to the myriad of firesides. This January number is entirely the production of lady writers, and with the exception of the poem of the celebrated Miss Joanna Baillie, from the pens of American ladies." They got out a number of this sort frequently. The signed contributors were of that forgotten galaxy of ladies—Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Seba Smith, Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Osgood and the rest—whose sentimental voices were sometimes raised shrilly at each other, and whose little hands occasionally sought to tear out each other's eyes. The literary harem was maintained on very limited rations; and think of all the apprentice female pens rhyming and essaying for nothing, awaiting their chance to squeeze in and demand their share of the crumbs that fell from the master's table. It behooved the fortunate inmates to watch each other narrowly for indications of waning charms.

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THE POPULARITY OF "POLLYANNA"

BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON

EVERY now and then a large number of widely separated individuals will pick out some book to like, some simple little book that comes without much heralding, without the protection of a well-known author's name. They take that simple little book to their hearts just because they like it, not because it happens to be the fashion to read it, or because one can be thought a "highbrow" by talking about it. This is what has happened to *Pollyanna,* by Eleanor H. Porter. And the great and genuine popularity of this more than simple little story has in advance secured the public favour for the sequel, *Pollyanna Grows Up,* just coming from the press. *Pollyanna* is a very good type of a class. When books of this class have been written with sincerity, they have never failed of a wide appeal. But there are dangerous reefs in the way of one who would trade on the evident public predilection for books of this sort. There is no type of fiction so annoyingly inane, so exasperatingly foolish, as such books if they are not written with sincerity. Artistry is necessary, of course, but even a less measure of it will still carry the story to success if this one element of the author's own conviction be present.

Pollyanna is a little girl when we first meet her, the orphaned child of a penniless clergyman, who had wooed and won the daughter of an aristocratic Vermont family. Pollyanna, quite alone in the world, is shipped to her New England aunt's home by the Ladies' Aid Society of the Western scene of her father's professional activities. The "Ladies' Aiders" were all the mother Pollyanna had ever known, and her stories of them fill many pages delectably. Pollyanna's aunt, Miss Polly Harrington, suffers from an aggravated case of family pride, combined with her own particular variety of New England conscience. She takes the orphaned child from a "sense of duty" only, but Pollyanna soon revolutionises all the village, and eventually her sunny, happy nature brings a little brightness into her aunt's well-ordered life, and brings a belated marriage to pass. A lonely, embittered man is made human again, and a boy waif from the asylum finds a home in this man's house and heart, all due to Pollyanna. This is all the plot there is, and it has been done many times before. But Pollyanna herself is so lovable and the lesson of her unquenchable happiness so wholesome that the place she is making for herself in the hearts of many readers is an evidence of a certain simplicity, if you will; but also of a certain soundness in the public taste where uninfluenced by the pressure of feeling obliged to like something because "people are talking about it."

In the second book that brings Pollyanna to us she is growing up. But almost a full half of it shows her still as a child, for which we are thankful. There is a hint of bigger background in her Boston experiences when the sunny-tempered little girl, who "loves folks," finds that in a large city there is little love between neighbours, and that distrust of one's fellowmen seems to be the cardinal principle of human intercourse. But Pollyanna's happiness serves as a protection against all but the good in life. She manages to make her immediate surroundings, even in Boston, accept her attitude of life, instead of conforming to theirs in any way. This is the keynote of Pollyanna's character. In spite of her desire to do just what any one expects of her, she is the supreme non-conformist. She helps others by being true to herself, but by taking for granted that they, too, "love folks" and

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want to do for others; not for any righteous self-satisfaction, but just because it makes one happy to see others happy. Pollyanna's expressed philosophy lies in "playing the game" her father taught her, the game of always finding something to be glad about, no matter how hopeless it seems. We can quite understand how Pollyanna's eternal *"I'M glad"* gets on people's nerves, as it frequently does. And yet, in the long run, it does not fail of its effect. The great city's lack of true democracy saddens the little girl and even frightens her, and yet she manages to bring about a change in the lives of several of her city friends. We will leave the reader to find out how for himself. But he will not read either of the *Pollyanna* books for the plot. He will read them for the little heroine herself, and he will be better off than some of those other characters in the book who had to live with Pollyanna. He can shut her up and lay her away on the shelf when her strenuous "gladness" becomes too annoying. But he or she—for many women will like these books—will soon reach up to the shelf and take the little maid back again for an hour's companionship. Pollyanna grows up and love comes into her life before the second book has come to a close. There is so little striving after plot that we wish the author had been quite consistent and not allowed the real Jamie to be discovered. But this is a small fault, which may even be a merit in the eyes of many readers who enjoy their books because of the "story." Even *they* may be helped to a brighter outlook on life by Pollyanna's "glad" game.

There is little artistry in the *Pollyanna* books, but great sincerity. Many of the characters are merely foils to Pollyanna, and are not true in themselves, but this is a fault of workmanship, not of conviction. The fact that the *Pollyanna* books are and long will be popular is rather a matter for congratulation. The appeal of sincerity in literature presupposes sincerity in the reader, and sincerity in the reader may go with simplicity of taste, but it is always allied to mental and spiritual soundness. There is also in this class of books the never-failing appeal of the child, the developing personality, the supreme nonconformist refusing to accept the artificial dicta of a grown-up world, which has forgotten how to use its mind and which tries to see life through its opinions—formed largely on the opinions of others. Somewhere in all of us, apart from the merely human fundamental side of our love for the child, there is a delicious enjoyment in this fearless nonconformity. We applaud in the child what we would like to be ourselves, and we are proud to think we have once been so brave, so independent—that we have once done things because we wanted to do them, and not because other people did or did not do them. If the *Pollyanna* books are read with the sympathetic comprehension they deserve, many a child's life will be made happier because its own grown-ups understand it a little better. And many a grown-up will again remember what a good thing it is to "love folks." The popularity of such books as these need not disturb the critic of American literary likings.

It is an indication of the fact that readers are willing to take a lesson for life out of their books. And that, after all, is one of the great aims of art.

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AMERICAN STYLE IN AMERICAN FICTION

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

AMERICAN fiction has been having rather a hard time of late. Not only has Edward Garnett thrown some high explosive shells upon our undefended shores, but some of our own people have been laying about them with hand grenades of criticism. Our home critics, private and public, particularly like to hold up our own fiction alongside the English product and lament, with voice or pen, that "we can't write fiction like those fellows over there." Of course, we can't, or at least don't. But some of these days we shall see clearly enough to recognise in that fact reason for praise rather than blame.

For nearly half a score of years I have been a professional reviewer of fiction, and the hundreds upon hundreds of novels, mounting up into the thousands, that I have read, English and American, have brought me to the conviction that the American novelist is doing two very important things. He is achieving Truth and Sincerity, the foundation-stones of art of any kind, and upon these he is basing a developing fictional art that is distinctively American. And yet most of the criticisms of American fiction are due, at bottom, to the fact that, for the most part, it is written in this distinctive and original manner and not in the British manner. Nevertheless, a moment's thought ought to make it evident that the American novelist cannot interpret American life in fiction as the British novelist interprets British life in his fiction, with the same method and manner, the same mental attitude, the same way of using his tools, in short, with the same kind of art, and achieve a sincere and truthful presentation, because of the sharp divergence between the life and the character of the two peoples.

Does some one rise to remind me that as long as art is provincial it is not the best art? That it is provincial is one of the criticisms one sometimes hears of American fiction. If the theory and the criticism are true, why are we all so anxious to achieve a national architecture? If it will crown us with honour to evolve an American art in our buildings, why will it not be equally to our credit to evolve an American art in our books? The truth is, there cannot be a universal art in any phase of human endeavour until all the world is substantially alike. The greatest art—and by the greatest I mean that which has the greatest vitality, that is, the widest appeal and the longest life—has always been profoundly provincial. For when it is most provincial it comes closest to human life. In literature it then makes that intimate approach not only in the human nature that is its content, but also in the manner of portrayal.

The method of the British novelist is to study his people and their life with a microscope, examining every emotion, exploring every mood, detailing every action, describing every motive. When you finish one of his novels you know each character in it as intimately as you know your own soul. He may even give you, as Mrs. Humphry Ward, for instance, always does me, a sense of shame for having so invaded the sacred privacies of the soul. As a whole, it is a leisurely, aloof performance, done with a sure and subtle art, finished, powerful, convincing. But it is an art that has been the outgrowth of a leisurely, cultivated, aloof class, and is meant for their consumption.

Should an art of that character attempt to portray and interpret our American life, which neither has nor wants a leisure class, which is never aloof, but is always in the midst of its own roaring

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turmoil, powerfully struggling toward its aims, bent on achievement? Our life demands for its faithful presentation a fictional art that is dynamic, virile, swift, intense. And that is what we are evolving, while we are being criticised because we are ceasing to imitate the fictional art of other countries and reaching out after self-expression in the manner as well as the content of our novels. Doubtless we have not yet recognised it as a great fictional art trying to get itself born, our special product and possession, individual to ourselves, because so many of those who make our opinions for us are still in bondage to critical tradition, and therefore unable to perceive new truths.

The British novelist, bent on making clear and vivid to his reader's mind the creation which stands out clear and vivid in his own, has recourse to description. Slowly, carefully, painstakingly, inch by inch, he goes over the whole structure, he turns his people inside out and gives account of their minds and souls, he puts them through their paces to the ultimate limits of conversation, he lets pass no ephemeral mood, no half-understood motive, no tentative action. And it is all so much for the sake of itself and so little for the sake of the translation of character into action that to the American reader, with his inherent love of testing by achievement, it seems rather futile. Unless he prides himself on his cultivated and critical understanding, the American reader is prone to look upon the British novel as something like a mountain bringing forth a mouse.

The American novelist goes at his story-telling business in a different way. He uses description sparingly, and every now and then he presses the button of a vivid phrase and, lo! the structure stands out, brilliantly illuminated from within. He does not concern himself greatly with moods, motives, conversations, actions that are not germane to his purpose, but every one that does find a place in his pages is there either because it is a part of the structure or aids in its illumination. If one wished to find a parallel in the language of the industrial world, one might say that the evolving American style in fiction is the result of an effort toward efficiency. Or one might find another parallel and say that the method of the American novelist is like a trim schooner, scudding before the wind, with everything taut and ship-shape, while the British method is like a houseboat drifting lazily down stream, with awnings and easy-chairs and hammocks and flower-boxes filling its decks.

My contention applies also to much of the American fiction that is not of the best class. Most of the "best sellers," however, can always be dropped out of any consideration of American fiction that counts. They go to feed the intellectually submerged and inarticulate, for whom they serve, let us hope, as a means upward from even lower deeps to something better. Among those authors who do signify there comes forth now and then one who follows more or less closely the English method, with the result that he wins much warm praise from the critics and sells very few books. Thereupon he is sure that his lack of financial success is due to the failure of the public to appreciate artistic worth, when it is really because of his failure to understand the American spirit. With a surer artistic instinct than the author himself has shown, the public recognises the falsity of his performance. But these books are few. The distinctive American flavour is to be found in the method of nearly all American fiction.

Even Mrs. Wharton, alien though she is in knowledge and in feeling to almost everything in her native land that is really American, has much in her art of that flashing swiftness of method that is a distinctive feature of our way of writing fiction, which depends so little for its effects upon description and psychological analysis, upon fine line upon line upon line. In the crucible of the author's own sympathetic and understanding American mind—it is the nature of Mrs. Wharton's crucible that is at fault—the loot of eyes, ears and feel-

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ings is transmuted, perhaps by unconscious process, into swift and vivid pictures. The very feeling of the turmoil out of which that loot was taken is there —the sense of lusty struggle and of the joy of it, of aspiration, of fellow-feeling, of confident purpose, of delight in living. Mrs. Atherton can prove the Americanism of her style when she likes. But she has wandered so much afield that she frequently forgets, even when she is writing an American novel, to key her method to her theme. In Mrs. Deland's work the illumination is nearly always clear and bright from within, although the shadow of didactic purpose is apt to hang too heavily over her structure. O. Henry was a master of the efficient method, the distinctively American style, however much he might like to amuse himself by playing with it now and then. Owen Wister can spring a living man out of a dozen sentences. Mrs. Watts does not need to employ psychological analysis and extended description to make her people stand out vivid and real and to translate their minds and souls into a living story, although she is inclined toward a leisurely pace in the progress of her narrative. It is, indeed, a curious fact that among American novelists the women almost always need more pages than do the men in which to tell their story. Samuel Merwin, to mention only one more of a list far too long for complete reviewal, is developing a fictional art that promises to be as notably good in its harmony with his subject-matter as that is true to the characteristic American life it portrays, the strenuous, work-a-day, democratic, aspiring life that we all know. He errs sometimes in his sense of proportion—a grievous fault in any art—and he has not yet hammered and polished his style into complete subservience to his purpose. But the nervous strength, the swift and alert movement, the vividness, the matching of means to end, the direct and purposeful stroke, are significant and characteristically American features of his style.

Mr. Garnett's indictment fails to discern this interesting fact concerning American fiction—the fact that it is developing a style harmonious with its themes of American life and is itself an outgrowth of American character. His indictment, in fact—and the same thing is true of our home critics—amounts to little more than disapproval because we do not write fiction after the British method. That gives him his artistic standard, and he has not stopped to ask himself whether or not divergence from it necessarily means lack of artistic worth.

For one form of fiction, that which depends chiefly upon incident, plot and action, we have shown particular aptitude, and we have so developed and refined it as to make it almost a distinctively American product. Perhaps it is the expression in literature of that resourcefulness and mechanical ingenuity which are national characteristics. Louis Joseph Vance, to mention one of many American novelists who do this sort of thing most admirably, can pick up a character out of the humdrum of daily life and send him spinning through a tale as complex, as perfectly made, as finished, as trim and as swift as a high-powered automobile. Admitted that nothing like it ever happened or probably ever will happen to mortal man. But who wouldn't like to find himself suddenly whirling through such an adventure? Such fiction is the fairy-tale grown up, and it has an equal right to consideration. Moreover, no matter how impossible its story may be, it expresses us spiritually in a dozen ways. You will find in it our democracy, our idealism, our need of action, our love of definite achievement, and, very often, you will find also, as in the work of Jack London and Rex Beach, swift pictures of life that are vivid with local colour and living presentations of men and women. We are well entitled to feel pride in the perfection to which we have brought this form of fiction and the distinctively American development it has taken under our hands.

The heart, the purpose of the Ameri-

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can novel—unless its author, as rarely happens, has been seduced away from his birthright by the desire to do something "like those English fellows"—is always the story it has to tell. The story may, as it should and as it always does in the best fiction, flow out of its characters and their relations with one another and with their environment. But it is always there, a good, interesting, gripping tale, a steadfast feature of American fiction deserving much praise. Rarely does the English novel score so high on this point. But a novel that does not tell a good story has not sufficient reason for having been written to justify its existence as a book. The American reader, every blessed one of him, wants a story when he reads a novel—and may his taste never change! It is the eternal child in him that makes the demand, and it shows him to be a faithful lover of "the true romance." Not only does it afford

> . . . knowledge sure that he endure
> A child until he die,

but also it gives assurance that the American novel will continue along the same lines of development it has already so definitely taken, fresh, virile, creative, a characteristic evolution of our national life.

IF EDITORS SPOKE THE TRUTH

I

To the Man Who Objects to Our Stereotyped Form of Rejection

DEAR SIR: Why should we take if for granted that you expected a special letter either of commendation or condemnation when we returned your book manuscript, with the simple remark that it was "unavailable for our needs"? You write that you consider our stereotyped form insulting to a writer of your reputation. We surely know better than you do what our "needs" are at this particular time, what is already included on the spring list we are preparing; what kinds of books we have failed to sell in satisfactory quantities heretofore; what your standing in the market actually is, and what difficulties our salesmen would encounter in persuading the dealers to invest in a new work from your pen.

To be known as the author of bad-selling books is worse, from our point of view, than to be entirely unknown. The newcomers represent possibilities; the old-timers, whose books have been published, but have never sold well, represent improbabilities. You are in the latter class, sir, and one might fancy you would rejoice in the impersonality of the letter that has so grievously affronted you.

You know, of course, that it was one of a number reading exactly alike, sent out by the editorial stenographer, and not dictated by the head of the firm, which does not imply that the head of the firm did not give his personal attention to the acceptance or rejection of your book. He may not have read it himself. He employs readers to spare him that labour and he has confidence in their reports upon your present and past performances, as upon the state of our book-list. In view of all the circumstances he ordered the return of your manuscript. Do you never use the same shield of conventionality in declining a dinner invitation, for instance? What would Mrs. Moneypenny think of your breeding if you wrote her that you would not go to her house because you had heard her cook was inefficient and her husband smoked bad cigars?

You seem to think that the fact of your submitting a book manuscript shows a desire for friendly criticism. In our opinion it does nothing of the sort. Your sending us a book is asking us to put a

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considerable sum of money into a certain speculation, and we decline to do it because we do not foresee a good enough rate of "interest" in such an investment. Our judgment may be bad, but it is the best we can secure—with the salaries we pay—and therefore we must abide by it. We could not afford to pay even those salaries if we deliberately and persistently went into doubtful ventures.

How many of your personal friends would be willing to give you a candid criticism of your manuscript? Hardly one that wanted to retain your friendship. Compliments are always eagerly received, but fault-finding is disbelieved or resented. It is as risky to criticise a manuscript unfavourably as it is to pass remarks upon personal appearance.

"You don't like my nose, eh? Well go to blazes! I've a wife who adores it, and all the rest of my features. What do you know about noses, anyway? What shape is your own? Have you ever looked in the glass?"

In view of the possibility of such retorts—the like of which we have received when rash enough to volunteer remarks—will you not forgive us for taking refuge behind the editorial stereotyped form? You are not a beginner, probably an older man than the writer of this letter. You ought to know your own business better than we can inform you upon it; and you might give us credit for knowing a little about ours.

You call us hypocrites when we thank you for having submitted the book in question. How absurd! If we were overlooked by writers we would soon have to shut up shop. Our regret is genuine that what you have sent us does not appear to be "a good risk." Nobody is more delighted than we are to get away from the stereotyped, or any other form of rejection, and to have the pleasure of writing a personal letter to an author, sending him a publishing proposition. Hoping that it may be our good fortune to write such a one to yourself ere long, we beg to remain,

Very truly yours,

THE PUBLISHERS.

II

To the Writer Who Asks for Criticism

DEAR MADAM: We wish we could be sure it is really criticism you want and not encouragement only. If we gave you an over-dose of the latter you would immediately begin to rewrite this story and would return it to us within six months worse than it was at first. You would try to make it fit an image you think you see in our minds, and thus eliminate one essential element, spontaneity. We do not set up to be a school for writers, but since you live beyond the reach of such we are glad to give you this advice, gratis:

Do not touch this manuscript at present. Hearken to all that we, or any other cruelly kind critic can be induced to tell you of its failings, and try to avoid those pitfalls in the writing of your next. You will probably commit other errors in No. 2, but persevere, placing each of the rejected in a barrel. By the time your fifth—or fifteenth—or fiftieth—is accepted, you can turn the barrel over, and by virtue of the experience by that time acquired, you can see for yourself, better than any one can show you, what was the matter with Number One.

So much depends on the launching of a new author, we are unwilling to set you afloat in any but a seaworthy craft. If the first goes well, you will have no difficulty in disposing of your later—or earlier—efforts. It would be the worst thing that could happen to a painter to have his experimental work hung "on the line." He and the judges would alike be made laughing-stocks. We could not think of exhibiting this amateurish, undeveloped hodge-podge of yours, as if we considered it finished work! Full of promise it may be, but the road to the literary Hades is paved with unfulfilled promises.

Without any personal knowledge of your character, we are unable to decide if you have the dogged persistence necessary to achievement along this, or any other line. Artists who aim at excellence in the use of a musical instrument, or a

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paint brush, spend years at technique, but the pen is too often taken to be a trifle which anybody can handle effectively who has learned to read and write. Spelling and grammar are no longer taught in the schools, judging by the lapses in the mass of manuscripts that come in here, and these would-be authors appear to have no knowledge of the world, nor culture, nor eyes for seeing stories in the ordinary life about them. They are merely copyists of the inferior sort of trash that they read.

You ask us what you are to do, living out in Arizona, far removed even from a circulating library. Dear lady, you are in the very centre of romance, if you could only see it, and you are far more independent of cities than either painter or musician could be, because the best models are surely within your reach—not the best sellers but the best literature—in cheap editions. The society of good books is like the society of good people. No man who keeps that kind of company is in danger of becoming provincial—in his mind. A certain style of writing, as of conduct, is unconsciously acquired by association, and it becomes as impossible to use "common" expressions as to eat with the knife.

If you were at home in English literature you would not commit the solecisms so thickly spread over your manuscript, in misused words, hackneyed phrases, impossible situations, stilted conversations. You speak of "an elegant mansion," instead of giving us such a good description of the house that we can see for ourselves that it is elegant. In like manner you tell us all about your characters—label them every one—instead of letting them reveal themselves in speech and action. Your hero "talks like a book." We should find him an insufferable prig if we met him in real life—but we are never likely to, nor any of your characters. They are machine-made, and such a host! We cannot possibly keep track of them all. We might fill pages with detailed adverse criticism, but what is the use? You will have to find out these things for yourself, in the ways we have suggested. Good luck to you!

Sincerely your friends,
THE PUBLISHERS.

III

To the Writer Who Seems Worthy of Encouragement

DEAR SIR: We like your style very much indeed. You have a feeling for good English and if somebody would only give you a yarn to tell you have the technique for telling it admirably, but you have here no story that is worth while. This is a lack we cannot supply. If there were certain features of your book that we did not care for; if it were too long, or too short, if the beginning, middle or end did not please us, we might give you a hint to that effect; but how can we criticise what is not here? You string your words together very prettily, are quite a phrase-hunter, by Jove; but tell that story to a friend and if he is of the detested "candid" variety he will comment upon the fact that there is nothing in it—all feathers and no bird!

You are not a braggart, but we imagine that you have taken honours in the college you have but recently left. You no doubt edited the paper, wrote the class poem and were considered quite a "toff" by your fellows. So much the harder seems the treatment at the hands of the cold, cruel world, represented by soulless publishers. We too went to college—some of us—and we know just how you feel, but keep on struggling. You have your instrument well in tune, and one of these days, seemingly from without yourself, an idea may come to you, something that can be meditated upon until it evolves into a story.

We don't believe you do enough ruminating before you sit down to write. This is not an exam. that has to be finished in a set time. Don't let your pen run away with you, just because it is trained into running easily. Musicians who play by ear seldom make the best performers. They can do so much with little effort that they are unwilling to go

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through the drudgery necessary to the accomplishment of more.

Study architecture a bit before you begin to build. Get up your framework and the filling in will be easy, for one of your training; but do not throw a heap of bricks into the middle of your lot and call that a house. In other words, think out your construction; make up your mind where you are going before you start. Become so thoroughly acquainted with your characters that you will know just how they will behave under certain circumstances which you must invent, or cull from real life. They are not lying in the ink-bottle ready to be picked up by your pen.

It is sometimes helpful to plan a book out as a play; and there are many good books on play-writing available. These will show you how much action and dialogue ought to go into Act I; how much into Act II and so on, working up to a grand climax of which there is not a vestige in your book. You have plenty of bright dialogue, but no action of any account.

This is a frank letter, not the stereotyped form we send out agreeing to consider anything submitted, and therefore in reply to your query about the publication of your essays and poems, we can tell you frankly that it is a waste of postage or expressage to send us collections of verse or of anything else. The book-sellers will not buy them from us, because the public will not buy such books from them. If we were a largely endowed institution, nothing would delight us more than to aid struggling genius, but being plain business folk we have to remember that charity begins at home, and we have a lengthy pay-roll of married men with families dependent upon our financial experience and foresight.

The writing of poetry is a delightful mental or temperamental exercise, a luxury everybody cannot afford, and it has to be its own reward unless the author can publish at his own expense. There are reputable houses who do that sort of business; we do not. We prefer to take all risks ourselves; but if you should chance to be an instructor in English or to hold some other position where the authorship of a book would be admirable advertising for you, it might be worth the cost to you with a good firm. Such a one would not put their imprint upon it unless it reached a certain literary standard, and it is not unsportsmanlike to have a book brought out in that way, when it is of a character for which no large sale could be expected.

The case of your novel is entirely different. You would be foolish to pay for its publication, because, fiction being the popular form just now, if no publisher sees a saleable article in it, you may conclude there is something wrong with the production. We have tried to tell you what seems to us the matter, and we honestly believe we should be doing you an injury to publish the book, as you will realise—later on. You mention the wonderful success attained by the first efforts of other authors. That they are the first published by these people does not imply that they are the first written. Most writers have to serve an apprenticeship to rejected manuscripts. ART IS LONG.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept
Were toiling upwards in the night.

Your friends,
THE PUBLISHERS.

IV

To the Writer Whose Book Has Become a "Big Seller" After Its Rejection by Us

DEAR MADAM: Please accept our congratulations on the financial success attained by the book you submitted to us last year. You were indeed fortunate in finding publishers better guessers than ourselves at the public taste of the hour. We have learned to accept our losses, like our gains, in a philosophical spirit, knowing well that all wisdom is not contained under one hat. If we make a bet on Clubs, and a No-Trump hand goes

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above us—and wins—we need not repine, for there is always a new shuffle and a new deal ahead. We may not play our cards well, even when we have a good hand, and therefore the opposition may down us, but we trust that we are sportsmen enough to be good losers. It is "all in the game," and if the element of chance were removed, most of the spice, the incentive to play, would go with it. If any one firm could foresee what particular book the fickle fancy of the public would fix upon each season all other firms could go out of business. We have only general ideas on these matters. Our "literary advisers" are usually competent to tell us what horses are not worth entering for the race, but none of our bookmakers can tell us which is going to come in first.

What amuses us, however, and we need a little amusement to compensate us for that sickening feeling of having let a "best seller" get away from us, is your confident assumption that our loss is due to the inability of our editorial staff to recognise a pearl of great price when it appears. Dear lady, we have turned down many, many manuscripts just as good as yours, and some much better. The majority of these have never been heard of again, perchance because no enterprising young advertising man has seen in any of them an opportunity to show what he could do. That such a one chanced to take a fancy to your style, or your plot, or your characters, or Lord knows what, and to boom up your book, first within, then without your publishing house, is a piece of luck for which you should be devoutly thankful; but for Heaven's sake do not take it into your head that you have produced Literature. That the great mass of the general public—people who can read, but who care not to think—prefer rag-time to classical music, does not imply the inherent superiority of the popular music. If your book were a classic, it would not be a "big seller" to-day, but might possibly still be selling to-morrow—or next day. Where are the "hits" of yester-year? Nowhere; but their authors are still living on the proceeds, both in cash and fame. Having once struck the bull's eye, their reputation, as marksmen, is established, and they can shoot off what they please. Twenty or twenty-five years ago royalties were more or less equally divided among all published works of fiction. Nowadays, two or three, sometimes one book alone, reaps the entire harvest; only the gleanings are left to the remainder. The transcendent merit of that particular production is rarely responsible, whatever the reviewers may say.

Therefore do not take your success too seriously, even though you now find erstwhile stone-wall editors wax in your hands. They have not changed their personal opinion of you and your works one whit, but they have to bow to the popular verdict pronounced upon its saleability, not upon its literary merit. If they wish to hold their "jobs" they must seek the marketable stuff and avoid what seems unmarketable, however much they may like it themselves. Beware of becoming too soon satisfied. That is fatal to any art, and it is art you are aiming at, is it not? Pocket the financial returns of this pot-boiler, but don't make the common mistake of thinking it anything else. Take advantage of the leisure thus attained, of the audience thus gained, and proceed to the production of something that will more nearly approach the lasting type. Let not the clamours of the publishers for "more" hurry you into letting them have anything lower than the best that it is in you to produce. You may find it necessary to "make hay while the sun shines" and let art go hang. That is your own affair, and all we need say is that we are willing to accept a book from you without reading it—to send you advance royalty upon one yet to be written. The Great Public hath spoken. Who are we but humble purveyors of what they seem to want? Must we bow still lower to evidence our deep contrition for previous imbecility?

Your regretful admirers,

THE PUBLISHERS.

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V

To the Writer Who Sends in a Manuscript in Bad Shape and Pleads Poverty

DEAR SIR: Why do you prejudice us against your work by sending in the pages *rolled,* and typed without spacing? It would be far easier to read if it were spread out flat and written in good clear pen-hand on one side of the paper only. Such faint, close typing as yours is eye-killing. If you have not enough faith in what you are trying to sell to consider it worth the investment of a little cash to put it in presentable shape, how much are we likely to think it worth?

We have received books scribbled in lead pencil in the coarsest kind of note-books, but a "winner" has never come in so disguised. It is more likely to arrive in the pasteboard box that once held the blank paper, or it may even be bound in buckram. In either case, it will be paged throughout, so that the number of words it contains can be readily estimated. Some manuscripts are too long, others are too short for profitable book publication. From 75,000 to 100,000 words is a very good length. Yours is much too short, being only 35,000. It would cost us nearly as much to print and publish that, as if it were three times as long, and we could not sell it at the price of a full-sized novel.

You have not written your name and address on the first page of your MS., so that we had only the postmark to go by, and had to hunt through our letter files to see if there was a recent one from that place which we could associate with this document. Letters, coming in by first-class mail, are opened in our mail room; books, papers, etc., are in other bags and opened elsewhere in our building. It is illegal to send manuscripts other than by first-class mail, but you have evaded the regulations and yours came in by parcel post—to give us the privilege of paying the amount overdue. Don't do that again! Sometimes an author writes his name and address only upon the outer wrapper of his manuscript, which is removed before it reaches the manuscript department—hence a waste of time in determining ownership.

What long letters accompany the least hopeful specimens! We are not interested in any of them till we have read the books. After acceptance, not before, is the appointed time for loading up the advertising staff—not the MSS. readers—with personal items that may possibly interest the general public and help the sale of the book. All we appreciate at the outset is a letter like this:

September 15, 1914.

GENTLEMEN: Herewith (by mail or by prepaid express) I am sending you a book manuscript called "Rain-checks" for your consideration. If unavailable kindly return C. O. D. to

Yours truly,

EDNA LOWRY BLACK.

Mrs. J. H. Black, Yonkers, N. Y.

Still more do we groan over lengthy calls from aspirants. A letter can be laid aside till we have time to read it; the author we cannot keep waiting indefinitely. He is often as hard to get rid of as a book agent, harder indeed, for what he is trying to sell is his own. You are a good-looking chap, judging by the photograph you have so kindly, and prematurely, sent us. Your suggestions as to the binding and illustrating of your book are also decidedly premature. Generally, six months elapse between acceptance and publication, ample time for ideas to be exchanged upon make-up. If you desire anonymity, you can have it, but please give us a business address to ensure the safe return of your MS.

You say that you have no money and this is your one hope of making any. If that is so, we are sorry you have chosen so unlikely a method. A glance at our statements would show you the exceedingly small royalties paid to many writers of distinction. They would be arrested for vagrancy if they tried to live on the proceeds of their books.

"Writing is all right 'on the side,'" they will tell you, "but a poor make-shift

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for a living." This is the rule, and you dare not flatter yourself that you are destined to be an exception.

Your long letter about your ill-health and your dependent family cannot—must not—affect our judgment of your work. We look after our own employees when they get into difficulties, but cannot attempt to take care of the whole world. If we saw in you an author likely to "make good" we might send you a cheque to tide you over your present crisis, and might call it advance royalty on your book, but when the MS. you have submitted is absolutely hopeless, what can we do but advise you to waste no more energy in this direction? You will not thank us for that advice. Nobody does, and therefore we hand it out only in moments of extreme frankness, like these. Surely there are more useful and beautiful things to be done with the fingers than this futile spoiling of good white paper with meaningless marks. By the time manual training has a stronger hold on the public schools, there may be less of it, but the universities will still have much to answer for, in placing a fictitious value upon brain-work, so-called. There would be more brains displayed in the making of a decent cupboard than in turning out such trash as the MS. we send back to you to-day, express *prepaid,* which is all we can do for you.

Sincerely yours,

THE PUBLISHERS.

VI

To the Author of a Well-written Historical Romance

DEAR MADAM: Because we return your book herewith, you must not think that we do not appreciate the excellent piece of work you have accomplished. You have "crammed" assiduously—historical documents, books of costumes, contemporary writers, and have visited the scenes of the various "actions," though these are no more like now what they were in the time of which you treat, than your point of view is like unto that of a bona fide colonial dame. Your romance is well constructed, your English good. You have carefully avoided modern colloquialisms, yet have not made the narrative so archaic as to be boresome. There is plenty of action in the story, and a fine, dramatic conclusion, BUT—

It may be due to your living so far away from book-buying and book-publishing centres that you are not aware how few people care to read historical novels nowadays. The best of them is not "convincing" to use a stock phrase. It is quite impossible for an author of the twentieth century to transport himself back to the eighteenth, and to write naturally of that period. The difference in the "atmosphere" is far too great. None of us living to-day can enter fully into the feelings of folk so long passed away. If you are loath to believe this, read again the old diaries and see if they are not far more interesting than this wooden romance you have made out of them. They are *the real thing,* and they will attract historical researchers to the end of time, but in years to come no student of the past will dream of going to your novel for pictures of the social life and customs of the eighteenth century. They will read *Tom Jones* or *Pamela* or others that belong there, and will look to you for delineation of twentieth century life, where you belong. In attempting to portray the other, you are putting yourself on a par with those writers ambitious to describe the actions of lords and ladies in a station of society not their own.

You must content yourself with the personal benefit and pleasure you have derived from your study of the past; the public care not for your results in the form of fiction. Fifteen or twenty years ago, we might have been able to sell a book like yours, but readers of to-day are far too much taken up with present topics to relish either retrospection or forecast. Dips into the future, pictures of an ideal state, in Mars, in the centre of the earth, in the moon, or elsewhere, which cropped up briskly after the success of *Looking Backward* are now as far out

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of vogue as historical romances. We want romance, it is true, but it has to be combined with convincing realism. The sphere of the historical novel is the schoolroom. It helps to sugar-coat the pill of history pupils are obliged to swallow. Some educational house that could get your book introduced as a supplementary reader would be a better friend than

Yours sincerely,

THE PUBLISHERS.

VII

To the Writer Who Over-praises His MS., sends us Only Samples of it, but Encloses Letters of Recommendation and Offers to Act as Salesman

DEAR SIR: Have you ever heard the old saw, "Good wine needs no bush"? We judge not, from the amount of self-praise you have seen fit to pass in along with the samples of your manuscript submitted. Of what use are they to us? They would need to be of breathless interest to make us pine to see more—*blasé* readers that we are—or written in such a wonderfully fine style that we say at once, "Here is a writer who will 'arrive.' We must keep hold of him." This is not your case, and you have "queered" your MS. with us by lauding it so highly.

Letters of recommendation are valueless, unless they come from somebody so famous that it might be worth our while to secure a preface for the book from him, provided we found it acceptable. Even a distinguished "introducer" cannot make us take a manuscript. It has to stand—or fall—upon our opinion of its saleable qualities. How can we possibly judge of these when the whole is not here? In a work of fiction, particularly, the *denouement* is half the battle. What's the good of a scenario? "The play's the thing." A sample, or a synopsis, may tell the reader what you are trying to do; it is how the thing is done that matters. A good plot may be so poorly worked out as to result in a story simply unreadable, while a skilled writer, with little or no plot, may turn in something eminently attractive. But the skilled writer knows better than to submit a manuscript that is not finished up as well as he can do it.

You say your story is "full of human interest," that it "will be talked about," that "nothing in the past generation can compare to it in warmth, colour, suggestion or inspiration;" that "the unique incidents and views scattered throughout its pages will provoke discussions in the home, at the club, on the street and in the press. Compared with the conventional story it is as refreshing as a breeze from the wood-crowned hills. 'It is different.'"

Surely we hope it may be, but who wouldn't have his doubts after such an eulogy? As to your proposition to act as salesman, what do we know of you or your capabilities? Nothing but what you tell us, and you may be as optimistic in that regard as about your book. It will be too late to discover your incapabilities after we have gone to the expense of publication. We have our own salesmen, tried and proven, and prefer to trust them rather than a redoubtable egoist, such as yourself. Real genius is always modest. Unless we could see our way to the disposal of a great many more of your books than you are ever likely to sell, we should be most unwise to risk publication. In view of all these circumstances we think it hardly necessary for you to submit the remainder of your MS.

Sincerely yours,

THE PUBLISHERS.

VIII

To the Author of a "Risky" Book, Who Thinks Her Social Position Will Sell It

DEAR MADAM: If we published books for one particular State or city, it would delight us to know of your high social standing in that particular State or city, to be made aware of your long visiting list and of your influential friends over the whole countryside. It may be that a prophet has no honour in his own land—

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till he leaves it to win appreciation elsewhere—but we have found that an author's personal friends are the least likely purchasers of his book. One among them, more public-spirited than the rest, may invest in a copy, but he will lend it to all the others! The Public Library volume will also be well worn, but booksellers balk at buying a large stock of a "native" production. Importations in every line of goods sell best.

But even should the miracle take place, and your fellow townsfolk invest liberally in your story, that would not provide more than a local sale, as unsatisfactory to us as these books we are constantly being asked to bring out for some special centenary, or other occasion, whose timeliness will be past before the book could be issued. We are trying to push our wares from Maine to New Mexico, from Oregon to Florida, and an acceptable manuscript is one that has an appeal sufficiently universal to interest a respectable number of buyers in every State in the Union. What avails it with New England book-sellers and their customers that your husband is a prominent man in the Middle West, and that you are on terms of intimacy with "the best people of Indiana"? It would be better advertising matter for us to make out that you were a poor young girl, who in the face of temptation and ill-health had been able to push through, unaided, this excellent piece of work.

Yours is not excellent—far from it! You may taunt us with an obsolete regard for "the ubiquitous young person" when we tell you frankly that we have no particular use for books like yours, in which sex is spelt with a large S throughout. We do not deny that the story might have a large sale, for this is a widespread appeal—with a certain class of customers, but not the class unto which we care to cater. We have a reputation for decency which we think it worth our while to preserve, and if unsuspecting booksellers all over the country took from our travellers books like yours "for family use," they would feel that the boys had cheated them. The said "boys" would not have their word taken as to the propriety of their "dummies" the next time they came round.

It is perfectly true, as you say, that the young person of the present day is wise beyond her mother and her grandmother at the same age, but she is also broader in her interests in every direction. She no longer reads rotten romances on the sly, but takes her pleasure in out-of-door sports, and in books about them. She reads sociological works and problem novels, and the mire into which you invite her to wallow no longer tempts her, firstly because it is no longer forbidden; secondly, because she is looking into the whole scientific meaning of life, not its nauseating or diseased symptoms alone. Of course, you will have your readers. The world is never likely to rid itself of nasty-minded adults who revel in the accounts of wickedness they have never been strongly tempted enough to commit themselves. It takes a very great artist, such as Thomas Hardy, to handle a theme like yours. You are nothing but a bull in a china shop, entirely incapable of delicate work among tender topics. But go on your way, rejoicing, as we shall go ours.

Sincerely yours,

THE PUBLISHERS.

IX

To the Ingenuous Young Person Who Claims that Her Story is TRUE

DEAR LITTLE GIRL: We do not doubt your word for an instant. Your novel has in it all the inconsequences of real life. Nobody would be bothered to invent such a mass of meaningless detail that does not advance the story one whit and has no bearing upon its outcome. You have seemingly set out to "tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth"—from your very narrow and youthful point of view. Somebody else might make an entirely different story out of these same elements, somebody of more experience, and a wider outlook upon life. The practised hand of the novelist would most surely select those

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episodes essential to the story and let the rest go. You lack this skill for discrimination, are unable to take from this drama of real life those features which are dramatic, and by the heightening of some points, the elimination of others, the filling in with your imagination of the gaps that occur, to make a really good romance. You are handicapped by facts, not helped by them. Only after a book has become widely popular is the public interested to know that it is founded on fact—only founded, mark you. Nobody cares very much whether your story is true or not, provided it is a good one.

There is nothing new under the sun, and the most original of writers has to draw upon his own experience, or upon that of others, gained personally, or through books. Shakespeare borrowed plots right and left. It is the use one makes of material, however acquired, that constitutes originality. You have given us a bald, bare record of events, that doubtless would be recognised, where the characters and incidents are known—and let us in for a libel suit!

It is fiction you are trying to write, is it not? If it were history, such slavish adherence to what you think is truth would be praiseworthy, but this is a book that would entertain only your family and personal friends. If you were a person of great importance in the world, we might publish it as your autobiography, but since you are not, it would not be a profitable speculation for us.

You ask us if we would like to see your letters written home from your first trip to Europe—the British Isles, Paris, Switzerland, the Rhine, etc. Frankly, NO. We have waded through too many of these "bright and breezy" epistles, some of them illustrated by "Brownie" snap-shots. Your route is too hackneyed, and even if you had sought out unbeaten paths, you have not displayed in the present manuscript either the seeing eye or the understanding heart for recording that which the general public will care to read. Your travel sketches, we can swear, are made up of dreary drivel about the sayings and doings of your "charming party," and dry-as-dust facts gleaned from the guide-books. The better-known parts of Europe are popular back-grounds for stories, but descriptive letters or diaries—Nay! Nay! We would take them from Mr. W. D. Howells, or some other well-known *litterateur,* but not from an apprentice such as yourself. Let us hear from you again, when you have written some of the fiction that is stranger than truth, and believe us to be, meanwhile,

Your sincere well-wishers,

THE PUBLISHERS.

X

To the Reformer Who Chooses Fiction for His Weapon

DEAR SIR: You overrate the power of the press when you fancy that whatever gets into print is a mighty force against the evil it combats. We respect the sincerity of your purpose—as who would not?—but novels based on the strife between labour and capital, on the social evil, on child labour, on intemperance, and kindred topics, have to be very much above the average in thrilling dramatic power. People do not like to be harrowed, nor to be preached at, openly, when they take up a work of fiction in search of entertaining relaxation. Each man has too many troubles of his own to care to have those of his neighbours thrust under his nose in his hours of ease. You affirm that fiction is the only medium by which reformers can arrest attention, but if it be not good enough, as fiction, to arrest attention, what good is it?

Your very worthy object must be subordinated to your story. Art is always indirect in its teaching, never didactic, as you are here. You can "hold the mirror up to nature," but let those who are looking at your "reflections" draw their own conclusions, do not, openly, push yours upon them. You have become so far obsessed with this particular problem that you forget other folks are not equally well-informed, nor interested. They have to be enthralled by a

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fascinating story, before they will "sit up and take notice" of what you are trying to instill into their minds. You have to make converts before you can make actors, and in our humble judgment you are not setting forth on your crusade in the right way.

You may cite what has been done by novelists in the past—prison reforms—humanitarian investigations—but are you Charles Dickens, or even Charles Reade? These men had their public secured, were known and loved as story-tellers, before they dived into social reform. The novelist can indeed be a mighty power in enabling one class to see eye to eye with another, in showing the good that is in the worst of us, the bad in the best, in spreading the spirit of universal brotherhood, but such details as you have given here belong only to government blue books. It is well that you should have a grasp upon statistics—you cannot inform yourself too thoroughly upon the topic you have chosen, but as for working it all into your book—"Spare us! Good Lord!"

Humour is one of the strongest weapons of the reformer, and yet there is not a vestige of that in your novel. Shakespeare knew he had to bring comic characters into his tragedies to relieve the tension, but with you there is no alleviation of the gloom. To laugh a thing down is much easier than to scold it down. Aside from your seriousness, your style is good enough to make us feel terribly sorry for your characters. They are real folk, not dummies, and that they ultimately come triumphantly out of their difficulties does not atone in our eyes for the weary way they have to trudge before they get there. Unfortunately, the "weary way" is more convincing than the triumphant conclusion. In real life your fallen heroine would rise no more; your chivalric hero would be downed by such economic conditions as you describe so graphically. A happy ending is generally demanded by book-buyers, but even an unhappy end can be swung into popularity by a great artist, which you are not—yet. Don't tackle such a big job in your first output; try something easier, and as you advance in the "years that bring the philosophic mind" you will learn to concentrate your energy in lines where it can be most effective for the welfare of humanity.

Never despair of being able to do good with your pen. Having specialised in this subject, an article from you might be most acceptable in one of the "muck-raking" magazines. There are the newspapers, too, always open to excursions into these fields. Men read them; women read the books and they hate business novels. You will have to curtail that element and extend the romance, if you wish to catch the majority. But these are only suggestions, from our point of view. Take them for what they are worth. Another publisher might look at the matter from an entirely different angle. Your book is well enough written to demand serious consideration from any firm to which you submit it, and we thank you for having given us a chance. More power to your elbow!

Sincerely yours,

THE PUBLISHERS.

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A GROUP OF FIRST NOVELS*

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

"GUIMÔ"

AMONG the novels of the current season which may be fairly classified as the first efforts of new writers, *Guimó,* by Walter Elwood, attracts attention by certain unusual qualities which stamp it, not necessarily either better or worse than a number of others, but as being unmistakably and refreshingly different, a welcome departure from conventional lines. It transports us, in fancy, to the tropic luxuriance of the Philippines and makes us see a strange, fantastic panorama, in which a host of undisciplined races play curious and tragic parts. Tagalogs, Negritos, Moro pirates, arrogant Spaniards, Americans in the first pride of conquest, alternate swiftly on the crowded stage of this motley and bewildering pageant, and all of it is held together by the one slender yet tenacious thread of a single human destiny, the life history of a half-caste Filipino lad, named Guimó. Half-breeds are proverbially an unfortunate class; indeed, it is a common platitude that they usually inherit the worst traits of both parent races. But in Guimó's case the law of inheritance had worked in a reverse way. He was the fruit of a young Spanish priest's guilty love for a native girl, and from both parents, young, ardent and of splendid physique, he derived those qualities of body and of mind which, by making him conspicuous, also made him perpetually an alien, since no race, white or native, could ever quite forget the barrier of blood, or accept him as one of their own. Yet, while leading toward inevitable tragedy, this book is conceived in a spirit of joyous optimism, an ever-pervading sense of what a glorious and wonderful privilege it is just to be alive. If you happen to be one of those readers for whom this book is intended, if it grips you in the right way, then you will welcome it as nothing more nor less than a great adventure, and will follow the author delightedly through rioting jungles and over menacing heights, through a land of strange surprises and contrasts, where a glad blue sky laughs perpetually overhead, and sudden death lurks at every footfall. There are a number of things which Mr. Elwood has tried, more or less successfully, to do in this volume. He has tried to show us the cruelty and injustice of Spanish rule in the islands, due to a fundamental inability to understand and make allowance for the native temperament; he has pictured the manners and customs of the natives from an intimate and inside point of view, and has sketched the scenic beauty of the region so vividly that we almost have the illusion of having been there ourselves; and he has interwoven quite dramatically the historic event of the arrival of Dewey's fleet and the American conquest and occupation. But, best of all, he has made us feel throughout the book the ineradicable superstition that dominates

*Guimó. By Walter Elwood. Chicago: The Reilly and Britton Company.

A Siren of the Snows. By Stanley Shaw. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Sinister Island. By Charles Wadsworth Camp. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Dusty Road. By Therese Tyler. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Pierrot, Dog of Belgium. By Walter A. Dyer. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Final Verdict. By Sidney L. Nyburg. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Dr. Syn. By Russell Thorndyke. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Rose Garden Husband. By Margaret Widdemer. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

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the natives, one and all, of whatever breed. Their quaint legends, their childish beliefs and fears, their absolute faith in charms and incantations—all form such an essential part of the woven fabric of this story that we end by catching something of the contagion of it ourselves, and reach a mood in which we are tempted, like small children in the dark, to glance apprehensively over our shoulder. It is a curious and unconscious testimony to the special quality of Mr. Elwood's work that, in spite of the interest which attaches to the central character, the impression which chiefly abides with the reader is that of the general atmosphere, rather than the specific details, of young Guimó's life. As for the latter, his early loss of home and mother, when Moro pirates swept down upon their village and burned and plundered; the arrival of Spanish troops and his escape from their brutality; the refuge he found with a band of brigands far up in the mountains, the part he played in their raids, and the life-long enemy he made by a well-aimed stroke that spoiled the good looks of a vindictive Spaniard; the one love of his life and the pitiful tragedy of its climax—all these matters might be written of at length, with sincere appreciation of the vivid manner of their telling. Yet they may well be left to speak for themselves. What it has seemed worth while to do here is merely to convey some idea of the book's special flavour, to stimulate curiosity about it, to help it to reach the type of reader to whom it will appeal. It is not without its faults; it is at times uneven and at times prolix; but it is none the less a sincere and honest piece of work, vibrant with life and colour and romance, and we may well wish it the success that it deserves.

"A SIREN OF THE SNOWS"

A Siren of the Snows, by Stanley Shaw, may be briefly defined as a wild flight of unbridled imagination. Conceive, if you can, what would happen if a new metal should be discovered possessing the same identical specific gravity of gold, the same resonance when coined, and the cost of which is about that of lead. Suppose, further, that certain powerful interests have combined for their own purposes to ruin the credit of the United States, and little by little have been replacing all our national gold currency with counterfeit, consisting of a mere shell of gold filled with the new white metal, an imitation so flawless as to have baffled the government experts. Under these conditions, you may picture the consternation at the treasury building at Washington when a ten dollar gold piece accidentally broken in two reveals the white inner core and leads to an investigation. Picture the nation-wide activity of the secret service; the wires buzzing with code dispatches from Alaska to the Mexican frontier, from Bangor to the Golden Gate; orders issued to round up every known counterfeiter, every criminal with a suspicious record; in short, to throw out a universal dragnet and somehow or other run down, capture and crush out these enemies of a nation's honour. Such is the fantastic situation around which Mr. Shaw has built up this tale of wild adventure, all the wilder and more fantastic because he has chosen to have the trail lead farther and farther North. Out of New England into Canada, and onward and upward through snow and ice, with not even the faintest advance hint of the miracle of human achievement, the wonderful stronghold of twentieth-century civilisation that indomitable energy has erected to an ignoble end in the midst of desolate ice fields. To relate just how the hero is slowly led on with many a blunder and setback to the final discovery of the counterfeiters' haven, and of the mad ambition through which they try to justify their crime, would serve as little purpose here as to tell how our dauntless young detective won a bride as well as promotion in the secret service. For all this side of the story, the author himself is by far the best relator, and it is only fair to leave him to do the telling.

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"SINISTER ISLAND"

Another volume that puts a heavy strain upon the reader's credulity is *Sinister Island,* by Charles Wadsworth Camp. Down in the Mississippi delta, the author tells us, there is a certain lonely island of evil repute, on which, if tradition is believed, grim and gruesome deeds were done in bygone centuries. Two ancient houses and some crumbling huts, supposed to have been slaves' quarters, are still standing, sole reminders of the bygone days when pirates made this island their lair, and it is whispered by the superstitious natives that on certain nights the spirits of the pirate's captain and the beautiful captive whom he murdered return and reënact the savage scene with blood-curdling shrieks and curses. At the opening of the story, for the first time in several generations, the two houses on Captain's Island have tenants. And the way in which Jim Miller, the narrator, a young Northerner, who has gone South for his health, comes to concern himself with the island and its sinister traditions, is simply because the smaller of the two houses, the Coquina House, is occupied by his oldest and best friends, Anderson and his pretty wife. They invite Jim to visit them, and there is something so pathetically and appealingly urgent about the letter that Miller is prepared in advance for the haggard faces and nerve-racked spirits of his host and hostess. They frankly confess that they are on the verge of panic. Their man-servant, Jake, is threatening to leave; their only neighbour, Morgan, in the bigger house, professes to have come under the spell of this same terror, and admits that it is only a matter of days before he will be in retreat. Yet they have hung on because, being sane, healthy, intelligent people, they scorn to acknowledge that they have yielded to sheer superstition. They tell themselves that the whole thing is a combination of a depressing climate, loneliness and over-wrought nerves. Yet how could that account for what they have all felt and heard again and again—stealthy footsteps following them through the dense undergrowth of the forest; voices, the rattling of chains, and sudden shrieks in the dead of night, coming from the very room in which, tradition says, the pirate had killed his captive? Then, too, there was the sinister figure of the dumb fisherman, sitting silent in his boat far out in the lagoon, symbolic of the pervading mystery of the place; and far off, down upon the sands, could be heard, at times, the discordant voices of a rowdy gang of oyster-diggers, the scum and refuse of the neighbourhood. And then, too, there was Morgan's daughter, a strange, elusive figure, shunning companionship and wandering alone among the rocks and sand. The Andersons welcome Miller with open arms. The strong, fresh breath of outside air that he brings with him, his courage and his common sense, combine to make their fears seem childish and absurd. But before long the intangible, latent terror has him also in its grip, and he, too, hears the shrieks and the jangling chains; he, too, has a sense of being trailed by unseen forms through dark woodland paths. Yet he refuses, even more stubbornly than the Andersons, to give up the fight, and with a stronger reason than they, because he has fallen under still another spell, that of the beauty of Morgan's elusive and elfish daughter. Weird happenings follow in swift sequence. Anderson's man, Jake, is found dead in the woods, apparently from a rattle-snake's bite, and Miller's man, Tony, is saved in the nick of time from a like fate. And yet the key to the whole puzzle might have been easily found, as Miller afterward points out, if, instead of spending their time in trying to convince themselves that they were not superstitious, they had gone to work energetically to discover just what the natural causes were. The whole story is a rather clever study of the insidious workings of superstition, and at the same time a serious of adventures sufficiently thrilling to make you quite indifferent as to the plausibility of it all.

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"THE DUSTY ROAD"

The Dusty Road, by Therese Tyler, suffers from too little experience and too much ambition. It awakens a feeling of sheer exasperation to think how materially it could have been improved by a little self-restraint and a more clear-eyed vision of life as it really is. What the author has tried to do is easily summed up: she has wished to trace the development of a young girl through the important formative years, to analyse her awakening instincts and ambitions, to show the various different problems and temptations that assail her in the complicated environment of modern social life, and finally to bring her to a happy solution of all her troubles. There is no denying the interest of this theme; that is probably the reason why it has already been handled by many another novelist. It is also the reason why one must demand a higher degree of excellence in workmanship than would be fair to ask of a novelist who offers the appeal of an entirely new plot. A brief outline will show how little that is new this writer has to offer. Elizabeth Anderson is handicapped by an imtemperate father, a disappointed and embittered mother, and a lazy, selfish brother, whose chief aim in life is apparently to annoy and mortify her. She has, furthermore, a wealthy and worldly aunt, who occasionally flings to Elizabeth her cousin Sylvia's cast-off frocks, much as she might fling a bone to a dog. As for Sylvia, she may best be described as a sly, spiteful, jealous little cat, who cannot open her lips to speak to Elizabeth without insulting her. Yet in spite of having all the odds against her, our indomitable young heroine manages to lead a fairly lively career, to have no less than four offers of marriage and to accept successively three of them. The first of these is big Jim Brent, a struggling artist, whom she meets at a party given by her cousin Sylvia, yields to his embrace without the faintest demur of maiden modesty, and is caught by her scandalised family in the midst of a fervent and prolonged soul kiss. After a tempestuous wooing, in defiance of parental authority, the two become engaged. Then Jim departs for Paris to finish his art studies, and presently our hasty and tempestuous young woman breaks the engagement as rashly as she entered into it, on the strength of a paragraph of scandal in a French paper, which turns out later to have been a mistake. Her next suitor is the underbred, sensual and inordinately rich Oscar Roberts. She loathes him, or thinks she does; yet she is so afraid that he will hypnotise her into consenting, so afraid that if he forcibly kisses her a second time, as he has kissed her once, that her strength of will may desert her, that she takes refuge in a preposterously unsuitable engagement to the austere and narrow clergyman, the Reverend Theodore Gordon. Then at last she comes to her senses, and discovers that her heart really belongs to a man whom she is supposed to have hated from her childhood up, a man whom she long believed to be her mother's lover, and whom she once overheard, with her own ears, trying to persuade her best friend to leave her husband and elope with him. There are moments when the author really attains what she is striving for; there are sentences, here and there, that show gleams of subtle understanding; but for the most part she is woefully heavy-handed. Family dissension is, unfortunately, not rare; but well-bred people do not find it necessary to be habitually vulgar in their bickering. The scene of this story is laid in Philadelphia, and topographically the author is quite accurate, so much so that she awakens, rather pleasantly, certain far-off memories of delightful days in the Quaker City. Yet, while admitting this, the present reviewer refuses to believe that the Philadelphians depicted in this volume are anything less than caricatures of the real Philadelphians of to-day.

"PIERROT, DOG OF BELGIUM"

Pierrot, Dog of Belgium, by Walter A. Dyer, is an animal story of the old-

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fashioned sort, such as we used to have before elaborate attempts at animal psychology came into fashion. The purpose of it is simply to bring home to American readers one more tragic aspect of the present war, to make vividly clear the sufferings of the dumb animals that have been sacrificed wholesale in the past few months, and to show how the grief and fear of the women and children left behind in destitution is augmented by the loss of even that mute devotion and protection which a faithful dog may give. Incidentally we learn a good deal about the importance of the big and willing draft-dogs which have played, in the past, such an important economic part in Belgian life. Pierrot, the hero of this simple and poignant little tale, came of famous stock, for his master, Jean Van Huik, bought him of Auguste Naets, butcher of Vilvorde, who was noted for his dogs of a pure boarhound strain, descended in unbroken line for hundreds of years from the kennels of the Duke of Brabant. The early chapters of the book trace a pleasant picture of the intimate home life of a well-to-do peasant family. We see the fat, clumsy little puppy rolling on the floor with Jean's little children, Henri and Lisa, and cutting such clown-like capers that a clown's name seems most appropriate for him. Then came sedater days, when, outgrowing his puppyhood, he had his first lessons in harness, and little by little learned to draw the light milk-wagon over the six miles of road that intervened between the dairy farm and town, so that gradually he became ready to take the place of old Luppe, who was rheumatic and could not last much longer. And then, all of a sudden, came the cataclysm of the war, and Pierrot was requisitioned to help draw the light rapid-firing guns. The descriptions that follow of the actual fighting and of the part that Belgian dogs were forced to play in it are vivid and direct, and, on the whole, the author seemed to have achieved his purpose—if we correctly understand him—namely, that of proving that if the Belgian draft-dog has had his importance in times of peace, he has been doubly valuable to the heroic little country in times of war.

"THE FINAL VERDICT"

Six short stories, by Sidney L. Nyburg, have been gathered together under the title of *The Final Verdict,* which has a much subtler significance than titles of collected stories usually have. Those included in the present volume have several points in common: they all have to do with law and lawyers; they all present some perplexing problem of ethics or morality, and they all have a surprise awaiting at the end, which alters the whole aspect of the case with the suddenness of a decision of the court of last resort reversing judgment. First we have "The Fruits of Victory," in which John Stanford, having won the victory of his whole career in the Engerton divorce suit and cleared Marion Engerton's fair name of the foul charges brought by her husband and won her her freedom, is himself on the point of offering his client marriage when an unguarded slip on her part reveals the fact that she has perjured herself, and her husband's charges are all true. Next there is "A Study in Blackmail," in which Carrington, the lawyer, undertakes to save his client, young Randolph, from the consequences of a bygone entanglement with an unscrupulous woman. Alice North had quite passed out of Randolph's life until she learned of his approaching marriage with Edith Holland, young, beautiful and fabulously rich. Before receiving Miss North at his office, Carrington has looked up her history, and is well armed, so much so that he beats her at every point but one: the weakness of his position is that he wants to prevent the truth from reaching Edith Holland. The fair blackmailer, knowing this, plays her trump card by announcing, as she turns to leave, that she is going straight to Edith Holland's home, but the lawyer says, "No, I will send for her, and tell her the truth myself. You can wait here, but if you try to speak to her I

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will have you flung out of the office." Carrington does tell Edith the truth, a delicate and risky task; but he argues to such good purpose that Miss North finds there is no reason for waiting any longer. "With All Her Worldly Goods" is a story in quite a different vein. It deals with a man fundamentally unfitted for taking the initiative. He ought to have been a man of leisure, living comfortably on his income, idling his way through life. But in the midst of his college career a series of family disasters left him practically penniless. His last year in Harvard was a constant grim struggle against starvation. Then, suddenly, an insidious temptation came to him. There was a young girl in Boston, an orphan and an heiress, a girl so formal and cold in manner that men found her repellent. The penniless student did not really like her, but he understood her, and one day awoke to the knowledge that she had fallen in love with him. He was starving, she represented endless possibilities, the gratification of all his ambition, so he yielded to temptation and married her. Such is the story which many years later he pours out in keen anguish to a lawyer, who was formerly his classmate. Through all these years, he confesses, he has not known a happy hour. He has had to keep up the pretence of loving his wife and, the strain is killing him. And in spite of the best he can do, he knows he has not wholly deceived her; and, worst of all, he has learned, in these years, of what inestimable worth she is as a woman, and realises that if he had met her under different conditions and without this lie between them he might have loved her. His friend has heard him in silence; then he replies, in effect, though at somewhat greater length: "You said you were not asking my advice, but I am going to give it. Go home and tell your wife what you have told me. For the fact is that, although you don't know it, you are really in love with your wife now, even if you were not when you married her."

The above three abstracts will suffice to give the general flavour of these stories, which the occasional discerning reader will welcome as a delightful and unexpected treat. They are written with real artistry, a true perception of literary values, and just enough of a lightly veiled satire to give the essential touch of piquancy.

"DR. SYN"

Dr. Syn, by Russell Thorndyke, is a tale of wild adventure and villainy, told with such cheerful and engaging impudence as, in a measure, to disarm criticism. The period of the tale is "in the days of George Third, with Trafalgar still unfought"; the scene is a fishing village on the Kentish coast, rejoicing in the name of Dimchurch-Under-the-Wall, and the chief actors are the village squire, the minister, the sexton and undertaker, the hostess of the village inn, and a fine assortment of king's officers, smugglers, members of the press gang, and other typical figures of those disorderly and hazardous times. Considered as a type, the story is not badly done, and the class of readers who like the type will undoubtedly derive satisfaction from this example of it. But we cannot disregard the fact that there is a suggestion of gargoyle ugliness about the majority of the personages in the story; one feels that no artist, other than a Hogarth or some one of the mighty caricaturists of his period, could, if called upon to illustrate the story, quite live up to the requirements. And the happenings of the story are so fantastic. The discovery that the pious minister is the once terrible buccaneer and cutthroat, and that the meek little undertaker, perpetually measuring friends and foes indiscriminately for their coffins, is the ringleader and master mind of a vast smuggling enterprise, is somehow all too grotesque and unbelievable to be greatly entertaining. But the present reviewer frankly admits that his quarrel is with the type and not with the individual book. As far as the latter goes, the author has, in professional phraseology, done a good job.

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"THE ROSE GARDEN HUSBAND"

The Rose Garden Husband, by Margaret Widdemer, is not merely a rather tender and appealing little love story, but it strikes a deeper note in showing how an exaggerated sense of mother-love and a mother's duties may result in more harm than good. Allan Harrington is a cripple, as the result of an automobile accident, in which he and his affianced bride were pinned beneath the wreckage, and he, in his helplessness, was forced to see her die in agony. Since then he has suffered from some obscure spinal trouble, aggravated by his own loss of interest in life. His heart-broken mother has made herself his slave. Instead of trying to arouse him, to interest him, to stimulate him to make some effort, she has, in her over-anxiety, anticipated his every wish, guarded him from the least excitement, reduced him, so far as she could, to a state of absolute pacivity. And suddenly she realises that the ordeal has been too much for her. It has sapped her strength, and she is dying. Worse than that, she is leaving him to the mercy of hired servants. A devoted friend suggests a remedy. There is a charming girl attached to the local library staff, who has recently been promoted from the cataloguing department to a position known as that of library teacher. She has a rare sweetness of manner and infinite patience; she can hold a group of turbulent children spell-bound while she tells them endless fairy tales and legends. And this rare gem of a girl, whom nobody in the library ever called by her real name of Phyllis Narcissa, deserved a better fate, for the necessity of facing the world and fighting for a living had been thrust upon her suddenly. These are the facts that lead Mrs. Harrington to send for the girl and make her an astounding proposition. Here, on the one hand, was a helpless cripple about to be left alone and needing imperatively a nurse and guardian; incidentally, he would have great wealth. On the other hand, Phyllis Narcissa was poor and burdened with duties that day by day became more irksome. Would she consent to the empty formality of a marriage ceremony and accept a responsibility which, the doctors said, could not possibly last more than a few years? Phyllis hesitates; then she voices the one clamourous desire of her narrow, grey and hopeless life. "Could I have a rose garden?" she asks, and that really settles the matter. And because Phyllis is unexpectedly very happy, happy beyond her wildest dreams, she is filled with gratitude toward the poor crippled boy who has been the source of her release from the old drudgery. And because she is young and strong and eminently sane, her instinct teaches her a wiser course than any of the high-priced doctors have discovered, and eventually love brings about a miracle of cure, which is the one touch needed to round out satisfactorily a volume which possesses a somewhat rare appeal.

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SEVEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON'S "ANGELA'S BUSINESS"*

TO THE cautious conservative who may be found among Mr. Harrison's many readers *Angela's Business* will come as a distinct shock. Gaining their attention at the start, they will settle back complacently watching, with approving nods, this gentle satirist's well-deserved castigation of the many exaggerations in type which fringe the so-called woman movement. Even Charles Garrott himself, the hero, if such he may be called, uses the phrases of "freedom" with little understanding of what they mean. He, too, thinks he is a "modern," and that he understands woman. In fact, he is writing a book about them with all the authority born of egotism and ignorance. Some one has said—it must have been a Frenchman—that a man judges all women by the woman he knows best; so it is not surprising, then, that Charles should somewhat change his views when he meets Angela. Angela, in fact, seems quite the proper person for an ideal heroine. She is a "womanly woman," and she likes Charles. Indeed, it is not unnatural that she should also somewhat alter his feelings, and that his imagination should be touched, for Mary Wing, his friend, is too self-reliant and independent to flatter his male egotism. But soon the reader—and Charles—discover Angela's business, which is nothing less than getting a husband. And here Mr. Harrison will offend the conventionally minded who have statically anchored woman in her "place"; for Angela is soon revealed in all the triteness of her type. And, incidentally, Charles balks in time to escape the capture, which is left for a subsequent male more fundamentally on Angela's plane of evolution. During this development of his own evolution Charles achieves an understanding of himself, only to discover that, after all, a very modern woman like Mary may be a "womanly woman," too. And, as Mr. Harrison admits, an old-fashioned romance results, written from a new-fashioned point of view. Such is the general scheme of this book, which in many ways is the most delightful and penetrating revelation of woman in her transitional period that the present writer has encountered.

In spite of a casual cynicism which creeps into his style and a lightness of touch which ever lends it grace and spontaneity, Mr. Harrison has plumbed to depths in his analyses of character which places this book upon a higher level than its predecessors. His mood is interpretative, and he is essentially concerned throughout with the business of explaining away misconceptions and tearing off the labels by showing they are often placed upon the wrong bottles. Angela, for example, is, in the easy vocabulary of the usual male, the ideal type of what woman should be. She is the "home-maker," with one mission in life: of expressing that life only in and through some man. Yet, as a type she is too often merely the result of a momentum—the carrying on of a tradition, without any conscious preparedness for home-making, except in the preliminary sex attractions which will ensure her the necessary male or husband-to-be. One of the most tellingly written scenes in the novel occurs when Charles is broken from his spell by really seeing what Angela's home really is. In one flash he sees her mother—the logical end of Angela's potentials. And accidentally he overhears the mother's retort to her husband: "I'm your wife, and the mother of your children." Charles, ever bent on his quest

*Angela's Business. By Henry Sydnor Harrison. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company.

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for understanding, perhaps voices the author's own deductions:

Being womanly implied the possession of certain home-making virtues, present and to come; hence it was assumed, and she inevitably and naïvely assumed that she possessed these virtues. . . . It was no longer conceivable to him that she who in a quarter of a century had developed no human interests, tastes, resources at all, should all at once blossom marvellously into the responsible and "justified" matron. No, for him, Angela at forty, having "let herself go," now that nothing more was expected of her, sat forever in a room that she had not swept, plaintively reminding a fatigued husband of the priceless gift of self. . . . Romantic males, with their poor opinion of the worth of woman, might hope for true domesticity, true maternity; but in their hearts they had thought all along, with a wink, that "possession" was enough. It was "what a woman was for." . . . What a shame, what a staggering waste of rich human potentiality, to classify and file away one-half the world as only "marital rights." . . . Didn't it lay up needless future misery to go on deceiving helpless women into putting a preposterous overvaluation upon the mere possession of their sex? Wasn't it a colossal libel on all womanhood to accept the strut and mannerisms born of this deception as the true essentials of "womanliness"? . . . Why, womanliness was a prime human quality, integrally necessary to the work of the world—a great, positive quality, not a little, passive one, productive, not sterile, of the spirit, not of the body. . . . Womanliness had no more to do with the bright plumage of the mating season than a waxed mustache had to do with being a soldier. . . . There was a time when the fact of womanhood had implied substantialities, when being a wife meant also being a domestic factory superintendent, not to mention being a continuous mother. That time had gone forever. Inexorable economics had dried the heart from the old tradition; and in the sudden vacuum thus created there moved and thrived anomalous little creatures, who never knew that they had lost all touch with reality. Untroubled by a rumour of change, Angela held contentedly to the remnant, a low ideal of herself. But it was not so with her finer sisters.

Mary is, of course, one of the "finer sisters." As seen at first through Charles's eyes, she possesses that quality which offends many men: an apparent aggressive independence, which is really only self-reliance. She is a school teacher, free enough to challenge public opinion because of her championship of a friend who has violated a sex convention. When she loses her position as a result of this, Charles feels further resentment, because he "cannot help her." Even though he recognises a spirit in her as intrepid as his, a capacity to stand upon her own feet without the usual calisthenics of the clinging-vine variety, and a great willingness to sacrifice a great ambition, without sentimentalising it, for the sake of her "home," it is not till he senses her innate womanhood that his imagination is fired with the revelation of his own love for her. Very subtly, in fact, has Mr. Harrison unfolded this woman to his hero, showing her at heart also capable of responding to a primitive call without losing the essential dignity of her womanliness. And in the interplay of Mary and Charles Mr. Harrison has reflected the higher possibilities of a human relationship, which dictates that until the evolved man meets the evolved woman in understanding and companionship there cannot be completion for either.

Quite aside from the thought in this book, its technical treatment commands a word. Readers of the author's earlier volumes have resented quite justly the circumlocutions and almost studied self-conscious obscurities of style. *Angela's Business* contains no such defects. Structurally, too, it is an advance, for its artistry compels admiration. One gains a sense that the novel the reader holds in his hand may be the novel which Charles is to write, for the development of Charles in relation to the two women is the theme of that novel to be. It is,

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as he says, "progressive revelation." This artistry, coupled with its deep and clear vision of what is happening in the minds of women everywhere at present, makes this one of the notable novels of the new year. And aside from all this, it is highly readable and amusing. So perhaps the cautious conservative may be won over in spite of himself.

George Middleton.

II

Joseph Conrad's "Victory"*

Inertia, mental and physical, which has so often been the theme of Mr. Conrad's books, holds him to its portrayal again in this latest volume from his pen. But with a difference. In his earlier novels the inertia of the chief protagonist sprang from some fatal defect in his character, or was the laming result of some incident in his career which could not be lived down. It was involuntary, his life was passed in the struggle against the coils wrapping him round and preventing him from doing a man's work in a man's world.

The inertia of Axel Heyst, whose story is told in *Victory,* is voluntary and assumed. His struggle is not to overcome but to maintain it, and it is life that wins the victory and forces him into action. With all the pitiless insight with which he has painted for us men who would embrace life in its fulness and cannot, Mr. Conrad has drawn this portrait of a man who chose to drift, to be merely an onlooker, and who yet found life too much for him, its demands too insistent to be denied. Incidentally, in the doing of it, he has written a book of wonderful tensity and fascination.

Axel Heyst was the son of an expatriate Swedish nobleman and cynic, who, after having tasted life from many sides, resolved to renounce action and to become a critic and onlooker. The virus of his bitterness ate into the soul of his young son, and drove him forth when orphaned, to become a voluntary wanderer over the face of the earth.

> Heyst was not conscious of friends or of enemies. It was the very essence of his life to be a solitary achievement, accomplished not by hermit-like withdrawal, with its silence and immobility, but by a system of restless wandering, by the detachment of an impermanent dweller amongst changing scenes. In this scheme he had perceived the means of passing through life without suffering, and almost without a single care in the world . . . invulnerable because elusive.

But no man can escape suffering, and no man can escape action and its consequences, while he lives here upon earth.

Heyst had chosen the islands of the South Pacific as the best place to drift through the days. Action did not seem as necessary here as elsewhere. He drifts about the islands, an enigma at first, then soon becoming a sort of "village fool." No one understood him, and, therefore, no one liked him very much. But his unfailing politeness prevented any one from actively disliking him, except Schomberg, a German hotelkeeper, whose undying hatred Heyst had somehow unconsciously incurred, . . . and which he fanned to flame by one of the few deliberate actions of his life. For each time that Heyst was drawn into an active participation in the affairs of the world, each time even that he followed some dim kindly impulse and broke his rule of onlooking to intervene in the fate of some one, . . . it brought trouble, care and suffering to him. And each time the good action, distorted in its meaning and effect by Schomberg's virulent tongue, becomes an evil thing, the shadow of which pursues and persecutes him.

In a moment of casual kindness he helps an English trading captain out of a bad financial hole. The man's abject gratitude bothers Heyst, but he cannot shake it off, and in time it drags him into accepting the position of manager of a bogus coal company, which fails and leaves him sick and sore, stranded on a lonely isle, and more disgusted with the world of action than ever. And when

*Victory. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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the press of financial matters drives him back into one of the seaport towns again, once more he is impelled into action, a mad, wild action this time, born of a kind impulse, but bearing a host of troubles in its train. For the drifters do not pause to consider that all action has consequences.

> Those dreamy spectators of the world's agitation are terrible once the desire to act gets hold of them. They lower their heads and charge a stone wall with an amazing serenity which nothing but an undisciplined imagination can give.

Heyst charged a stone wall with a vengeance. He carried off an English girl, who was a member of an unspeakable "Travelling Ladies' Orchestra," and took her to his island home, Samburan, where with one Chinaman, he lived amid the wreck of the Tropical Belt Coaling Company's establishment. The girl, a waif of the streets, went voluntarily. In fact, she is one of the few women in Conrad's books who act voluntarily. She offered herself to Heyst if he would take her out of her horrible environment. And she is helped by another woman, Schomberg's wife, who seems to all onlookers, including her husband, like a wooden image without one thought or wish of her own.

One scene we are shown of the life of the two on Samburan, an idyl of the love of a girl of the London slums, who knew much of life's seamy side before she had felt its power in her own heart, and this cultivated man, to whom women were a sealed book—for through them "life got hold of one"—and, therefore, he had avoided them. It is a scene as exquisite as anything in the whole range of modern English fiction, and a scene of a sort rare in Joseph Conrad's books, yet written as no one but Joseph Conrad could have written it. Then the catastrophe comes, with the coming of three of the oddest, most mysteriously weird characters Joseph Conrad has yet portrayed. "Mr. Jones," his henchman Ricardo, and their Colombian slave Pedro, "A spectre, a cat, and an ape," as Schomberg calls them, are notable achievements in creation. As, indeed, every character in this story stands out with a completeness that is little like the shadows lingering thick over some of the figures in Mr. Conrad's earlier novels. There is more of action in *Victory* than in most of Conrad's books; the style is more direct, although the weaving back and forth of the plot is ever present. But the fascination that holds the lover of Conrad's work spellbound throughout the pages is here also. And the greater directness of attack may win some friends for this gifted writer who have found him too elusive hitherto.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

III

H. G. Wells's "Bealby"*

Mr. Wells has been teaching us of late years to suspect ulterior purpose in any novel he may write, the desire to voice some conviction, to make his story bring home to his readers some condition or some tendency of the times or some belief of his own in human possibilities. Even his new novel, notwithstanding its comic spirit and its bubbling humour, cannot escape the conjecture that Mr. Wells, all the time that he was writing a delightful, rambling yarn with one part of his brain, with another was administering castigation to his countrymen. Tolerant, good-natured satire, satire of the faults and foibles of human nature in general and of the Englishman in particular, pervades the characterisation. That "certain condescension" of the British make-up, which so many people besides Lowell have noted and have been sometimes amused and sometimes irritated by, if it is susceptible to slender dagger thrusts, ought to get at least a moment of bewilderment from these pages. Mr. Wells has no end of a good time, for instance, and so does his reader, with the characteristic British foibles of his Captain Douglas, a

*Bealby: A Holiday. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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young man, who suffers agonies of apprehension, which dye his blonde skin a vivid pink every few minutes, because of his peculiarly British fear lest some one will suspect him of thinking too well of his achievement or of having a reasonable opinion of his capacity.

Captain Douglas had been brought up to "dress well and unobtrusively, behave well and unobtrusively, carry himself well, play games reasonably well, do nothing else well, and in the best possible form." But in secret, with his door locked, he read "the sort of stuff they read in mechanics' institutes," and did not attempt to control his desire to think about all manner of things. "He knew perfectly well that it wasn't good form, but a vicious attraction drew him on." He was deeply interested in the possibilities of flying—this was before the art of aviation had pricked its shell—but if any one came upon him while he was musing over one of his little models he would clap it into his pocket and "assume the vacuous expression of a well-bred gentleman at leisure."

But whether it is human nature, British nature or individual nature that Mr. Wells is good-naturedly jibing at, one perceives his constant underlying feeling to be that of "with all your faults, I love you still." For him, human nature is the most interesting thing in the world, amusing because of its foibles and inconsistencies, its airs and pretences and shams and follies, but always forgivable and lovable and well worth study and exposition. He may jeer at his fellowman and prick his follies with sharp little arrows of satiric humour, but he does it in such a genial, tolerant spirit and with such endless good humour and amusement that the reader is unconsciously swept into something of the same gracious and warm-hearted temper. As is so likely to be the case with Mr. Wells's novels, it is the people who are of the most moment, not the story. The story, indeed, is hardly more than a loosely jointed, haphazard succession of incidents, more jumbled together than arranged in logical, consecutive order.

Its chief concern is with the attempt of a small boy, Arthur Bealby—you pronounce it in three syllables, with the accent on the second—alias Dick Maltravers, to escape from that station in life to which heredity and environment had doomed him. He does not wish to be a steward's boy at the big country house where his stepfather is head gardener. So, after some rebellious actions, resulting in the extreme annoyance and disgruntledness of the Lord Chancellor, a week-end guest, he runs away, thereby much upsetting the entire household, which concludes that he must have immured himself and become lost in the secret passages of the house, where he is doubtless in danger of death by starvation. Instead, he is scudding across country, where he presently falls in with a party of ladies enjoying a caravan trip, and for a few delicious days he is camp-follower and assistant. Disaster impending, he once more cuts for the open, and is picked up by a tramp, undergoing thereby many terrors and curious and exciting episodes that are not without entertainment for a boy in his early teens and are highly entertaining for the reader. But a bewildering and sometimes malevolent world is finally too much for his spirit, and it is a humble Bealby who goes back home and promises to be a good steward's boy.

Intertwined with Bealby's fortunes are those of Captain Douglas, who is much in love with one of the ladies of the caravan party, and very much torn between the desire to be with his lady fair and to attend certain interesting army manœuvres in France. The story lumbers along in a rather unwieldy way, sometimes getting ahead of itself and then having to go back and pick up lost threads. And it has an amusing and very lifelike way of allowing people's good intentions to miss their aim and fall flat in utter failure, or else to bring forth some misbegotten imp of misfortune of direful aspect. But, as I said before, it is the people in the story who give it its chief interest and distinction. There is a great crowd of them, of the

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most varied types, and every one—butler, lord chancellor, actress, general, small boy, gardener, captain, tramp—stands out, a vigourous, vivacious creation, individual and interesting, sometimes made more pungent with touches of caricature. The pages fairly twinkle with humourous observations, as wise and true as they are amusing. It is a story that one reads with zest and profit and entertainment. But it must be added that it is written in a deplorably careless and slovenly style. And if Mr. Wells insists upon calling tumblers and noses and other insignificant things "vast," what will he do about it when he wants to describe continents and oceans and the spaces of the universe?

Florence Finch Kelly.

IV

Maurice Hewlett's "A Lovers' Tale"*

One hardly needs to turn over to the "Note" at the end of Mr. Hewlett's new novel to perceive its origin. For it is full of that simple, comprehensive truth to human nature that is always to be found in folk-lore and sagas and all such primitive tales of man—and so rarely anywhere else. For those early bards and story-tellers saw man whole and in his true proportions, because they saw him simply and with his imagination as an integral part of him. The conscientious realist of a more sophisticated age studies his subject with a microscope, and usually fails to bring that elusive, illuminating, potent factor within its focus. The men and women of primitive song and story hold their everlasting appeal, and carry to the complex modern mind the conviction of truth, of human kinship, because they are portrayed with their imaginations inspiring and governing their thoughts, purposes and deeds. Their creators, or celebrators, recognised and applauded in them the divine flame, the commonest and the dearest possession of us all, which the sophisticated modern realist either fails to perceive or refuses to admit.

Imagination has her perfect work in Mr. Hewlett's tale, founded, he tells us, on two English versions of a Norse saga celebrating the love and the deeds of Cormac, the Icelandic poet and Viking, and Stangerd the lovely. He has depended, apparently, upon the old tales for his people and for the incidents of the story, but he has drawn deeply upon his own craft and art to weave them into a more compact, coherent, logical tale; and he has drawn upon his knowledge of human nature to interpret and to relate closely to all life the motives, the characters and the deeds of these long-ago men and women of Iceland in the days of the Vikings.

Cormac was a poet, and the difficulty that beset him was that possession with the mind and the imagination gave him such great joy that it warred with the native desire for physical possession; and the two of them set up such a struggle in his breast that it drove him, all sullen and glowering and bewildered, away from his beloved, and she, in her bridal dress and crown, in vain awaited his coming on what should have been their wedding day. Did not Stevenson's Will o' the Mill, many centuries later, find himself confronted by that same problem? Being primarily a philosopher, he decided in favour of the imagination, and for all the years of his long life possessed his love as he did the stars of heaven and the flowers of the field and the far-spreading view, and was content and happy. And in real life, who shall say how many a lover has hesitated before the altar, perhaps even fled from it, because he was impelled by some power within him to keep hands off his love, pedestalled and veiled in illusion? Have we not read how our own Lincoln in dark mood walked the river bank while his bride-to-be waited for his coming, and the wedding day was postponed?

"Men of Cormac's sort," says Mr. Hewlett, "who joy in the thought

*A Lovers' Tale. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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rather than the deed, and see beauty the better the less they handle it, have flourished in the world at all ages of it—in the days of Paris, who did basely; in the days of Dante, who did sublimely, and in our own, when thinking and doing alike are going out of fashion in favour of talking about one or the other." And then he adds in a footnote that, though it may seem a hard saying, he is "very sure that Paris had more joy in considering Helen's beauty than in consuming it."

But a beauteous maiden in a primitive age may not be left at home to fade and wither because her lover has been bewitched by his poetic imagination—or a spæ-wife. Mr. Hewlett, loyal to the saga, concedes that it may have been the spæ-wife, whose sons Cormac had killed. You may think so if you like, as did Stangerd and her people and Cormac's family, and all the others. But, for himself, he prefers to look upon the spæ-wife as a sort of exterior, concrete personification of the forces at work within Cormac's own heart and mind. A writer of less artistic instinct and skill might very easily have stumbled here in the carrying along, side by side, of these two explanations of conduct. But Mr. Hewlett manages them with ease and deftness, and you accept the spæ-wife as a necessary part of the machinery, while you know quite well that, really, the spiritual forces at work were under the direction of Cormac's own nature. They drive him away to gloom alone, while the father of the lovely Stangerd dickers with Battle-Berse to wed his deserted daughter. Stangerd loves Cormac, and her faith in him is unshaken, but maids must do as they are bid, and so she marries Battle-Berse, and afterward Thorold Tinsmith, who annoys her by the way he brushes his nose with his beard. And finally they have together one comforting, understanding day, walking alone in the woods and along the shore, when Cormac sets forth in his ship, the *Raven,* to viking, and never do they meet again.

Mr. Hewlett has never written a more charming tale than this, with its simplicity, its poetic beauty, its deeds of physical prowess and of cunning, and its graceful. limpid, flowing style.

M. P. Allison.

V

Charles Tenney Jackson's "John the Fool"*

Mr. Jackson's new book is chiefly distinguished by its atmosphere. Selecting a locale which has been little pictured since Mr. Cable's earlier stories, the Louisiana bayoux still have all the romance best suited for a typical adventure story. And Mr. Jackson, whose *The Midlanders* revealed him as a clever craftsman in this type, has not failed to give the reader a vivid sense of this little-known section of our country. The narrow, winding stretches of water, which reach, like long fingers, into the heart of that thinly settled marshland, shark ridden, touching the settlements of a polyglot mixture of the old world and the new, full of moody reflections from the Gulf beyond—these bayoux are, indeed, still full of the romance which made them dear to Lafitte and other pirates, whose *caches* may even yet contain the Spanish doubloons so effectively lifted from passing ships. To an admirable degree this new novel—named after one of the back-waters—retains this atmosphere. With the story, too, which Mr. Jackson has chosen, one need not cavil, since it is, in the main, frank romance, full of exaggerations and frequently incredible. Briefly, it is the record of a man who finds himself, through contact with the forces of nature, a man civilised yet desk-ridden, who sees the need of testing himself, and so selects a hard task, where muscle is to curb character to a fixed intention.

At the start, however, the story threatens to be a study of the woman question now so prevalent and indicating the growth of the movement. The scene in

*John the Fool. By Charles Tenney Jackson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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which Clell discovers he cannot marry a woman because he hasn't enough to support her, though she is making enough to support them both, is an honest transcription of a common masculine attitude, selfish yet understandable in view of our traditional education. But it must be confessed that the author somewhat jars our expectancy by adopting a different method the minute he carries Clell to the bayoux, with the man he hates; for the theme, as intimated, is not carried out. A social study is jerked into a series of adventures. The details need not be recounted; they are fairly typical, and consequently will interest the reader. Some of the characters, though, are unique, and indicate how closely Mr. Jackson has observed the locale, where he has himself spent so much time. Laure, for example, is a vibrant little creature, as moody as the land she so tenaciously clutches when the Northerners try to take it from her; her mixed descent is cleverly suggested by the author—a comment which might be made upon the other natives, whose language, like their blood, contains four or five strains. Mr. Jackson understands the art of projection through dialogue, and this novel, as *My Brother's Keeper,* shows him the possessor of a rare sense of personality.

But in spite of these commendable qualities, admirers of Mr. Jackson cannot but regret that he has not, in his later novels, approached the raw power of his first book, which was an unforgettable fragment of life. *The Day of Souls,* with its minute realism, established him as a writer who was to be reckoned with. The faults in that novel—a mixture of methods in treatment—still cling to him, though, in the study of San Francisco, its very uncouthness suited the subject and environment he had chosen. He has gained in art, and it is hoped that some day he may be tempted by a theme which will entice him into realities. Meantime as a writer of romance he is worthy of consideration.

Griffin Mace.

VI

Harry Leon Wilson's "Ruggles of Red Gap"*

It is a far cry from mediæval Sicily to the town of Red Gap in the State of Washington, but a remote progenitor of Mr. Wilson's tale is the poem, which begins with the lines,

> King Robert of Sicily, brother of Urbaine
> And Valmond, Emperor of Almain,

and goes on to tell of the displacing of the mighty and the exaltation of the humble. A much nearer ancestor of Ruggles, and one who will more immediately suggest himself, is J. M. Barrie's the Admirable Crichton, and, like Mr. Barrie, Mr. Wilson had the wisdom to marry his hero in the end to a person of his own station in life. Although *Ruggles of Red Gap* seems to drag somewhat in the last one hundred and fifty pages, there is no questioning the humour and spirit of the narrative. Ruggles himself is frankly caricature, but delightful caricature. He is as much an invention of the imagination as Jeames de la Pluche of Berkeley Square. But if he really never existed, the reader feels somehow that he ought to have existed. An immaculate, far-seeing "gentleman's man," with all the amused disdain for anything foreign that is a characteristic of the British servant of the upper classes, he appears on the scene in personal charge of his master, the Honourable George, the younger brother of the Earl of Brinsmead. But the Honourable George possesses neither wisdom nor discretion, and as the result of a game of "drawing poker," in which the Honourable George needed only one more eight, "only one bally little eight," Ruggles becomes the property of an American family, and the companion and social sponsor of a strange creature from the Far West, spoken of as "Cousin Egbert." The transition is a terrible shock,

*Ruggles of Red Gap. By Harry Leon Wilson. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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but *noblesse oblige,* and Ruggles feels that to have failed to carry out his part in the payment of the debt of honour would not have been cricket. There is a wild night in Paris, when Ruggles falls a victim to the ingenuity of "Cousin Egbert" and another curious product of the Western prairies, after which Ruggles, resigned to his fate, starts out on the journey over seas that is to carry him to the perilous shores of the great North American continent. Just as in Paris, the Place de la Concorde, the Rue de la Paix, the Gare St. Lazare and the Bois de Boulogne were, as he expressed it, "their Trafalgar Square, their Bond Street, their Charing Cross Station and their Hyde Park," so, in New York or in Red Gap, Ruggles invariably draws upon the London that he has left behind him in order that his story may be intelligible to civilised beings. After a brief stay in an Adirondack camp, where the Englishman finds rich opportunities for a study of the American pioneer battling with the dangers and mysteries of the primeval forests, the action shifts to the town of Red Gap. There, through a misconception on the part of the editor of the local paper, and the breezy familiarity of the irresponsible "Cousin Egbert," which leads him to address his "gentleman's man" as "Colonel" or "Bill," Ruggles is introduced to local society as Colonel Marmaduke Ruggles of the British Army, and in that guise soon becomes the town's social arbiter. How the Honourable George finds his way to Red Gap, likes its democracy and falls a victim to the wiles of a charming lady of Bohemian tendencies, upon whom social Red Gap frowns; how Ruggles, for the purpose of preventing the impending catastrophe, brings the Earl of Brinsmead upon the scene, only to have the earl himself fall a too willing victim to the fate from which he had planned to extricate his younger brother; how Ruggles learns the lessons of the Declaration of Independence; how—but beyond mere indication these are points with which the reviewer has nothing to do. As Ruggles said as an English "gentleman's servant," as he said again as a citizen of the great American Republic and as one of the prominent business men of Red Gap, "It is not done."

R. A. Whay.

VII

"Here's to the Day"*

Exceedingly awkward character drawing and some fine martial scenes are the main impressions that the reader is likely to take from *Here's to the Day,* a story describing the sweep of the German hosts through the Duchy of Luxemburg, and their subsequent rush across northern France until they were flung back at the battle of the Marne. There is as hero a rather ridiculous American physician and sportsman, his chauffeur, an imitation of Chimmie Fadden gone very far wrong; a nebulous heroine, an American diplomat, who speaks of his house as being the United States "Embassy" to Luxemburg; an intrepid French aviator, who bestows indiscriminate kisses after the fashion of the caricature of, oh, so long ago; and as arch villain a Prussian colonel, with the blood of the Hohenzollerns in his veins, who in one moment gives expression to aspirations of world dominion with the academic precision of a Treitschke and in the next is quite likely to sum up the same sentiments in some such burst of New Yorkese slang as, "Some day; take it from me." But if the personages of the tale grate in their inconsistencies, the action of the tale moves along with all the swiftness and variety of incident that we have come to expect in narratives of this kind. There are night rides through the stricken country in high-powered motor cars, and a thrilling air flight, in which the aviator Etienne Martin endeavours to take the heroine from the clutches of von Hollman and his henchman von Graf to safety behind

*Here's to the Day. By Charles Agnew MacLean and Frank Blighton. New York: George H. Doran Company.

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the French lines. Particularly vigorous is the chapter in which is described with infinite detail the work of the German heavy artillery in action. There the authors seem to be on firm ground. But if the apparent technical knowledge and excellent descriptive ability are recognised for themselves, they serve also to bring out in sharper contrast a kind of workmanship that smacks distinctly of the amateur.

John Porrock.

FROM THE WAR-TIME BOOK-SHELF*

BY PHILIP TILLINGHAST

THERE is no exaggeration in the statement that the volumes bearing more or less directly upon the present war which have been issued since the beginning of the year may be literally measured in yards of book-shelf. They treat the conflict from a wide range of angles; they are coloured by as many different moods and prejudices as there are writers; yet the net impression left by a careful survey of them is a sense of their futility—events have moved so fast and so far since the 28th of last July that nine out of ten of these volumes are antiquated already, interesting enough in retrospect, source-books perhaps for the future historian, but far less interesting to-day, while the history of the war is still in the making, than the nearest bulletin board.

A moment's thought, a brief classification and analysis of these war-books will make it clear that they could not be otherwise than out of date. Unlike newspapers, books cannot be written and published over night. Most of the volumes now before us were finished in the early days of November, a few of them before the first German drive toward Paris had been checked. The question of "Who was to blame?", the violation of Belgium's neutrality, the withdrawal of the French Government to Bordeaux, were then uppermost in the public mind. England's starvation policy and Germany's ruthless submarine warfare on all shipping, hostile and neutral alike, had not even been dreamed of; American ships had not been sunk, nor American lives destroyed. Obviously, the American point of view has shifted, and what would have interested us keenly four or five months ago is now as stale as an old newspaper.

In spite of their great apparent variety, these war-books really group themselves under three general heads, according as the physical, mental or moral aspect of the war is paramount. There are just three ways of looking at any great drama, whether in fiction or in real life: first, that of the general public, held mainly by the narrative interest; secondly, that of the critical expert, engrossed by the problems of technique, and, thirdly, that of the moralist, who looks behind the drama itself and asks what great ethical lesson is being taught. The first of these three classes comprises the people who flock eagerly to see the latest motion pictures of the mobilisation of troops, the train-loads of the wounded, the devastation of Dixmude; the second class devours the *White Book,* the *Blue*

*Fighting in Flanders. By E. Alexander Powell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

How Belgium Saved Europe. By Dr. Charles Sarolea. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

The World War. By Elbert Francis Baldwin. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Great War. By Frank H. Simmons. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

The Diplomatic History of the War. By M. P. Price. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Evidence in the Case. By James M. Beck. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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Book, the *Orange Book,* revelling in an orgy of red tape, seeing the whole stupendous struggle in terms of a giant game of chess, with all diplomatic Europe as a chess-board; the third class looks behind and beyond the Machiavellian fictions of diplomacy and the vanities and jealousies of states, and asks what the struggle means for the world at large, and what is to be the ultimate profit and loss for humanity as a whole. Now, it is fairly obvious that the war-books written from the first standpoint are the ones most likely to retain their interest; they deal with specific, material facts, things that the writer has seen with his own eyes; and even though much of the matter dealt with is already familiar through the newspapers, these volumes have the additional appeal of the personal equation. The second group, the official pamphlets and the host of special pleadings based upon them, have already sadly palled. It was natural enough that in the countries directly involved they should have been a matter of vital concern; for civic pride made every Frenchman, Britisher and Belgian, every German, Austrian and Slav, anxious to know his government's side of the case, and to feel that he was to shed his blood for a righteous cause. America, looking on more sanely from the vantage-ground of distance, did not even in the first white heat take the rainbow budget of official pamphlets with anything approaching the portentous seriousness of Europe. Half a century ago, we had our own problem to solve, that of slavery; and one way or another, it was bound to be solved, even though Charleston had not fired the first shot. So in Europe last July conditions had ripened to the bursting point; and all the hectic interchange of ultimatums which preceded mobilisation merely hastened, so the average American sees it, the inevitable conflict between the British and the Teutonic ideals of civilisation, between militarism and democratic liberty. And no amount of discrepancies in official publications could do away with the deep-rooted conviction that the big game was to be opened, so to speak, with the Kaiser's gambit. Some day in the coming years, when government archives have yielded up their secrets, and Italy has supplied important missing details, the future historian of the present world war may disentangle the maze of contradictions and ferret out the truth. But to-day, sickened with the horror of a struggle that has already involved the appalling loss of six million men, we are hardly in the mood for official quibblings, or for special pleadings based on incomplete testimony and written even before the French *Yellow Book* was issued. And lastly, the third division, that of the moralising and prophetic books, is even more untimely than the others. The consequences of the war, both to the countries involved and to the outside world, are still upon the knees of the gods, and all predictions and arguments must be mainly guess-work. Predictions to-day may be refuted to-morrow; predictions made last November have many of them already been reduced to an absurdity.

Fighting in Flanders, by E. Alexander Powell, is a volume to be heartily commended. Mr. Powell is a war correspondent of surprising resourcefulness and dauntless determination; and it is because of these qualities that he has been able to give us first-hand descriptions of the destruction of Louvain, Aerschot and Termonde, the bombardment of Antwerp, and other important incidents in the devastation of unhappy Belgium How Mr. Powell outwitted sentries and commanding officers, and came and went through hostile lines, is by no means the

The Real Truth About Germany. By Douglas Sladen. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Germany's War Mania. A Collection of Speeches and Writings by the German Emperor and Others. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

German World Policies. By Paul Rohrbach. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Austria-Hungary and the War. By Ernest Ludwig. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company.

France Herself Again. By Ernest Dimnet. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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least interesting element in a volume which sounds at times as fantastically impossible as a Soldier of Fortune novel.

How Belgium Saved Europe, by Dr. Charles Sarolea, is an eloquent and stirring history of Belgium's part in the present war, her heroic sacrifice in the fulfilment of an ideal, her splendid martyrdom. Dr. Sarolea writes with commendable self-restraint, without invective or recrimination, content to let the simple facts speak for themselves; and the result is a volume which cannot be read without a sudden thrill, a quickening of the heart-beat, a glow of enthusiasm for that gallant, loyal little kingdom that has suffered such hideous wrong.

The World War, by Elbert Francis Baldwin, written largely within the territory of the combatants, for the initial chapter is dated "Bad Nauheim, July 28th," and the closing one, "On Board S.S. *Cedric,* October 30th," is a book of somewhat bigger calibre than a casual glance would suggest. One expects to find a summary of events as seen by an eye-witness. One finds, instead, a series of thoughtful deductions of the attitudes of the several peoples, whom the author studied at first hand; the attitudes of the clergy, the business men, the lower classes, as revealed by undercurrents of talk caught in the street, in cafés, here and there at random. Merely tentative Mr. Baldwin's conclusions must be, written in those early days of the struggle, and in the absence of much documentary evidence since made public. But it cannot fail to stimulate thought, coming as it does from a man who seems to enjoy in almost equal proportions the opportunity of watching the stirring spectacle of excited throngs and marching troops, of studying the intricate game of diplomacy, and of moralising over the abstract rights and wrongs involved.

The Great War, by Frank H. Simonds, is a comprehensive summary of events from the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand up to the date of October 10, 1914. It is clear, concise and impartial, is well equipped with maps and diagrams of the principal battles, and altogether forms a useful little book of reference for the first phase of the war.

The Diplomatic History of the War, by M. P. Price, may be recommended as a "first aid" to students of the present conflict who are still floundering in the maze of diplomatic red tape. Here, between the same covers, we have reprints of most of the official documents, the German *Denkschrift,* the Russian *Orange Book,* and so forth, numerous parliamentary speeches and newspaper articles pertaining to the crisis, and other documentary evidence not readily accessible. But the chief interest centres in the editor's own contribution, in the shape of a "Diary of Negotiations," consisting of a day-by-day summary of the incidents of the week preceding hostilities, and based upon the details given in the British *White Book,* supplemented by such additional details as could be gleaned from the official pamphlets issued by the other powers. Mr. Price's attitude is consistently impartial; and what seems to impress him most strongly is the similarity of the utterances of public men in all the countries embroiled, the sovereigns, the diplomatists, the clergy, the editors, all insisting that the war was in self-defence, all praying to the Deity to bless their arms, and declaring it to be a Holy War; and he concludes with the incisive comment, "With such irony as this the history of the last few days of peace is filled!"

In sharp contrast to the foregoing conservative volume is *The Evidence in the Case,* by James M. Beck, late assistant attorney-general of the United States.

America and the World War. By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The War in Europe. By Albert Bushnell Hart. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Who is Responsible? By Cloudesley Brereton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Cavalry. By Friedrich von Bernhardi. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Britain as Germany's Vassal. By Friedrich von Bernhardi. New York: George H. Doran Company.

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No squeamish hesitancy as to the obligations of neutrality prevents Mr. Beck from voicing his views with a refreshing vigour. The military caste, headed by the Kaiser and the Crown Prince, are held by him directly accountable for this "great calamity," and the very secrecy with which he accuses them of having plotted "strongly suggests that this detestable war is not merely a crime against civilisation, *but also against the deceived and misled German people.*" The author's fervent indignation and fearless outspokenness make pleasant reading for those who share his views, but he lacks that juridical calm essential to a convincing legal brief.

The Real Truth About Germany, by Douglas Sladen, takes as its text a pamphlet prepared in Germany for circulation in the United States, and described in England as the "Secret White Paper." The full text of this pamphlet is reprinted, each separate paragraph of it being followed by Mr. Sladen's pungent comments, printed in heavy-faced type, in order to avoid confusion between the German claims and Mr. Sladen's answers. The effect upon the reader is that of assisting at a fencing match, wherein one of the combatants is armed with an unwieldy broadsword and the other with a flexible and nimble rapier. At one moment Mr. Sladen is deftly parrying an unwelcome truth, and at the next he is relentlessly nailing a clumsy lie. It must be admitted that he does not always carry conviction, that his answers are occasionally mere verbal quibbles, and sometimes flat, unsupported contradictions. Yet, taken all in all, the book is one that cannot fail to give satisfaction to the reader whose sympathies are with the Allies and who has not yet had a surfeit of diplomatic controversy.

Germany's War Mania is a collection of speeches and writings by the German Emperor, the Crown Prince and various generals and university professors. If you have any friend whose sympathies are with the Teutons, who clings to the old idea of Germany as the mother of arts and letters, the Germany of Goethe and Schiller and Lessing, of Beethoven and Wagner, do not stop to argue with him, but hand him, instead, this little book. For here we have the undeniable utterances of the men who mould Germany's policy, and taken together they form, as the compiler well says, a grim "Gospel of Blood and Iron."

German World Policies, by Paul Rohrbach, is not, strictly speaking, a war-book, for it was first published in 1912. But its present translation into English is timely, since it makes accessible to the American people as a whole a work which its translator, Dr. Edmund von Mach, claims to have been a greater inspiration to the Germans than any other book published since 1871. Its theme, in briefest form, is the "German Idea," which Dr. Rohrbach defines as "the ideal force of Germanism as a formative power in relation to the present and future happenings of the world"; and this German Idea, he tells us, can live and increase only if the population and prosperity of Germany and the number and size of her world interests continue to increase. But Germany's fate is England. The whole question, in this author's opinion, is whether the Anglo Saxon type is destined to gain the sole dominion in those parts of the world where things are still in the process of development, or whether there will be sufficient scope for the German Idea to have its share. The issue is quite clearly stated, and seems now almost prophetic, for, as most of us see and understand the present struggle, it is precisely this issue that is being fought out.

It is not unusual to hear otherwise

The German Spy System from Within. By Ex-intelligence Officer. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The British Navy from Within. By Ex-Royal Navy. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Russian Army from Within. By W. Barnes Steveni. New York: George H. Doran Company.

France and the Next War. By Commandant J. Colin. New York: George H. Doran Company.

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well-informed people, who have fairly saturated themselves with the details of the French and German and English attitude in the war, confess that the relation of Austria to the Balkan States represents a chaos in which they grope helplessly. They probably would find an answer to their perplexities in Ernest Ludwig's little volume, *Austria-Hungary and the War,* which is issued with a prefatory endorsement by Dr. Dumba, the Austria-Hungarian ambassador to the United States. It is a useful little storehouse of facts and dates not otherwise readily obtainable,—such, for example, as the testimony taken at the Serajevo trial, which convinced the Austrian Government that the Crown Prince and his consort were assassinated with the foreknowledge and complicity of Servia. Mr. Ludwig obviously intends to be impartial, but occasional intemperate remarks, as, for example, when he stormily takes issue with certain comments by Mr. Arnold Bennett, would indicate that he is lacking in that valuable asset, self-restraint.

A sterling work and one of the few yet born of this stormy period that gives evidence of enduring value is *France Herself Again,* by Ernest Dimnet. As the author is careful to point out, the work was written in English for the English-speaking public, and with constant attention to the English point of view. Its purpose is to investigate the transformation of the public spirit which has been visible in France since the beginning of the twentieth century, to contrast the deterioration of France under the Second Empire, a process that continued under the Second Empire down to 1905, with what the author calls "the return to the light," dating from the Tangier affair, which came like an awakening "flash of lightning." The closing chapters of the book, written while the author's ears "were still full of the booming of cannon," deals specifically with the consequences of the present war, and asks, among other questions, "what are the effects of a revived war-like spirit likely to be on the French nation?" and "what is the relation between the new France and her government?" The author writes with an earnestness, a conviction, and a sincerity of purpose that are unmistakable, and his fine discrimination and subtle sympathies make the reading of this volume a long-remembered pleasure.

Of all the volumes which have attempted to theorise in the early months of the conflict over its final consequences to the belligerents, the neutrals, and the United States in particular, the sanest, the most vigourous, and most worthy of respectful heed is *America and the World War,* by Theodore Roosevelt. There is a healthy outspokenness about these pages that makes one shake off the memory of the average timid utterance like the influence of a bad dream. "To violate neutrality treaties, as Germany has done in the case of Belgium," says Colonel Roosevelt, "is a dreadful wrong. It represents the greatest kind of international wrongdoing. But it is really not quite so contemptible; it does not show such short-sighted and timid inefficiency, and, above all, such selfish indifference to the cause of permanent and righteous peace, as has been shown us by the United States (thanks to President Wilson and Secretary Bryan) in refusing to fulfil our solemn obligations." The duty of self-defence, Colonel Roosevelt urges, is one of the highest of a nation's duties; thorough preparedness for war he sanely regards as the strongest bulwark of peace; in the case of the United States, owing to her geographical position, a strong navy is the greatest possible peacemaker, and our present lack of preparation seems to him little less than suicidal. The great lesson of the European cataclysm is that only the nation whose defences are ready may dare to feel safe.

A similar note is struck by Albert Bushnell Hart in *The War in Europe.* In the chapter devoted to the "effect on the United States" he admits, frankly, that "the United States and all other powers must take notice that their neutrality in great world wars is dependent

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upon their ability to protect themselves," since "the rights of war are now defined, not so much by international war, or by previous treaties, as by the extent to which a great and victorious power deems it desirable to push its physical powers." Dr. Hart has a long-established reputation as a trained student of history, and his new volume, although finished in the early days of October, when even the first phase of the war hung in the balance, is full of interesting suggestion. But compared with Theodore Roosevelt's *America and the World War,* it is as tame and bloodless as dishwater. Dr. Hart goes at his subject with the unemotional precision of a hospital surgeon, and it is difficult to find anywhere in his volume a word or phrase that would give a clue to the real sympathies which must be lurking behind his mask of neutrality.

The little pamphlet entitled *Who Is Responsible?,* by Cloudesley Brereton, is vigourous enough in tone to satisfy the keenest partisan of the Allies. Its avowed purpose is "to trace out how the Prussian tradition, starting with Frederick the Great, has succeeded in corrupting the German of to-day"; and while the author attempts to give due credit to the German policy of increasing the nation's efficiency, he has no hesitation in holding up the present Kaiser as "the Nero in vanity, if not in cruelty, of the twentieth century."

Two volumes by Friedrich von Bernhardi have recently been made accessible in English, namely, *Cavalry* and *Britain as Germany's Vassal.* The former is announced as the final and standard book on the use of cavalry, adopted by every army in the world for use in its military schools; and the present English edition has the added authority of a preface by Sir John French. The latter volume is one that should be read and pondered over in the present crisis by every thoughtful American, whether a neutral or a partisan at heart, for it embodies the concentrated essence of German militarism, whose creed is summed up in the aphorisms that might is right and that treaties are only scraps of paper.

Side by side with the real war-books have been issued a number of kindred volumes bearing in one way or another upon the side-issues of the conflict, and in many cases bidding fair to outlive those hasty and half-digested summings-up of history still in the making. Within this fourth group belong an interesting collection of monographs, containing some valuable statistics regarding: (1) *The German Spy System from Within,* written by a member of the English secret service; (2) *The British Navy from Within,* by an anonymous author, who admits having gained his knowledge by years of actual service, supplemented with other years of earnest study; (3) *The Russian Army from Within,* by W. Barnes Steveni, whose twenty-five years of residence in Russia as a special correspondent does not make his present volume anything less than a *tour de force,* considering that it was admittedly turned out in less than a fortnight; and (4) *France and the Next War,* by Commandant J. Colin, outlining the French theory in practice of war as based on the details of the Boer, Russian-Japanese and other wars, and used in recent years by all French army officers in their studies in preparation for the long-foreseen struggle that has now come.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL BAG

I

THE appreciation of the poems of W. H Kernan by Harris Dickson in our January issue has brought us a number of letters asking where the poems may be obtained. To Mr. Dickson we are indebted for the following: "Will Hubbard Kernan published only one volume of which I have any knowledge, *The Flaming Meteor,* by Charles H. Kerr and Company, 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago, 1892. It has been long out of print and difficult to get hold of."

II

A correspondent in St. Paul, Minnesota, writes about plots. Here is the letter:

I am very glad that you have established the new department of the "Mail-Bag," as it gives me the opportunity for asking for information which would have been too presumptuous to request otherwise.

What are, say, the dozen books most remarkable for perfection of plot? I have read that Coleridge recommended *The Alchemist, Œdipus Tyrannus* and *Tom Jones* as the most nearly perfect in plot of all literature.

Are there not as perfect plots as these in other literatures besides the English?

Perhaps these have been surpassed since Coleridge's day. What is your opinion?

We are going to postpone a full answer to this question until a later issue, when it will appear in the course of a series of papers on the novel, now in preparation. Meanwhile a word about Coleridge's opinion of *Tom Jones.* Fielding's novel, as a plot, may perhaps have been equalled since Coleridge's day, but not surpassed. For it is practically flawless. Has our correspondent, since reading Coleridge's opinion, mentally placed the first chapters of the story beside the last chapters and seen how perfectly all the pieces of the structure fit together; how sweepingly all the mysteries concerning the hero, William Blifil, Squire Alworthy's sister, and poor Jenny Jones are cleared away? Moreover, the plot of *Tom Jones* is exceedingly complex. Incidentally, probably the most complicated of all plots is that of *The Two Orphans.* It was Mr. Brander Matthews, if we are not mistaken, who once estimated that if any one were to write down a description of the plot of *The Two Orphans* he would have to fill a dozen pages.

III

In the Chronicle and Comment for March, in the paragraphs about Mr. Stephen Leacock, we made the mistake of placing McGill University in Toronto. This error has provoked sarcastic comment from a correspondent who signs himself "Constant Reader," but whose style (please page Mr. Whidden Graham) seems strangely familiar. He ends his letter with the following shaft: "It might interest your readers to learn that Princeton University is situated at Ithaca, New York, and that Yale has long been established at Cambridge, Massachusetts."

IV

Here is an interesting letter from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, giving additional suggestions for the indexing of a private library, a subject that was discussed in the Mail Bag for March:

Your suggestions for indexing a private library interested me very much, as I am using exactly the double card system you suggest, and find it very convenient. The classification system I shall add to my present method. I have a library of over 1,500 titles, and I beg to suggest a feature that

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I have found very interesting. For many years I have clipped newspaper and magazine items—notices, obituaries and other matter—regarding authors of the past, and contemporary, and have pasted these, with dates, etc., on the fly-leaves of the books of the authors, or the special book they may refer to, in my collection. For instance, at the anniversary of the Poe centennial a number of very interesting bits of data developed, which I preserved in this way; at the time of "Mark Twain's" death many clippings were gathered, and tabulated in his works. When "Owen Wister" was (not) lost in the Wild West his "obituaries" and his denial that he was dead were pasted in *The Virginians,* etc.; and these all add interest to the book you choose to read from time to time, and afford much pastime for leisure hours in gathering and planning. Autograph letters received from various writers are treated in like manner, all adding value and interest to my collection—and, I think, a better method than the "scrapbook," each item getting in its proper place, and, to a certain extent, adding to or completing the "story."

Much appreciating your new department, as well as the old ones, I beg to subscribe myself.

V

Here is a letter that recently reached the publishers of this magazine for which there is no answer, but which is curiously reminiscent of an old-time story, of which the title was, we think, "The Confessions of a Bashful Man."

I would like to purchase a quantity of artificial books, that is, cardboard frames with gilt edges resembling a book. I have been referred to you by ——— and other book agents as having them. Kindly let me know your estimate of same, or if you have not got them, where I could procure them.

VI

Here is a letter from Westchester, New York:

Is the classic literature declining? Will the trashy, red-light story of to-day eventually hold a dominant sway? Are the story-loving people gradually lessening in a literary taste instead of bettering? Has the talented literary aspirant seeking classic laurels to-day the audience and opportunity of the writers of yesterday? Is it his story that is returned by the editors, and the preference given to some compiled, impossible romance, written by an over-night product of some ten-cent pamphlet of the art? Would Dickens meet with such triumphant success if he was just striving for a literary recognition to-day?

Perhaps there are not so many country gentlemen introducing quotations from Horace into their everyday conversation as there were one hundred years ago. But beyond that there is no reasonable cause for believing in a decline of classic literature. The "red-light" story of to-day, which our correspondent so sweepingly condemns, is not entirely bad. In style, construction and quality it is infinitely better than the corresponding tale written in the days of William Harrison Ainsworth. The literary aspirant of to-day who possesses real talent has greater opportunities than ever before. He has only to adapt himself to existing conditions and write of the life that is about him as he sees it. But the aspirant slavishly and feebly imitating some old model deserves neither encouragement nor success. The men who have produced the world's classics wrote for their times. Dickens, writing to-day, would have about five times as many readers as he had in his lifetime.

VII

We have received a letter from Waxahachie, Texas, by a librarian, who professes a strong admiration for the works of John Trevenna. She refers to a note published in a recent issue of THE BOOKMAN containing the information that "John Trevenna" is only a pseudonym, and wants to know who the writer really is. As a matter of fact, we do not positively know. John Trevenna's American publisher does not know, as his relations have been entirely

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with the English publisher. The English publisher does not know, having dealt with the author through an agent. But this much is known: that before assuming that of John Trevenna, the author had written several books under his own name. We think that a guess that John Trevenna is Ernest George Henhan would be a guess pretty close to the truth.

VIII

A letter from Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

I have read with interest James Lane Allen's "War and Literature," in the February BOOKMAN. He seems to have produced the evidence that war has given rise to a mass of literature. But has the one hundred years of peace just past given rise to no literature that will endure, and including all the arts of peace? "Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war." If you are minded to continue this subject in another number, I think it would be of interest to others besides myself.

You are to be congratulated on approaching your majority. I imagine if you had come into being during the eighteenth century, you would have died aborning.

IX

A lady writes from Selina, Kansas:

Will you please advise me what book to get containing the clearest, most concise criticism of Shakespeare's dramas, and what to get for the best criticism of English writers in general of both poetry and prose? Also tell me what you consider the best book on the art of play-writing.

This letter reminds us of the man who left an order with a bookseller for all the works dealing with Napoleon. In a short time he received a letter informing him that the first consignment was on its way, and that second and third consignments would soon follow. The first consignment consisted of forty thousand volumes. Perhaps not quite so much has been written about Shakespeare and English prose and verse writers, but the question of a choice of an individual book is almost as difficult. Yet we offer the advice that if our correspondent has not read Taine's *History of English Literature,* let her buy it and read it. If she has read it, she will find it worth while to read it again. There are a great number of fairly good books dealing with playwriting. Perhaps Price's *Technique of the Drama* is as well known as any.

X

We have received a letter from Mabel Herbert Urner charging an American magazine and newspaper syndicate with "flagrant faking" of her Helen and Warren Series. The letter is so outspoken and reflects so seriously upon the integrity of the syndicate alleged guilty of wrongdoing that a magazine could not publish it without the most careful investigation of all the facts in the case. But a somewhat similar letter written by Mr. Stewart Edward White may, we think, be published without indiscretion:

THE JUMPING-OFF PLACE,
SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA.

I received word from England of a very barefaced bit of plagiarism by a writer fairly well known. It might be of interest to spread the news among the readers on this side of the Atlantic, simply in order to discourage such piratical practices. In my book *Arizona Nights* I had a story called "The Two-Gun Man." M. P. Shiel published, in the January issue of the *Red Magazine,* under the title "One Man in a Thousand," almost a verbatim copy of my story. I received letters from any number of unknown friends calling my attention to this fact, and asked my agent to take the matter up with the editor of the *Red Magazine.* I received from the editor the following letter: "Dear Sir: In reply to your letter of the sixteenth, I beg to inform you that, naturally, when I accepted the story entitled "One Man in a Thousand" from M. P. Shiel, I bought it on the understanding that it was an original story. Nobody has been more amazed than myself that a writer with the reputation

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which Mr. Shiel holds could have stooped to such a gross and wicked piece of plagiarism. I have been in communication with M. P. Shiel, but, unfortunately, cannot get any satisfactory reply to my letters. I must express my extreme regret that such a thing should have happened, and will communicate with you again immediately I hear from him. Faithfully yours, John R. Scott."

Now, why do you suppose that a man with a fair literary reputation and somewhat of a market should do such a thing, jeopardising his reputation and his chance of selling anything in the future? It is certainly a conundrum.

XI

A lady apparently connected with the New York Public Library writes us a letter, in the course of which she says many pleasant words, but offers the criticism that, in her opinion, we devote entirely too much space to American fiction and the personality of its writers, and not enough to other literature. "It is like," she says, "the 'general' atlases published in the United States, fifty maps of the United States and twenty of all the rest of the world and the heavens above." In almost the same mail there comes another letter, written by a gentleman in Muncie, Indiana, contending that we have been inclined to neglect American authors, and have been giving entirely too much space to English, French, Russian, German and Italian writers. So there you are.

XII

We have had two or three letters recently soliciting comment in a general way on the subject of books brought out entirely or in part at the expense of the author. Is the practice fair? Is it dignified? What was the reason for the reluctance of such a firm of publishers to giving its imprint to a book when the author had volunteered to bear all the expenses of plates, illustration, printing and binding? Is there one rule for one kind of book and another rule for another? Is an author contributing financially to the publication of his own work sacrificing all self-respect? Has there ever been a case of a book, genuinely worth while, where a writer was forced to this method in order to ensure its appearance before the public? Are the publishing houses that exploit and urge publication at the author's expense to be regarded with suspicion? These are some of the questions.

Now in answering them we shall begin by dividing books into two classes—fiction and non-fiction. It is on the successful novel that the average general publishing house counts for its material profits, although a certain number of works of non-fiction are needed to balance the list. Consequently the manuscript of a novel is scrutinised with unusual care and judged by its qualities as a probable money winner. It is very rarely that a good novel does not find a publisher who is willing to bring it out on a royalty basis, bearing himself all the expenses of publication. Of course, there have been the exceptions; for example, Archibald Clavering Gunter's *Mr. Barnes of New York,* which, after being everywhere refused, was issued by the author, and sold more than a million copies. But publishing in the middle eighties of the last century was conducted on a more haphazard and primitive basis. So it may be said that the chances are that if you have the manuscript of a story that no publisher wants to bring out at his own expense, the fault lies with the story, and the best thing to do is to put it aside for a year or two, and begin another story.

But with a volume of biography, of reminiscences, of travel, it may be quite another matter. Perhaps the book is one which the publisher would be glad to add to his list if he could see his way to doing so without positive loss. But he must consider that loss—a loss likely due to the cost of production or to the limitations of probable sale—or he would soon cease to be a publisher. Consequently there is an occasional sharing of expense, the publisher lending his imprint, and the prestige and

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system he has built up. But the author contemplating publication on this basis cannot be too careful in his selection of a publisher. There are parasitic publishers who rely for their profits on the vanity and credulity of authors. Fortunately, these are the exceptions, and the snare should be perfectly obvious to any person of reasonable judgment.

Probably the reluctance of publishing houses of the first rank to undertaking the handling of a book when that book is sound and the author wishes to bear all the cost of plates, paper and binding is the difficulty of adjustment of that part of the business which comes under the vague term of "overhead expense." To illustrate: One of our most dignified houses was approached with a proposition to issue a volume of excellent but quite unsalable verses entirely at the expense of the author, a gentleman of large means. The intermediary happened to be a man who for many years had been connected with the house in an editorial capacity. "If it is a personal favour to you," he was told, "we shall do so. Otherwise, no. We understand perfectly that Mr. Blank is a reasonable man. But the venture would bring upon us an expense that he cannot possibly see. For example, he would be passing a book-store, and would drop in to enquire about his book. He would find two copies, instead of the thirty that he would think should be on sale. Naturally he would come to us, and we should be obliged to explain to him, at the expense of infinite time and trouble, just why he found two instead of thirty. No author is ever quite satisfied that a publisher has done enough for his book, but when the publisher has borne all the cost, inefficiency may be charged, but not intentional neglect. Whereas the author who has paid suspects that we have neglected his book because we had nothing to lose. No. We would rather not."

TO SARAH BERNHARDT

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

We are all sympathy; and yet so long
As you have tongue and lips to woo from speech
Pure gold, the world remains within your reach;
For you are armed with wings of spoken song,
So velvety, so exquisite, so strong,
That their most simple rise and fall impeach
The violin of harshness. You can breach,
Though motionless, the hearts of any throng.

Age cannot claim you, nor the hand of death
Do more than sweep your graces from our sight.
Your voice shall linger in the honied breath
Of summer winds, the surging of the wave,
The sighs of lovers on a silver night.
Yours is a sorcery which cheats the grave!

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SOME SPIES IN FICTION

IT HAS been suggested that since last August Mr. Sherlock Holmes has been at the head of the British system of espionage, and intimated that Dr. John Watson, serving in the medical corps of the army under Sir John French, and made a prisoner after the battle of Mons, was enabled to return safely back to the English lines through the influence of a bespectacled and bewhiskered officer of the German General Staff, who, in a discreet moment, and in very unguttural accents, whispered this cryptic message in the ear of the rather obtuse practitioner: "Steady, Watson, steady, and don't start! Comfortable, thank you, but sadly miss my shag. Meet you ten days hence in our Upper Baker Street diggings." Of course, Holmes has had as able assistants in the service Mr. E. W. Hornung's Raffles, and perhaps even the sinister Professor Moriarty, for abnormal criminal instincts are not entirely inconsistent with sentiments of patriotism, and from his name Moriarty was an Irishman, and when have Irishmen failed England when England has needed them? In the French secret service will certainly be found, among others, Arsène Lupin, Joseph Roulletabille of the *Mystery of the Yellow Room* and *The Perfume of the Lady in Black,* the Invincible Crochard of Mr. Stevenson's *The Boule Cabinet* and *The Destroyer,* and the shades of Gaboriau's Lecoq and Père Tirauclair, and Archibald Clavering Gunter's Maurice de Vernay. For that matter, there is no reason why the last-named should not be much more substantial than a shade, for he was but seven and twenty when, on the eve of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, he met all comers as the Masked Wrestler of Paris, and foiled the scheme of the Alsatian conspirators for the assassination of the Prince Imperial. All of which invites allusion to the spy in fiction, who, from what we have learned in recent months, differs radically from the average secret service in actual life, where the really effective man is the inconspicuous pawn, Herr Müller, the grocer of Soissons, or Herr Strum, the hairdresser of Aldershot.

As a matter of fact, there are very few of the conspicuous martial figures of fiction who have not, at some time or other, practised the game of espionage. Athos, Comte de la Fère, is one of the last heroes to whom the reader would be likely to apply the term spy in an opprobrious sense. But how about his behaviour at the inn near La Rochelle, where, from his place of concealment, he overheard the conversation between Miladi and Cardinal Richelieu which enabled him to send the futile warning to the Duke of Buckingham? How about d'Artagnan, eavesdropping to discover the meaning of the seventeenth-century mousetrap in the house of Bonacieux? Were not all four, Athos, Porthos, Aramis and d'Artagnan, playing the rôles of spy when they joined the forces of Colonel Harrison, conveying King Charles to London, in the hopes of effecting a rescue? What were d'Artagnan, Porthos but spies in the secret passages of Mazarin at Reuil? And, like masters, men; Grimaud, the servant of Athos, was an accomplished spy, the prime factor in the escape of the Duc de Beaufort. Dumas's musketeers have Polish counterparts in the novels of Henryk Sienkiewizc, *Fire and Sword, The Deluge* and *Pan Michael.* At every turn in that trilogy those heroes resort to espionage, and Zagloba is the master spy of them all.

The spy is not conspicuous in the romances of Sir Walter Scott, although in *Ivanhoe* Cedric the Saxon unwillingly played the rôle for a brief moment in making his escape from the castle of Front de Bœuf in the priest's garments conveyed to him by Wamba the Jester.

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Thackeray's *Esmond* boasts a spy of the most approved modern fashion in the person of Father Holt, the agent of a vast secret organisation placed in England for the purpose of bringing about the restoration of the Stuarts; while the plot, toward the end of the same book, engineered by Henry Esmond, and failing because the Prince rode away to Castlewood in pursuit of Beatrix, is accompanied by a vast network of secret planning. The foundations of the scheme were laid in that ingenious cypher letter from Paris which, with the *Roundabout Paper,* "The Notch on the Axe" and the discarded plan for the ending of *Pendennis,* indicated Thackeray's great but undeveloped powers as a novelist after the manner of G. P. R. James.

Reverting again to Conan Doyle, there is, of course, the inimitable Etienne Gerard. The dashing Lieutenant-Colonel of Hussars had scruples, but he did not allow them to interfere with what he conceived to be his duty to his Imperial Master. It was under the robe of a monk that he made his way into Saragossa, and lighted the fuse to the mine that, exploding, made the breach in the walls, enabling the French troops to take the city. Although wearing his own uniform, it was as a spy behind the English lines in Portugal that he participated in the fox hunt of the British officers, and performed a feat of which he himself was immensely proud, but which in England made him the most abhorred of all the officers in the French service. It was in the rôle of a spy that he undertook the adventure that led him to fall into the hands of Manuel the Smiler, and it was as a spy that, at Waterloo, he watched from the attic of a roadside inn the movements of the unexpected Prussians, whom Marshal Grouchy had been sent to intercept.

But perhaps the most finished portrait of a spy in fiction is that of Goliath in Zola's *The Downfall.* Goliath was one of the invisible army builded up by Carl Stieber, one of the thirty-five thousand Germans planted in northern France in preparation for the invasion of 1870. In that army he was of the lowest rank. His mission was not the drawing of plans of fortifications in the guise of innocent landscapes. It was in the humble capacity of a field hand that he worked, silently and effectively, among French peasants and French dairymaids, cunningly observant of roads and resources, to disappear with the outbreak of the war, and to come back as a guide to the advance lines of the armies of von Moltke. However perilous his predicament, the conventional spy of fiction is usually extricated at the last moment. Goliath is the exception, in that he paid the penalty of his calling, the penalty of a terrible and lingering death at the hands of the *franc-tireurs.*

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Brief biographies and appreciations of the work and life of eleven women prominent in social and civic work in this country.

Essays in Social Justice. By Thomas Nixon Carver. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $2.00 net.

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The Progressive Movement. By Benjamin Parke DeWitt. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50 net.

Claimed to be a non-partisan discussion of current tendencies in American politics.

Supermania. Translated from the French of Raymond Colleye de Weerdt. Oxford, England: B. H. Blackwell.

An exposition of the author's conception of the origin, growth and methods of the so-called German "world-power."

Education

Allusions, Words and Phrases—That Should be Known and Where to Find Them. Compiled Especially for High and Normal School Students. By Florence M. Hopkins. Detroit: The Conover Press.

An alphabetical list of over one thousand phrases in common use with references to the following authorities: Webster's New International Dictionary, Funk and Wagnall's New Standard Dictionary, New International Encyclopædia, New Student's Reference Work and Gayley's Classic Myths in English Literature.

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Commercial Work and Training for Girls. By Jeannette Eaton and Bertha M. Stevens. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50 net.

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Chaucer and His Poetry. Lectures Delivered in 1914 on the Percy Turnbull Memorial Foundation in the Johns Hopkins University. By George Lyman Kittredge. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

A critical discussion of the different works of Chaucer, with a comprehensive index.

Essentials of English Speech and Literature. By Frank H. Vizetelly. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company. $1.50 net.

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When a Man Comes to Himself. By Woodrow Wilson. New York: Harper and Brothers. 50 cents net.

The author voices his belief that a man, like Kipling's ship, must find himself.

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The Collected Works of William Morris, with an Introduction by his Daughter, May Morris. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

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The American Army. By William Harding Carter. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.50 net.

The needs of the army, with a view to insuring the safety of the nation. The author is a major-general in the United States Army, and has written a number of books on army life.

Are We Ready? By Howard T. Wheeler. With a letter by Major-General Leonard Wood. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

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Can Germany Win? The Resources and Aspirations of Its People. By an American. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00 net.

An analysis of Germany's resources in materials, in men, and in the spirit animating the nation. The book is written as a warning against hasty conclusions regarding Germany's early exhaustion.

The German Army in War. By A. Hilliard Atteridge. New York: McBride, Nast and Company. 50 cents net.

A description of the German military system, its organisation and methods.

Germany and England. By General Friedrich von Bernhardi. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company. 50 cents net.

Bernhardi's reply to the recent translations and interpretations of his books on Germany's relations to the world. The author maintains that he has been misinterpreted and mistranslated, and gives what he claims to be his true meaning. His book includes an effort to increase friendly relations between the United States and his country.

Modern Warfare. By Henry Smith Williams. New York: Hearst's International Library Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

Modern methods, machinery and terms of warfare.

Our Navy and the Next War. By Robert W. Neeser. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00 net.

The author's conception of the present needs of the United States Navy to fit it for a possible approaching conflict.

The War Book of the German General Staff. Translated with a critical introduction by J. H. Morgan. New York: McBride, Nast and Company. $1.00 net.

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The story of an old man. The tale is laid in Russia.

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The Will to Live. By Henry Bordeaux. Translated by Pitts Duffield. New York: Duffield and Company. 75 cents net.

A novel of modern French life, contrasting the people of the provinces with the life of Paris.

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Arnold's Little Brother. By Edna A. Brown. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.20 net.

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Between the Lines in France. By Franklin T. Ames. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

A boys' story of the first phase of the European struggle in which the French and English retreat to Paris. Stated to be a true picture of conditions of the time.

Bully and Bawly No-tail. (Bed Time Stories Series.) By Howard R. Garis. New York: R. F. Fenno and Company. Illustrated. 75 cents net.

Stories for little children about jumping frogs and their antics.

Fairy Tales. (Bed Time Fairies Series.) By Oscar Wilde. New York: R. F. Fenno and Company. Illustrated. 75 cents net.

Oscar Wilde's famous fairy stories.

Finding His Stride. By John Harbottle. New York: D. Appleton and Company. Illustrated. $1.30 net.

A vocational story for boys. The hero's success in industry is the theme.

Little Nell. (Bed Time Classics Series.) Retold for Little Folks from *The Old Curiosity Shop*, by Charles Dickens. New York: R. F. Fenno and Company. Illustrated. 75 cents net.

An arrangement of the Dickens classic for little children.

The Lucky Seventh. By Ralph Henry Barbour. New York: D. Appleton and Company. Illustrated. $1.30 net.

Beginning a new series about our High School life.

Pets for Pleasure and Profit. By A. Hyatt Verrill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

A book of practical utility for boys.

The Red-House Children's Year. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

The fourth volume in the Little Red House Series, describing a little boy's trip abroad to study music.

The Sleepy-Time Story-Book. By Ruth O. Dyer. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

Bed-time stories with the idea of soothing the child's nerves instead of the familiar tale of excitement and adventure.

The Star of Gettysburg. By Joseph A. Altsheler. New York: D. Appleton and Company. Illustrated. $1.30 net.

A Civil War story based on historical accuracy. "Stonewall" Jackson and General Lee are characters that are described.

When I Was a Boy in Belgium. By Robert Jonckheere. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. Illustrated. 75 cents net.

A description of child life in Belgium, describing home and school life, games, duties, food, clothing, etc. The author tells something of the recent trouble that drove him out of his country to the United States.

History

The French in the Heart of America. By John Finley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

The early French settlements along the Lake front and the Mississippi valley, with a description of the French descendants in these localities to-day.

The Historical Backgrounds of the Great War. By Frank J. Adkins. New York: McBride, Nast and Company. $1.00 net.

An effort to present to the student of history the historical backgrounds and underlying historical causes of the great war.

Napoleon's Russian Campaign of 1812. By Edward Foord. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Illustrated. $4.00 net.

New material has made possible this discussion.

The Rise of the Dutch Kingdom. By Hendrik Willem Van Loon. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

A short account of the early development of the modern kingdom of the Netherlands, with emphasis upon the characters that have played the important parts in its history.

Travel and Description

Bohemian San Francisco. By Clarence E. Edwards. San Francisco: Paul Elder and Company. $1.25 net.

A history and impression of Bohemian life in San Francisco, its restaurants and their most famous recipes.

Friendly Russia. By Denis Garstin. With an Introduction by H. G. Wells. New York: McBride, Nast and Company. $1.25 net.

Sketches of rural cottage and town life among the Russians at home.

The Glory of Belgium. By W. L. Bruckman. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $5.00 net.

A chronicle of Belgium's history and of her architectural beauties.

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A History of Travel in America. By Seymour Dunbar. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. $10.00 net.

The remarkable development of travel from the early canoe and dog-sled days to the highly organised railways of the present, with comment upon the changing social conditions that accompanied this economic growth. Well illustrated.

In a Moment of Time: Things Seen on the Bread-Line of Belgium. By Reginald Wright Kauffman. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

The author tells of what he has seen in war-torn Belgium.

In the Old West. By George Frederick Ruxton. As it was in the Days of Kit Carson and the "Mountain Men." Edited by Horace Kephart. New York: Outing Publishing Company. $1.00 net.

A picture of the life of the pioneers, Kit Carson, James Bridger, etc., by a man who once lived among them.

In the Oregon Country. By George Palmer Putnam, with an Introduction by James Withycombe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. $1.75 net.

A description of the open country and its attractions. A number of Indian legends are retold.

The Rediscovered Country. By Stewart Edward White. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

The author's diary of his hunting trip in British East Africa. There are stories of encounters with lions, rhinos, buffaloes, elephants, etc., with anecdotes of his marches.

Russia and the World. By Stephen Graham. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

As the title implies, the book is a discussion of Russian civilisation in its relation to the world from many points of view. Special emphasis is placed upon the present conflict.

The Spell of Southern Shores or, From Sea to Sea in Italy. By Caroline Atwater Mason. Boston: The Page Company. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

A description and appreciation of Italy's sea coast, her cities and her villas.

Biography

Millard Fillmore. By William Elliot Griffis. Ithaca: Andrus and Church.

An appreciation of a statesman and President of the United States.

The Secret of an Empress. By Countess Zanardi Landi. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $4.00 net.

The fourth child of Emperor Francis Joseph writes of life and intrigue at the Austrian Court.

George Bernard Shaw. By John Palmer. New York: The Century Company. 50 cents net.

A discussion of Shaw. The sub-title is "Harlequin or—Patriot?"

THE MAGAZINE IN AMERICA

The June article in this series will deal with New York during the first half of the century. A strange blight rested upon magazines during this period. Only two or three lived to grow up. Not only did very promising native infants peak and die, but lusty ten-year-olds from Boston lost their individuality when they travelled south and attempted to acquire metropolitan dash and vim, which, after all, failed to harden them sufficiently to thrive on a starvation diet. While Boston was taking in all New England, New York began early to label the outer world provincial. The buoyant "Salmagundi" was succeeded by a period of gravity (when Bryant complained that New Yorkers thought it a disgrace to be entertaining, and gave themselves up to instructing the Universe), and then one as sedulously cockney and Bohemian. Each stage alike flattered the growing sense of metropolitanism. "You chronicle only the thoughts and feelings of Broadway," wrote Maria White to Briggs in 1844. "When I returned to Philadelphia after my year in New York," said Leland, "my father thought I had gone through a severe mill with rather doubtful characters."

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THE BOOK MART

The following are the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of March and the 1st of April:

FICTION

City	1st on List	2d on List
New York(Downtown)	The Turmoil	The Lone Star Ranger
Albany, N. Y.	The Valley of Fear	Contrary Mary
Atlanta, Ga.	The Turmoil	Amarilly of Clothes-Line Alley
Birmingham, Ala.	The Turmoil	The Lone Star Ranger
Boston, Mass.	The Turmoil	Who Goes There!
Boston, Mass.	The Turmoil	Little Sir Galahad
Buffalo, N. Y.	The Turmoil	The Valley of Fear
Chicago, Ill.	The Turmoil	The Prince of Graustark
Cincinnati, Ohio	The Turmoil	The Valley of Fear
Dallas, Tex.	The Turmoil	The Lone Star Ranger
Denver, Colo.	The Turmoil	The Man of Iron
Des Moines, Iowa	The Turmoil	Contrary Mary
Detroit, Mich.	The Turmoil	Contrary Mary
Houston, Tex.	The Turmoil	The Valley of Fear
Indianapolis, Ind.	The Turmoil	The Valley of Fear
Jacksonville, Fla.	The Turmoil	The Rose Garden Husband
Kansas City, Mo.	The Turmoil	The Valley of Fear
Los Angeles, Cal.	The Turmoil	The Harbour
Louisville, Ky.	The Turmoil	Who Goes There!
Memphis, Tenn.	The Turmoil	God's Country and the Woman
Milwaukee, Wis.	The Turmoil	Bealby
New Haven, Conn.	The Turmoil	The Valley of Fear
New Orleans, La.	The Turmoil	Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo
Norfolk, Va.	The Turmoil	Contrary Mary
Omaha, Neb.	The Valley of Fear	The Turmoil
Philadelphia, Pa.	The Turmoil	Contrary Mary
Pittsburgh, Pa.	The Turmoil	The Harbour
Portland, Me.	The Turmoil	Contrary Mary
Providence, R. I.	The Turmoil	Contrary Mary
Richmond, Va.	Angela's Business	The Turmoil
Rochester, N. Y.	The Turmoil	Who Goes There!
St. Louis, Mo.	The Turmoil	The Harbour
St. Louis, Mo.	The Turmoil	The Eyes of the World
St. Paul, Minn.	The Turmoil	The Valley of Fear
San Antonio, Tex.	Pollyanna Grown Up	The Eyes of the World
San Francisco, Cal.	The Turmoil	The Pastor's Wife
San Francisco, Cal.	The Ragged Messenger	The Turmoil
Seattle, Wash.	The Turmoil	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail
Spokane, Wash.	The Turmoil	The Lone Star Ranger
Toledo, Ohio	The Eyes of the World	Pollyanna
Toronto, Can.	The Turmoil	The Valley of Fear
Waco, Tex.	Innocent	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail
Washington, D. C.	The Turmoil	The Man of Iron
Washington, D. C.	The Turmoil	C. O. D.
Worcester, Mass.	The Turmoil	Amarilly of Clothes-Line Alley

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
The Ragged Messenger	The Man of Iron	Arundel	Blue Blood and Red
Who Goes There!	The Siren of the Snows	The Harbour	The Seven Darlings
The Man of Iron	Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo	Contrary Mary	Red Fleece
The Man of Iron	The Sword of Youth	Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo	The Ragged Messenger
The Valley of Fear	Contrary Mary	Little Sir Galahad	The Seven Darlings
The Valley of Fear	The Harbour	Amarilly of Clothes-Line Alley	Contrary Mary
Amarilly of Clothes-Line Alley	The Seven Darlings	Who Goes There!	Victory
Little Sir Galahad	Amarilly of Clothes-Line Alley	The Eyes of the World	Contrary Mary
Rose Garden Husband	Who Goes There!	The Return of Tarzan	The Man of Iron
The Clarion	Saturday's Child	The Ragged Messenger	The Man of Iron
Pollyanna	Letters of a Woman Homesteader	The Lone Star Ranger	The Eyes of the World
God's Country and the Woman	Big Tremaine	The Eyes of the World	Personality Plus
Rose Garden Husband	The Harbour	The Valley of Fear	C. O. D.
Pollyanna	The Lone Star Ranger	The Flying U's Last Stand	Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo
The Harbour	The Wooden Horse	The Sword of Youth	Rise of Jennie Cushing
Who Goes There!	Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo	The Valley of Fear	The Man of Iron
Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo	The Harbour	Big Tremaine	Pollyanna
The Clarion	The Pastor's Wife	The Awakening	Before the Gringo Came
The Valley of Fear	Paths of Glory	The Sword of Youth	The Seven Darlings
The Haunted Heart	The Sword of Youth	Felix Tells It	Betty All Alone
Who Goes There!	The Seven Darlings	The Prince of Graustark	The Return of Tarzan
Who Goes There!	The Harbour	Little Comrade	Martha of the Mennonite Country
The Valley of Fear	God's Country and the Woman	The Harbour	The Sword of Youth
The Sword of Youth	Who Goes There!	The Valley of Fear	Angela's Business
The Man of Iron	The Lone Star Ranger	Set of Six	
Martha of the Mennonite Country	Who Goes There!	Rose Garden Husband	Little Sir Galahad
Bealby	Who Goes There!	The Good Shepherd	Rose Garden Husband
The Valley of Fear	The Seven Darlings	Little Sir Galahad	The Return of Tarzan
Little Sir Galahad	The Clarion	Who Goes There!	Pollyanna Grows Up
The Ragged Messenger	Who Goes There!	Pollyanna Grows Up	The Seven Darlings
The Valley of Fear	Contrary Mary	Rose Garden Husband	The Good Shepherd
The Twenty-fourth of June	The Valley of Fear	Amarilly of Clothes-Line Alley	Brunel's Tower
The Pastor's Wife	God's Country and the Woman	The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman	Pollyanna
The Eyes of the World	The Lone Star Ranger	Big Tremaine	Patrol of Sun Dance Trail
The Wonderful Romance	You Never Know Your Luck	The Seven Darlings	The Last Shot
Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo	The Lone Star Ranger	Pollyanna	The Man of Iron
The Valley of Fear	The Trail of the Waving Palm	The Wooden Horse	Mushroom Town
The Lone Star Ranger	Bambi	Rise of Jennie Cushing	The Man of Iron
Contrary Mary	The Street of the Seven Stars	The Clarion	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail
Bambi	The Twenty-fourth of June	Laddie	Penrod
The Sword of Youth	Arundel	The Turbulent Duchess	
Love Insurance	A Soldier of the Legion	The Auction Block	The Salamander
Contrary Mary	The Harbour	C. O. D.	The Valley of Fear
The Harbour	The Pastor's Wife	Penrod	The Second Blooming
Who Goes There!	Little Sir Galahad	Pollyanna Grows Up	Contrary Mary

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SALE OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library, Circulation Department, reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending March 3d:

1. Yourself and Your Neighbours. MacManus.
2. Abroad at Home. Street.
3. With the Allies. Davis.
4. Notes on Novelists. James.
5. The Great Illusion. Angell.
6. Social Life in Old New England. Crawford.

For the week ending March 10th:

1. Germany and England. Cramb.
2. Mainsprings of Russia. Baring.
3. Through the Brazilian Wilderness. Roosevelt.
4. My Path Through Life. Lehmann.
5. Memoirs of Forty Years. Radziwell.
6. Abroad at Home. Street.

For the week ending March 17th:

1. Drift and Mastery. Lippman.
2. Recollections of Full Years. Taft.
3. Through Siberia. Nansen.
4. Mainsprings of Russia. Baring.
5. Germany and England. Cramb.
6. Secrets of the German War Office. Graves.

For the week ending March 24th:

1. Germany and the Germans. Collier.
2. Fighting in Flanders. Powell.
3. Seven Years on the Pacific Slope. Fraser
4. Abroad at Home. Street.
5. On Acting. Matthews.
6. War and America. Münsterberg.

For the week ending March 31st:

1. Memories of the Kaiser's Court. Topham.
2. Lure and Love of Travel. Vrooman.
3. What Women Want. Hale.
4. Aircraft. Corbin.
5. Plaster Saints. Zangwill.
6. Old World and the New. Ross.
7. Within Prison Walls. Osborne.

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLER'S LISTS

Pan-Americanism. Usher.
With the Allies. Davis.
The Evidence in the Case. Beck.
What Men Live By. Cabot.
Fighting in Flanders. Powell.
Pan-Germanism. Usher.
The Audacious War. Barron.
Secrets of the German War Office. Graves.
War Brides. Craig-Wentworth.
The Sunny Side of Diplomatic Life. Hegermann-Lindencrone.
Abroad at Home. Street.
What I Found Out in the House of a German Prince. Anon.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see chart, pages 350 and 351) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Turmoil. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.35	404
2. The Valley of Fear. Doyle. (Doran.) $1.25	158
3. Who Goes There! Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.35. / Contrary Mary. Bailey. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.	99
4. The Harbour. Poole. (Macmillan.) $1.40	78
5. The Lone Star Ranger. Grey. (Harper.) $1.35	67

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